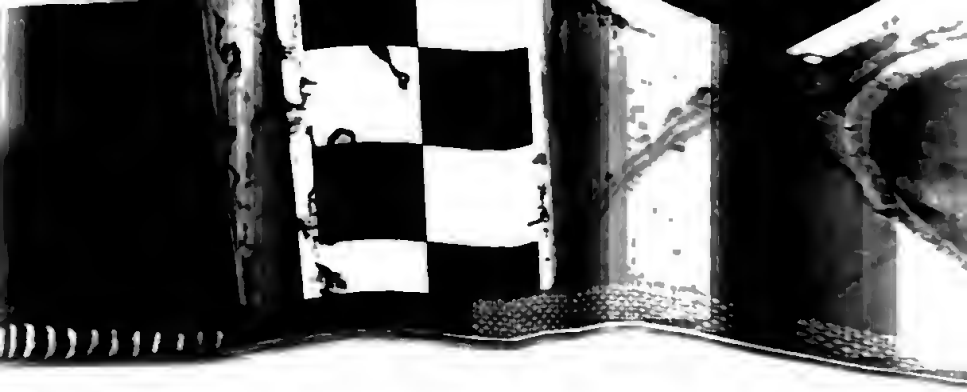

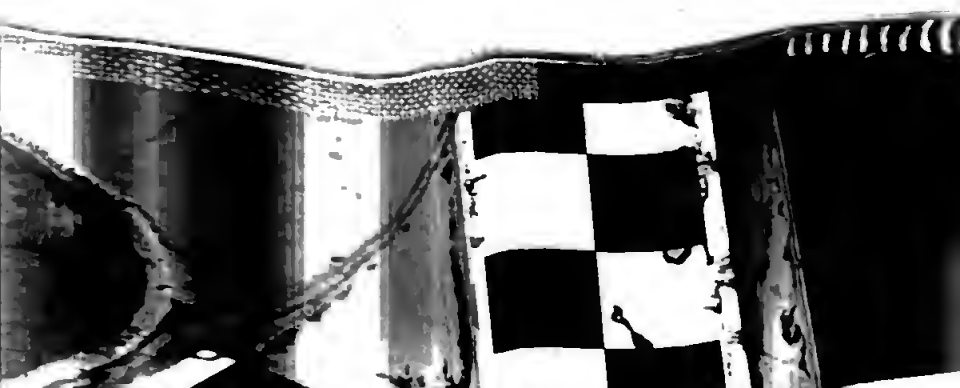

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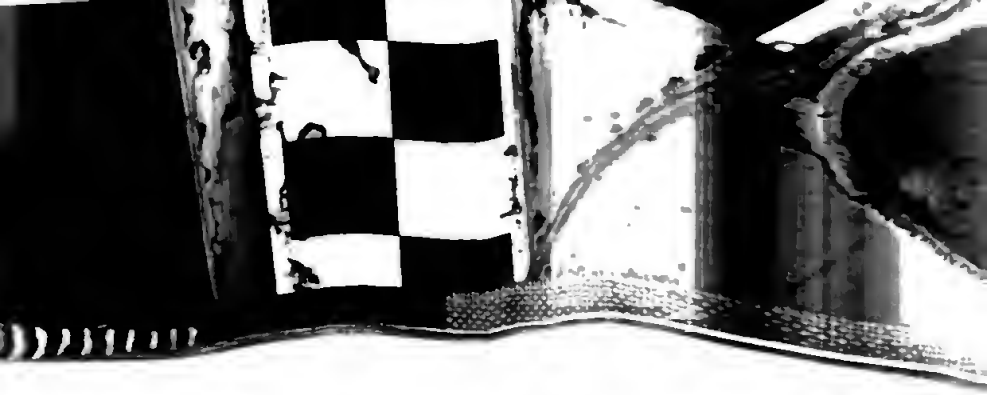


REMARKS

ON SEVERAL

PARTS

OF

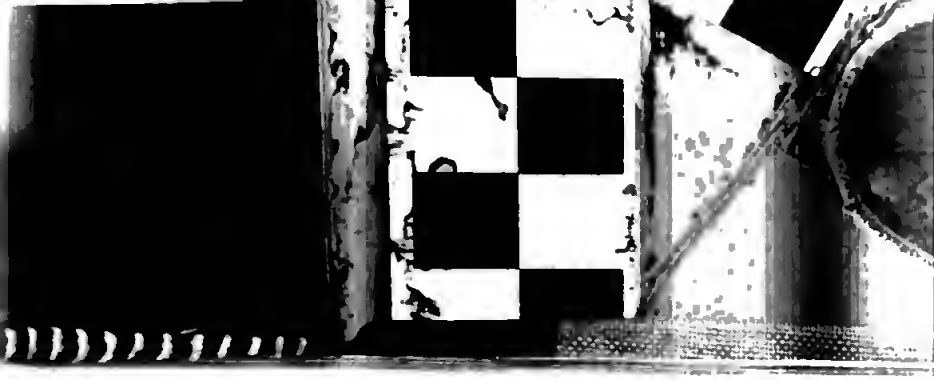
ITALY, &c.

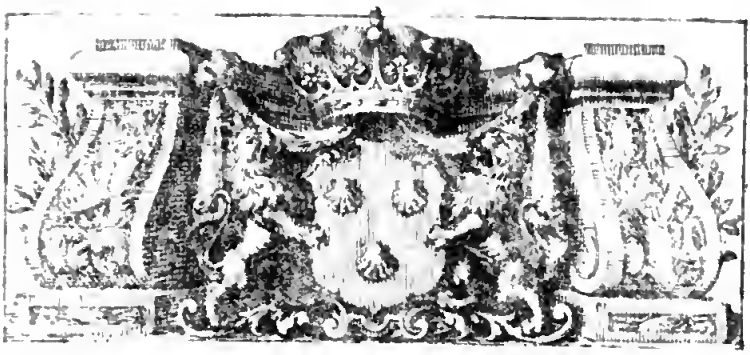
In the Years 1701, 1702, 1703.

By Mr. ADDISON.

Verum ergo id est, si quis in cœlum ascendisset, naturamque mundi & pulchritudinem siderum perspexisset, insuavem illam admirationem ei fore, quæ jucundissima fuisset, si aliquem cui narraret habuisset.
Cicer. de Amic.

HAGUE,
Printed for HENRY SCHEURLEER.
M. DCC. XVIII.





To the Right Honourable

WILLIAM

Earl of ALBEMARLE,

Viſcount Bury, *Baron of* Keppel *and of* Aſchfort, *Lord of* Voorſt *and* Zevender; Lieutenant Collonel *and* Captain *of a* Company *of* Guards *of His* Majeſty *the* King *of* Great-Brittain.

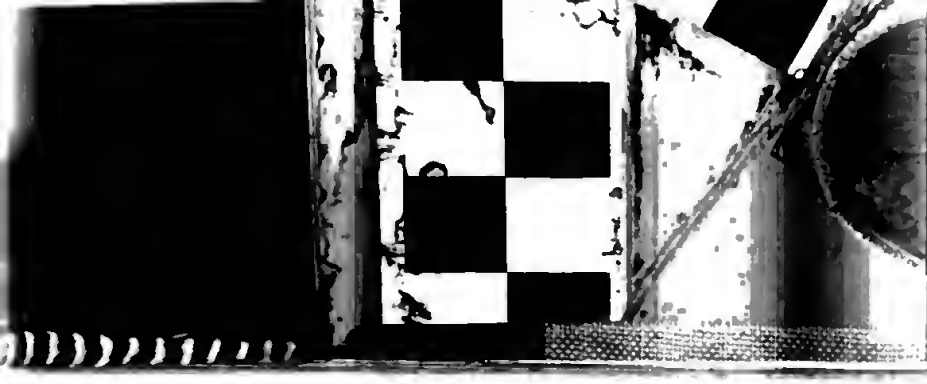
My LORD,

THE Ingenious Author of this Book having dedica-

ted it to a Noble Peer, * the moſt learned States-man and greateſt Genius of *Great Britain*; according to this example, I think it my indiſpenſable duty, to lay this Second Edition of theſe Excellent Remarks, at Your Lordship's Feet; for the World knows that Your Lordſhip hath in Your early years, proſecuted Your Studies, in all thoſe Noble Arts and Sciences fit for a Perſon of Your Birth, with ſuch wonderfull Succeſs, that muſt needs, by the Bleſſing of God, not only qualify Your Lordship to Imitate that Great Man, but alſo to Merit the particular regard of this Republick, as to

thoſe

* *John* Lord *Somers*



thoſe Eminent Stations both Civil and Military, to which Your Noble Birth gives a claim.

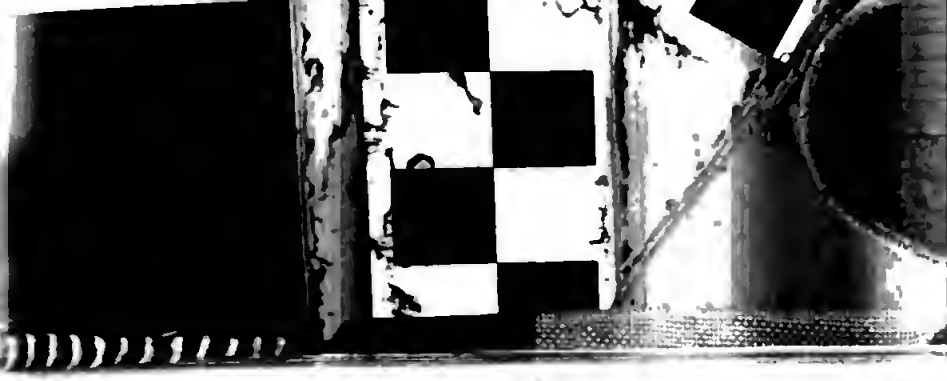
My Lord I can not but beg leave upon this occaſion to acquaint Your Lordship, how very much Your promiſing parts and early Vertues, doe contribute to aſſwage the publick Grief, for the loſs of Your Great Father, whoſe diſtinguishing Generoſity, and diffuſive Bounty made Him admired, and His Life a publick Bleſſing, therefore no wonder that His death was ſo generally lamented, the wound is too great to be ſoon forgotten, too fresh to be now touch'd, and the Cure of it we expect

from Your Lordship.

My Lord I would fain Hope that theſe Remarks which I have the Honour, tho at ſecond hand, to preſent You with, may prove an agreable entertainment and diverſion at this melancholy juncture.

If I miſtake not, this was the firſt Piece which the ingenious Mr. *Addiſon* publish'd, and whereby He deſervedly purchaſed the Character of a Polite and Learned Gentleman, He has ſince made publick ſeveral other things, ſome of which have been tranſlated into French, that have gaind Him the reputation of an Extraordinary Genius, with all perſons of Taſte and good

Senſe



DEDICATION.

Senſe on this ſide of the water, and amongſt whom without flattery, I may reckon Your Lordship.

This Piece, My Lord, has not as yet appear'd in a French dreſs to the World, tho it highly deſerves to be printed in that univerſal Language, but however that is no loſs to Your Lordship, what ever it may be to others, Your Lordſhip being as well acquainted with the English Language as with their Manners, which we here look upon as an additional ornament, to a Perſon of Your Character and diſtinction, eſpecialy conſidering to what height all true and polite Learning has arrived in that Nation. That

DEDICATION.

That Your Lordship may go thro' all thoſe Eminent Stations of Life, for which Nature has qualified You, with the generall applauſe of thoſe Nations which have an equal intreſt in Your promiſing Parts, and that You may long continue to be a Noble Patron of Vertue and Learning is the ſincere wish of

May it pleaſe Your Lordship

Your Lordship's

Moſt Humble and moſt Obedient Servant

H: SCHEURLEER.

PRE-

PREFACE.

THERE is certainly no Place in the World where a Man may Travel with greater Pleaſure and Advantage than in Italy. *One finds ſomething more particular in the Face of the Country, and more aſtoniſhing in the Works of Nature, than can be met with in any other Part of* Europe. *It is the great School of Muſick and Painting, and contains in it all the nobleſt Productions of Statuary and Architecture both Ancient and Modern. It abounds with Cabinets of Curioſities, and vaſt Collections of all Kinds of Antiquities. No other Country in the World has ſuch a Variety of Governments, that are ſo different in their Conſtitutions, and ſo refin'd in their Politicks. There is ſcarce any Part of*

the Nation that is not Famous in Hiſtory, nor ſo much as a Mountain or River that has not been the Scene of ſome extraordinary Action.

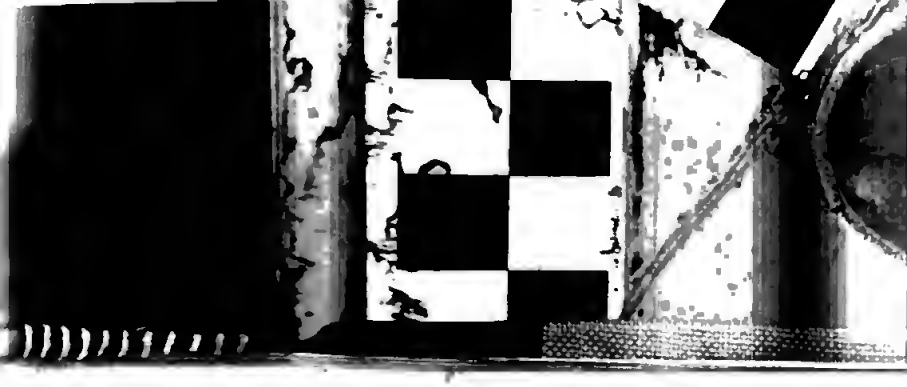
As there are few Men that have Talents or Opportunities for examining ſo copious a Subject, one may obſerve among thoſe who have written on Italy, *that different Authors have ſucceeded beſt on different ſorts of Curioſities. Some have been more particular in their Accounts of Pictures, Statues and Buildings; ſome have ſearch'd into Libraries, Cabinets of Rarities, and Collections of Medals, as others have been wholly taken up with Inſcriptions, Ruins and Antiquities. Among the Authors of our own Country, we are obliged to the Bishop of* Salisbury, *for his maſterly and uncommon Obſervations on the Religion and Governments of* Italy: Laſſels *may be uſeful in giving us the Names of ſuch*

ſuch Writers as have treated of the ſeveral States through which he paſs'd: Mr. Ray *is to be valu'd for his Obſervations on the Natural Productions of the Place.* Monſieur Miſſon *has wrote a more correct Account of* Italy *in general than any before him, as he particularly Excels in the Plan of the Country, which he has given us in true and lively Colours.*

There are ſtill ſeveral of theſe Topicks that are far from being exhauſted, as there are many new Subjects that a Traveller may find to employ himſelf upon. For my own part, as I have taken Notice of ſeveral Places and Antiquities that no Body elſe has ſpoken of, ſo, I think, I have mention'd but few Things in common with others, that are not either ſet in a new Light, or accompany'd with different Reflections. I have taken care particu-

larly to consider the several Passages of the Ancient Poets, which have any Relation to the Places or Curiosities that I met with: For before I enter'd on my Voyage I took care to refresh my Memory among the Classic *Authors, and to make such Collections out of 'em as I might afterwards have Occasion for. I must confess it was not one of the least Entertainments that I met with in Travelling, to examine these several Descriptions, as it were, upon the Spot, and to compare the Natural Face of the Country with the Landskips that the Poets have given us of it. However, to avoid the Confusion that might arise from a Multitude of Quotations, I have only cited such Verses as have given us some Image of the Place, or that have something else besides the bare Name of it to recommend 'em.*

MONACO,



MONACO, GENOA, &c.

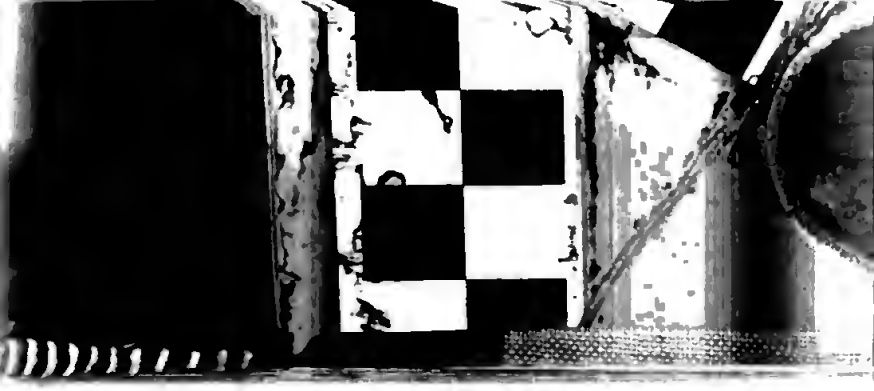
ON the Twelfth of *December*, 1699. I set out from *Marseilles* to *Genoa* in a Tartane, and arriv'd late at a small *French* Port call'd *Cassis*, where the next Morning we were not a little surpriz'd to see al the Mountains about the Town cover'd with Green Olive-trees, or laid out in beautiful Gardens, that gave us a great Variety of pleasing Prospects, even in the Depth of Winter. The most uncultivated of 'em bear abundance of sweet Plants, that rise naturally. I pluck'd above Five different Sorts that grew within a Yard of each other, as Wild-Time, Lavender, Rosemary, Balme and Mirtle. We were here shown at a distance the Desarts that have been render'd so famous by the Penance of *Mary Magdalene*, who, after her Arrival with *Lazarus* and *Joseph* of *Arimathea* at *Marseilles*, is said to have wept away the rest of her Life among these solitary Rocks and Mountains. It is so Romantic a Scene, that it has always probably given occasion to such Chimerical Relations; for 'tis per-

haps of this Place that *Claudian* ſpeaks, in the following Deſcription.

Eſt locus extremum pandit qua Gallia littus
Oceani prætentus aquis, quà fertur Ulyſſes
Sanguine libato populum moviſſe Silentûm.
Illic Umbrarum tenui ſtridore volantûm
Flebilis auditur queſtus; ſimulachra coloni
Pallida defunctaſque vident migrare figuras, &c.
Cl. In. Ruf. L. 1.

A Place there lyes on *Gallia*'s utmoſt Bounds,
Where riſing Seas inſult the Frontier Grounds.
Ulyſſes here the Blood of Victims ſhed,
And rais'd the pale Aſſembly of the Dead.
Oft in the Winds is heard a plaintive Sound
Of melancholy Ghoſts, that hover round;
The lab'ring Plow-man oft with Horror ſpies
Thin airy Shapes, that o'er the Furrows riſe,
(A dreadful Scene!) and skim before his Eyes.

I know there is nothing more undetermin'd among the Learned than the Voyage of *Ulyſſes*; ſome confining it to the Mediterranean, others extending it to the great Ocean,



Ocean, and others to a World of the Poet's own making; tho' his Converſations with the Dead are generally ſuppos'd to have been in the *Narbon Gaul.*

Incultos adiit Læſtrigonas Anthipatenque, &c.
Atque hæc ſeu noſtras interſint cognita terras;
Fabula ſive novum dedit his Erroribus Orbem.
Tib. L. 4. El. 1.

Uncertain whether, by the Winds convey'd,
On real Seas to real Shores he ſtray'd;
Or, by the Fable driv'n from Coaſt to Coaſt,
In new Imaginary Worlds was loſt.

The next Day we again ſet Sail, and made the beſt of our way 'till we were forc'd, by contrary Winds, into St. *Remo*, a very pretty Town in the *Genoeſe* Dominions. The Front to the Sea is not large, but there are a great many Houſes behind it, built up the Side of the Mountain, to avoid the Winds and Vapours that come from Sea. We here ſaw ſeveral Perſons, that in the midſt of *December* had nothing over their Shoulders but their Shirts, without complaining of the Cold. It is certainly very lucky for the poorer ſort to be born in a Place that is free from the greateſt Inconvenience, to which thoſe of our Northern Nations are ſubject; and indeed without this natural Be-

nefit of their Climates, the extream Miſery and Poverty that are in moſt of the *Italian* Governments would be inſupportable. There are at St. *Remo* many Plantations of Palm-trees, that don't grow in other Parts of *Italy*. We ſail'd from hence directly for *Genoa*, and had a fair Wind that carry'd us into the middle of the Gulf, which is very remarkable for Tempeſts and Scarcity of Fiſh. It is probable one may be the Cauſe of the other, whether it be that the Fiſhermen can't employ their Art with ſo much Succeſs in ſo troubled a Sea, or that the Fiſh don't care for inhabiting ſuch ſtormy Waters.

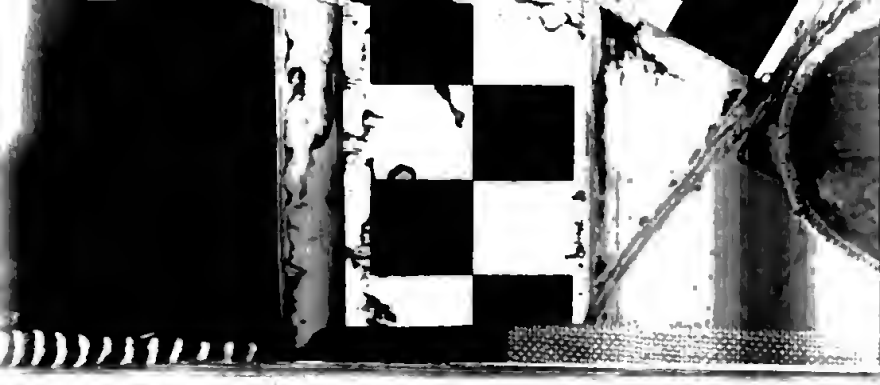
——— *Atram*
Defendens piſces hyemat mare ———

Hor. Sa. 2. li. 2.

While black with Storms the ruffled Ocean rolls,
And from the Fiſher's Art defends her Finny Sholes.

We were forc'd to lye in it two Days, and our Captain thought his Ship in ſo great Danger, that he fell upon his Knees and confeſs'd himſelf to a Capuchin who was on Board with us. But at laſt, taking the Advantage of a Side-wind, we were driv'n back in a few Hours time as far as *Monaco*.

Lucan



Lucan has given us a Deſcription of the Harbour that we found ſo very welcome to us, after the great Danger that we had eſcap'd.

Quaque ſub Herculeo Sacratus nomine portus
Urget rupe cavâ pelagus: non corus in illum
Jus habet aut Zephyrus: Solus ſua littora turbat
Circius, & tutâ prohibet ſtatione Monæci.

Lib. 1.

The winding Rocks a ſpacious Harbour frame,
That from the great *Alcides* takes its Name:
Fenc'd to the Weſt, and to the North it lyes;
But when the Winds in Southern Quarters riſe,
Ships, from their Anchors torn, become their ſport,
And ſudden Tempeſts rage within the Port.

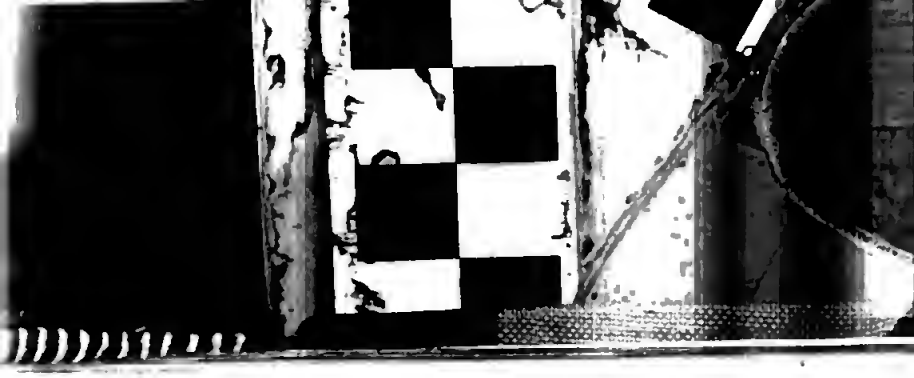
On the Promontory, where the Town of *Monaco* now ſtands, was formerly the Temple of *Hercules Monæcus*, which ſtill gives the Name to this ſmall Principality.

Aggeribus ſocer Alpinis atq; arce Monaci
Deſcendens: ——— Virg. Æn. 6.

There are but Three Towns in the Dominions of the Prince of *Monaco*. The chief of 'em is ſituate on a Rock that runs out into the Sea, and is well fortify'd by Nature. It was formerly under the Protection of the *Spaniard*, but not many Years ſince drove out the *Spaniſh* Garriſon, and receiv'd a *French* one, which conſiſts at preſent of Five Hundred Men, paid and officer'd by the *French* King. The Officer that ſhow'd me the Palace ſaid, with a great deal of Gravity, that his Maſter and the King of *France*, amidſt all the Confuſions of *Europe*, had ever been good Friends and Allies. The Palace has handſom Apartments, that are many of 'em hung with Pictures of the reigning Beauties in the Court of *France*. But the beſt of the Furniture was at *Rome*, where the Prince of *Monaco* reſided at that time Ambaſſador. We here took a little Boat to creep along the Sea-ſhore as far as *Genoa*; but at *Savona*, finding the Sea too rough, we were forc'd to make the beſt of our way by Land, over very rugged Mountains and Precipices: For this Road is much more difficult than that over Mount *Cennis*.

The *Genoeſe* are eſteem'd extreamly Cunning, Induſtrious, and enur'd to Hardſhip above the reſt of the *Italians*; which was likewiſe the Character of the old *Ligurians*. And indeed 'tis no wonder, while the Barrenneſs of their Country continues, that the Manners of the Inhabitants don't change: Since there is nothing makes Men ſharper,

and



and sets their Hands and Wits more at work than Want. The *Italian* Proverb says of the *Genoese*, that they have a Sea without Fish, Land without Trees, and Men without Faith. The Character that the *Latin* Poets have given of 'em is not much different.

Assuetumque malo Ligurem. Virg. G. 2.

The hard *Ligurians*, a laborious kind.

——— *Pernix Ligur.* Sil. It. L. 8.
Fallaces Ligures. Auf. Eid. 12.
Apenninicolæ bellato filius Auni
Haud Ligurum extremus dum fallere fata fuebant. Æn. 11.

Yet, like a true *Ligurian*, born to cheat,
(At least while Fortune favour'd his Deceit.)

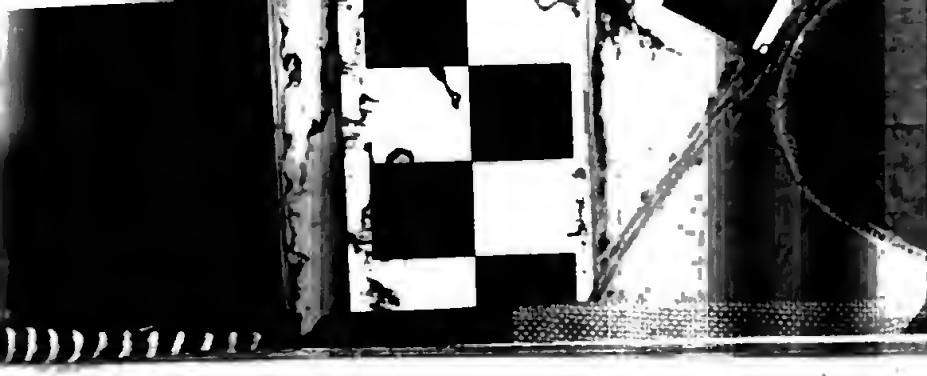
Vane Ligur, fruſtraque animis elate ſuperbis,
Nequicquam patrias tentaſti Lubricus artes. Id.

Vain Fool and Coward, cries the lofty Maid,
Caught in the Train which thou thy self hast laid.
On others practise thy *Ligurian* Arts;
Thin Stratagems, and Tricks of little Hearts,

Are

Are loſt on me; nor ſhalt thou ſafe retire,
With vaunting Lies to thy falacious Sire.
Dryden.

There are a great many beautiful Palaces ſtanding along the Sea-ſhore on both ſides of *Genoa*, that make the Town appear much longer than it is to thoſe that ſail by it. The City it ſelf makes the nobleſt Show of any in the World. The Houſes are moſt of 'em painted on the Outſide; ſo that they look extreamly gay and lively, beſides that they are eſteem'd the higheſt in *Europe*, and ſtand very thick together. The New Street is a double Range of Palaces from one end to the other, built with an excellent Fancy, and fit for the greateſt Princes to inhabit. I cannot however be reconcil'd to their manner of Painting ſeveral of the *Genoeſe* Houſes. Figures, Perſpectives, or Pieces of Hiſtory are certainly very ornamental, as they are drawn on many of the Walls that would otherwiſe look too naked and uniform without 'em: But inſtead of theſe, one often ſees the Front of a Palace cover'd with painted Pillars of different Ordres. If theſe were ſo many true Columns of Marble ſet in their proper Architecture, they would certainly very much adorn the Places where they ſtand; but as they are now they only ſhew us that there is ſomething wanting, and that the Palace, which without theſe Counterfeit Pillars would be beautiful



tiful in its kind, might have been more perfect by the Addition of ſuch as are real. The Front of the *Villa Imperiale*, at a Mile diſtance from *Genoa*, without any thing of this Paint upon it, conſiſts of a *Doric* and *Corinthian* Row of Pillars, and is much the handſomeſt of any I there ſaw. The Duke of *Doria*'s Palace has the beſt Outſide of any in *Genoa*, as that of *Durazzo* is the beſt furniſh'd within. There is one Room in the firſt that is hung with Tapeſtry, in which are wrought the Figures of the great Perſons that the Family has produc'd; as perhaps there is no Houſe in *Europe* that can ſhow a longer Line of Heroes, that have ſtill acted for the Good of their Country. *Andrew Doria* has a Statue erected to him at the Entrance of the Doge's Palace, with the glorious Title of Deliverer of the Common-wealth; and one of his Family another, that calls him its Preſerver. In the Doge's Palace are the Rooms where the great and little Council with the Two Colleges hold their Aſſemblies; but as the State of *Genoa* is very poor, tho' ſeveral of its Members are extreamly rich, ſo one may obſerve infinitely more Splendor and Magnificence in particular Perſons Houſes, than in thoſe that belong to the Publick. But we find in moſt of the States of *Europe*, that the People ſhow the greateſt Marks of Poverty where the Governors live in the greateſt Magnificence. The Churches are very fine, particularly that of the Annunciation, which looks wonderfully beautiful in the In-

ſide, all but one Corner of it being cover'd with Statues, Gilding and Paint. A Man would expect in ſo very ancient a Town of *Italy* to find ſome conſiderable Antiquities; but all they have to ſhow of this Nature is an old *Roſtrum* of a *Roman* Ship, that ſtands over the Door of their Arſenal. It is not above a Foot long, and perhaps would never have been thought the Beak of a Ship, had not it been found in ſo probable a Place as the Haven. It is all of Iron, faſhion'd at the End like a Boar's Head; as I have ſeen it repreſented on Medals, and on the *Columna Roſtrata* in *Rome*. I ſaw at *Genoa* Signior *Micconi*'s famous Collection of Shells, which, as Father *Buonani* the Jeſuite has ſince told me, is one of the beſt in *Italy*. I know nothing more remarkable in the Government of *Genoa* than the Bank of St. *George*, made up of ſuch Branches of the Revenues as have been ſet apart, and appropriated to the diſcharging of ſeveral Sums, that have been borrow'd from private Perſons during the Exigencies of the Common-wealth. Whatever Inconveniencies the State has labour'd under, they have never entertain'd a Thought of violating the Public Credit, or of alienating any Part of theſe Revenues to other Uſes than to what they have been thus aſſign'd. The Adminiſtration of this Bank is for Life, and partly in the Hands of the chief Citizens, which gives 'em a great Authority in the State, and a powerful Influence over the common Peo-

ple.

ple. This Bank is generally thought the greatest Load on the *Genoese*, and the Managers of it have been represented as a second kind of Senate, that break the Uniformity of Government, and destroy, in some measure, the Fundamental Constitution of the State. It is however very certain that the People reap no small Advantages from it, as it distributes the Power among more particular Members of the Republik, and gives the Commons a Figure: So that it is no small Check upon the Aristocracy, and may be one Reason why the *Genoese* Senate carries it with grater Moderation toward their Subjects than the *Venetian*.

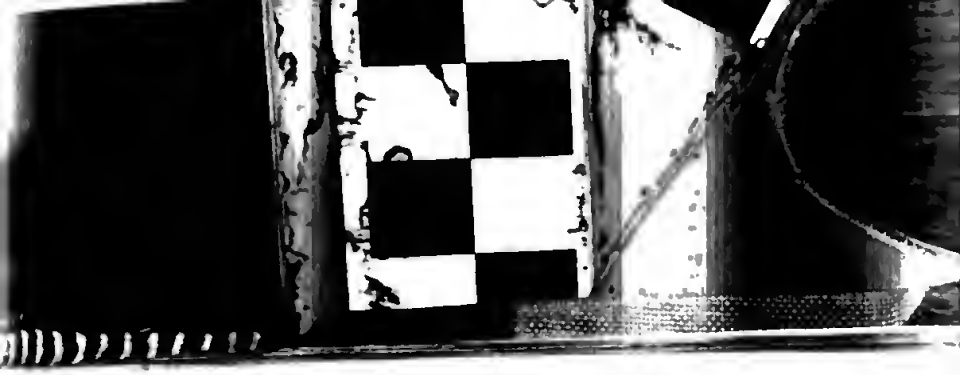
It would have been well for the Republick of *Genoa*, if she had follow'd the Example of her Sister of *Venice*, in not permitting her Nobles to make any Purchase of Lands or Houses in the Dominions of a Foreign Prince. For at present the Greatest among the *Genoese* are in part Subjects to the Monarchy of *Spain*, by reason of their Estates that lye in the Kingdom of *Naples*. The *Spaniard* Tax 'em very high upon occasion, and are so sensible of the Advantage this gives 'em over the Republick, that they will not suffer a *Neapolitan* to buy the Lands of a *Genoese*, who must find a Purchaser among his own Countrymen if he has a Mind to sell. For this Reason, as well as on Account of the great Sums of Mony which the *Spaniard* owes the *Genoese*, they are under a Necessity, at present, of being in the Interest of

the *French*, and would probably continue ſo, tho' all the other States of *Italy* enter'd into a League againſt 'em. *Genoa* is not yet ſecure from a Bombardment, tho it is not ſo expos'd as formerly; for ſince the Inſult of the *French* they have built a Mole with ſome little Ports, and have provided themſelves with long Guns and Mortars. It is eaſie for thoſe that are ſtrong at Sea to bring 'em to what Terms they pleaſe; for having but very little Arable Land, they are forc'd to fetch all their Corn from *Naples*, *Sicily*, and other Foreign Countries; except what comes to 'em from *Lombardy*, which probably goes another way, whilſt it furniſhes Two great Armies with Proviſions. Their Fleet, that formerly gain'd ſo many Victories over the *Saracens*, *Piſans*, *Venetians*, *Turks* and *Spaniards*, that made 'em Maſters of *Crete*, *Sardinia*, *Majorca*, *Minorca*, *Negrepont*, *Lesbos*, *Malta*, that ſettled 'em in *Scio*, *Smyrna*, *Achaia*, *Theodoſia*, and ſeveral Towns on the Eaſtern Confines of *Europe*, is now reduc'd to Six Gallies. When they had made an Addition of but Four new ones, the King of *France* ſent his Orders to ſuppreſs them, telling the Republick at the ſame time, that he knew very well how many they had Occaſion for. This little Fleet ſerves only to fetch 'em Wine and Corn, and to give their Ladies an Airing in the Summer ſeaſon. The Republick of *Genoa* has a Crown and Scepter for its Doge, by reaſon of their Conqueſt of *Corſica*, where there was formerly

merly a *Saracen* King. This indeed gives their Ambaſſadors a more honourable Reception at ſome Courts, but at the ſame time may teach their People to have a mean Notion of their own Form of Gouvernment, and is a tacit Acknowledgement that Monarchy is the more honourable. The old *Romans*, on the contrary, made uſe of a very barbarous kind of Politicks to inſpire their People with a Contempt of Kings, whom they treated with Infamy, and drag'd at the Wheels of their Triumphal Chariots.

PAVIA, MILAN, &c.

FROM *Genoa* we took Chaise for *Milan*, and by the way stopp'd at *Pavia*, that was once the Metropolis of a Kingdom, but is at present a poor Town. We here saw the Convent of *Austin* Monks, who about Three Years ago pretended to have found out the Body of the Saint that gives the Name to their Order. King *Luitprand*, whose Ashes are in the same Church, brought hither the Corps, and was very industrious to conceal it, lest it might be abus'd by the barbarous Nations, which at that time ravag'd *Italy*. One would therefore rather wonder that it has not been found out much earlier, than that it is discover'd at last. The Fathers however don't yet find their Account in the Discovery they have made; for there are Canons Regular, who have half the same Church in their Hands, that will by no means allow it to be the Body of the Saint, nor is it yet recognis'd by the Pope. The Monks say for themselves, that the very Name was written on the Urn where the Ashes lay, and that in an old Record of the Convent, they



they are said to have been interr'd between the very Wall and the Altar where they were taken up. They have already too, as the Monks told us, begun to justifie themselves by Miracles. At the Corner of one of the Cloistres of this Convent are bury'd the Duke of *Suffolk*, and the Duke of *Lorrain*, that were both kill'd in the Famous Battel of *Pavia*. Their Monument was erected to 'em by one *Charles Parker*, an Ecclesiastic, as I learn'd from the Inscription, which I can't omit Transcribing, since I have not seen it Printed.

Capto a Milite Cæsareo Francisco I. Gallorum Rege in agro Papiensi Anno 1525. 23. *Feb. inter alios proceres qui ex suis in prælio occisi sunt occubuerunt duo Illustrissimi principes Franciscus Dux Lotharingiæ & Richardus de la Poole Anglus Dux Suffolciæ a Rege Tyranno Hen. VIII. pulsus regno. Quorum corpora hoc in cœnobio & ambitu per Annos* 57. *sine honore tumulata sunt. Tandem Carolus Parker, a Morley Richardi proximus consanguineus Regno Angliæ a Reginâ Elisabethâ ob Catholicam fidem ejectus, beneficentiâ tamen Philippi Regis Cath. Hispaniarum Monarchæ Invictissimi in Statu Mediolanensi sustentatus, hoc qualecunque monumentum pro rerum suarum tenuitate charissimo propinquo & Illustrissimis principibus posuit,* 5. *Sept.* 1582. *& post suum exilium* 23. *majora & honorificentiora commendans Lotharingicis. Viator precare Quietem.*

This pretended Duke of *Suffolk* was Sir *Richard de la Poole*, Brother of the Earl of *Suffolk*, who was put to Death by *Henry* the Eighth.

Eighth. In his Baniſhment he took upon him the Title of Duke of *Suffolk*, which had been ſunk in the Family ever ſince the Attainder of the Great Duke of *Suffolk*, in the Reign of *Henry* the Sixth. He fought very bravely in the Battel of *Pavia*, and was magnificently Interr'd by the Duke of *Bourbon*, who, tho' an Enemy, aſſiſted at his Funeral in Mourning.

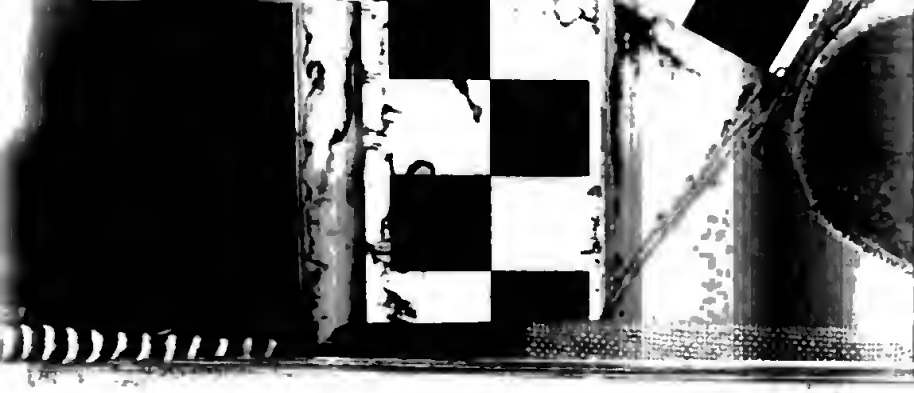
Parker himſelf is bury'd in the ſame Place with the following Inſcription.

D. O. M.

Carolo Parchero a Morley Anglo ex Illuſtriſſimâ clariſſimâ ſtirpe. Qui Epiſcopus Des,. ob fidem Catholicam actus in Exilium An. XXXI. *peregrinatus ab Invictiſſ. Philip. Rege Hiſpan. honeſtiſſimis pietatis & conſtantiæ præmiis ornatus moritur Anno a partu Virginis*, M. D. C. XI. *Men. Septembris.*

In *Pavia* is an Univerſity of Seven Colleges, one of 'em call'd the College of *Borromee*, very large, and neatly built. There is likewiſe a Statue in Braſs, of *Marcus Antoninus* on Horſeback, which the People of the Place call *Charles* the Fifth and ſome learned Men, *Conſtantine* the Great.

Pavia is the *Ticinum* of the Ancients, which took its Name from the River *Ticinus* that runs by it, and that is now call'd the *Teſin*. This River falls into the *Po*, and is exceſſively rapid. The Biſhop of *Salisbury* ſays, that



that he ran down with the Stream Thirty Miles in an Hour, by the help of but one Rower. I don't know therefore why *Silius Italicus* had repreſented it as ſo very gentle and ſtill a River, in the beautiful Deſcription that he has given us of it.

Cæruleas Ticinus aquas & Stagna vadoſo
Perſpicuus ſervat, turbari neſcia, fundo,
Ac nitidum viridi lentè trahit amne liquorem;
Vix credas labi, ripis tam mitis opacis.
Argutos inter (volucrum certamina) cantus
Somniferam ducit lucenti gurgite lympham. L. 4

Smooth and untroubl'd the *Ticinus* flows,
And through the Cryſtal Stream the ſhining Bottom ſhows:
Scarce can the Sight diſcover if it moves;
So wond'rous ſlow amidſt the ſhady Groves,
And tuneful Birds that warble on its Sides,
Within its gloomy Banks the Limpid Liquor glides.

A Poet of Another Nation would not have dwelt ſo long upon the Clearneſs and Tranſparency of the Stream, but in *Italy* one ſeldom ſees a River that is extreamly bright and limpid, moſt of 'em falling down from the Mountains, that make their Waters very troubled and muddy, where-as

the *Teſin* is only an Out-let of that vaſt Lake, which the *Italians* now call the *Lago Maggiore*.

I ſaw between *Pavia* and *Milan* the Convent of *Carthuſians* that is very ſpacious and beautiful. Their Church is extreamly fine, and curiouſly adorn'd, but of a *Gothic* Structure.

I could not ſtay long in *Milan* without going to ſee the Great Church that I had heard ſo much of, but was never more deceiv'd in my Expactation than at my firſt entering: For the Front, which was all I had ſeen of the Outſide, is not half finiſh'd, and the Inſide is ſo ſmutted with Duſt, and the Smoak of Lamps, that neither the Marble, nor the Silver, nor Braſs-Works ſhow themſelves to an Advantage. This vaſt *Gothic* Pile of Building is all of Marble, except the Roof, which would have been of the ſame Matter with the reſt, had not its Weight render'd it improper for that part of the Building. But for the Reaſon I have juſt now mention'd, the Outſide of the Church looks much whiter and freſher than the Inſide; for where the Marble is ſo often waſh'd with Rains, it preſerves it ſelf more beautiful and unſully'd, than in thoſe Parts that are not at all expos'd to the Weather. That Side of the Church indeed, which faces the Tramontane Wind, is much more unſightly than the reſt, by reaſon of the Duſt and Smoak that are driven againſt it. This Profuſion of Marble, tho' aſtoniſhing to Strangers,

gers, is not very wonderful in a Country that has ſo many Veins of it within its Bowels. But tho the Stones are cheap, the working of 'em is very expenſive. It is generally ſaid there are Eleven Thouſand Statues about the Church, but they reckon into the Account every particular Figure in Hiſtory-pieces, and ſeveral little Images that make up the Equipage of thoſe that are larger. There are indeed a great Multitude of ſuch as are bigger than the Life: I reckon'd above Two Hundred and Fifty on the Outſide of the Church, tho' I only told Three Sides of it; and theſe are not half ſo thick ſet as they intend 'em. The Statues are all of Marble, and generally wel cut; but the moſt valuable one they have is a St. *Bartholomew*, new-flead, with his Skin hanging o'er his Shoulders: It is eſteem'd worth its weight in Gold: They have inſcrib'd this Verſe on the Pedeſtal, to ſhow the Value they have for the Workman.

Non me Praxiteles ſed Marcus finxit Agrati.

Leſt at the Sculptor doubtfully you gueſs,
'T is *Marc Agrati*, not *Praxiteles*.

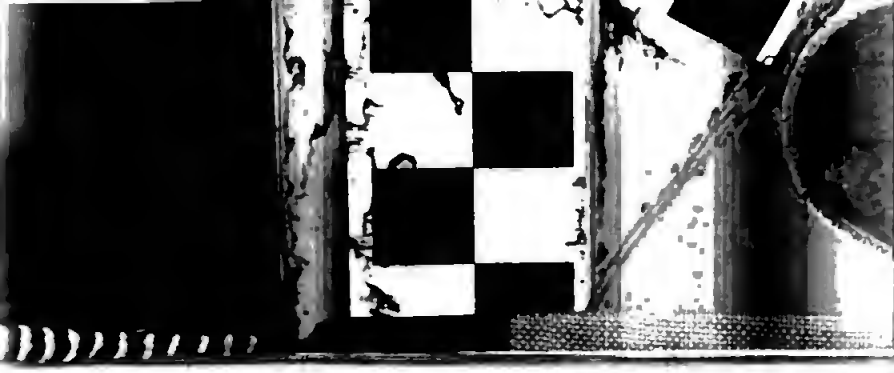
There is, juſt before the Entrance of the Quire, a little Subterraneous Chappel, Dedicated to St. *Charles Borromee*, where I ſaw his Body, in Epiſcopal Robes, lying upon the Altar in a Caſe of Rock-Cryſtal. His Chappel is adorn'd with abundance of Sil-

ver Work: He was but Two and Twenty Years old when he was choſen Arch-Biſhop of *Milan*, and Forty Six at his Death; but made ſo good uſe of ſo ſhort a time, by his Works of Charity and Munificence, that his Countrymen bleſs his Memory, which is ſtill freſh among 'em. He was Canonis'd about a Hundred Years ago, and indeed if this Honour were due to any Man, I think ſuch Publick ſpirited Virtues may lay a juſter Claim to it, than a ſour Retreat from Mankind, a fiery Zeal againſt *Heterodoxies*, a Set of Chimerical Viſions, or of Whimſical Penances, that are generally the Qualifications of *Roman* Saints. Miracles indeed are requir'd of all that aſpire to this Dignity, becauſe they ſay an Hypocrite may imitate a Saint in all other Particulars, and theſe they attribute in great Number, to him I am ſpeaking of. His Merit, and the Importunity of his Countrymen, procur'd his Canonization before the ordinary time; for 'tis the Policy of the *Roman* Church not to allow this Honour, ordinarily, 'till Fifty Years after the Death of the Perſon that is a Canditate for it; in which time it may be ſuppos'd that all his Contemporaries will be worn out, that could contradict a pretended Miracle, or remember any Infirmity of the Saint. One would wonder that *Roman* Catholicks, who are for this kind of Worſhip, don't generally addreſs themſelves to the Holy Apoſtles, who have a more unqueſtionable Right

Right to the Title of Saints than thoſe of a Modern Date; but theſe are at preſent quite out of Faſhion in *Italy* where there is ſcarce a great Town, that does not pay its Devotions in a more particular manner to ſome one of their own making. This renders it very ſuſpicious, that the Intereſts of Particular Families, Religious Orders, Convents or Churches, have too great a Sway in their Canonizations. When I was at *Milan* I ſaw a Book newly publiſh'd, that was Dedicated to the preſent Head of the *Borromean* Family, and entitl'd, *A Diſcourſe on the Humility of Jeſus Chriſt and of St.* Charles Borromee.

The Great Church of *Milan* has Two Noble Pulpits of Braſs, each of 'em running round a large Pillar, like a Gallery, and ſupported by huge Figures of the ſame Metal. The Hiſtory of our Saviour, or rather of the Bleſſed Virgin (for it begins with her Birth, and ends with her Coronation in Heaven, that of our Saviour coming in by way of *Epiſode*) is finely cut in Marble by *Andrew Biſſy*. This Church is very Rich in Relicks, which run up as high as *Daniel*, *Jonas* and *Abraham*. Among the reſt they ſhow a Fragment of our Countryman *Becket*, as indeed there are very few Treaſuries of Relicks in *Italy* that have not a Tooth or a Bone of this Saint. It would be endleſs to count up the Riches of Silver, Gold, and Precious Stones, that are amaſs'd together in this and ſeveral other Churches

of *Milan*. I was told, that in *Milan* there are Sixty Convents of Women, Eighty of Men, and Two Hundred Churches. At the *Celeſtines* is a Picture in Freſco of the Marriage of *Cana*, very much eſteem'd; but the Painter, whether deſignedly or not, has put Six Fingers to the Hand of one of the Figures: They ſhow the Gates of a Church that St. *Ambroſe* ſhut againſt the Emperor *Theodoſius*, as thinking him unfit to aſſiſt at Divine Service, 'till he had done ſome extraordinary Penance for his barbarous Maſſacring the Inhabitants of *Theſſalonica*. The Emperor was however ſo far from being diſpleas'd with the Behaviour of the Saint, that at his Death he committed to him the Education of his Children. Several have pick'd Splinters of Wood out of the Gates for Relicks: There is a little Chappel lately re-edify'd, where the ſame Saint baptis'd St. *Auſtin*. An Inſcription on the Wall of it ſays, that it was in this Chappel, and on this Occaſion, that he firſt ſung his *Te Deum*, and that his great Convert anſwer'd him Verſe by Verſe. In one of the Churches I ſaw a Pulpit and Confeſſional, very finely In-laid with *Lapis-Lazali*, and ſeveral kinds of Marble, by a Father of the Convent. It is very lucky for a Religious, who has ſo much Time on his Hands, to be able to amuſe himſelf with Works of this Nature; and one often finds particular Members of Convents, that have excellent Mechanical Genius's, and divert themſelves, at leiſure Hours,



Hours, with Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Gardening, and ſeveral kinds of Handy-Crafts. Since I have mention'd Confeſſionals, I ſhall ſet down here ſome Inſcriptions that I have ſeen over 'em in *Roman*-Catholick Countries, which are all Texts of Scripture, and regard either the Penitent or the Father. *Abi, Oſtende Te ad Sacerdotem-----Ne taceat pupilla oculi Tui-----Ibo ad patrem meum & dicam, Pater peccavi------Soluta erunt in Cælis------Redi Anima mea in Requiem tuam------Vade, & nè deinceps pecca------Qui vos audit me audit------Venite ad me omnes qui fatigati eſtis & onerati---- Corripiet me juſtus in miſericordiâ------Vide ſi via Iniquitatis in me eſt & deduc me in viâ æternâ------Ut audiret gemitus compeditorum.* I ſaw the *Ambroſian* Library, where, to ſhow the *Italian* Genius, they have ſpent more Mony on Pictures than on Books. Among the Heads of ſeveral learned Men I met with no *Engliſhman*, except Biſhop *Fiſher*, whom *Henry* the Eighth put to Death for not owning his Supremacy. Books are indeed the leaſt part of the Furniture that one ordinarily goes to ſee in an *Italian* Library, which they generally ſet of with Pictures, Statues, and other Ornaments, where they can afford 'em, after the Example of the old *Greeks* and *Romans*.

——— ——— ——— Plena omnia gypſo
Chryſippi Invenias: Nam perfectiſſimus horum
Si quis Ariſtotelem Similem vel Pittacon emit,

Ea

Et jubet Archetypos pluteum ſervare Cleanthas.
Juv. S. 2.

Chryſippus Statue decks thy Library.
Who makes his Study fineſt, is moſt read;
The Dolt that with an *Ariſtotle*'s Head,
Carv'd to the Life, has once adorn'd his Shelf,
Straight ſets up for a Stagyrite himſelf. *Tate.*

In an Appartment behind the Library are ſeveral Rarities in Painting and Sculpture, that have been often deſcrib'd by Travellers, as *Brugeal*'s Elements, a Head of *Titian*, by his own Hand, a Manuſcript in *Latin* of *Joſephus*, which the Biſhop of *Salisbury* ſays was written about the Age of *Theodoſius*, and another of *Leonardus Vincius*, which King *James* the Firſt could not procure, tho' he proffer'd for it Three Thouſand *Spaniſh* Piſtols. It conſiſts of Deſignings in Mechaniſm and Engineering: I was ſhown in it a Sketch of Bombs and Mortars, as they are now us'd. Canon *Settala*'s Cabinet is always ſhown to a Stranger among the Curioſities of *Milan*, which I ſhal not be particular upon, the Printed Account of it being common enough. Among its Naturel Curioſites I took particular notice of a Piece of Cryſtal, that enclos'd a couple of Drops, which look'd like Water when they were ſhaken, tho' perhaps they are nothing but Bubbles of Air. It is ſuch a Rarity as this that

that I saw at *Vendome* in *France*, which they there pretend is a Tear that our Saviour shed over *Lazarus*, and was gather'd up by an Angel, who put it in a little Crystal Vial, and made a Present of it to *Mary Magdalene*. The Famous *Pere Mabillon* is now engag'd in the Vindication of this Tear, which a learned Ecclesiastic, in the Neigbourhood of *Vendome*, would have suppress'd, as a false and ridiculous Relick, in a Book that he has Dedicated to his Diocesan the Bishop of *Blois*. It is in the Possession of a *Benedictin* Convent, which raises a considerable Revenue out of the Devotion that is paid to it, and has now retain'd the learnedst Father of their Order to write in its Defence.

It was such a Curiosity as this I have mention'd, that *Claudian* has celebrated in about half a Score Epigrams.

Solibus indomitum glacies alpina rigorem
Sumebat, nimio jam preciosa gelu.
Nec potuit toto mentiri corpore gemmam,
Sed medio manfit proditor orbe latex:
Auctus honor; liquidi crescunt miracula Saxi,
Et conservatæ plus meruistis Aquæ.

Deep in the Snowy *Alpes* a Lump of Ice
By Frosts was harden'd to a mighty Price,
Proof to the Sun, it now securely lyes,

And the warm Dog-ſtars hotteſt Rage defies:
Yet ſtill unripen'd in the Dewy Mines,
Within the Ball a trembling Water ſhines,
That through the Cryſtal darts its ſpurious Rays;
And the proud Stone's Original betrays:
But common Drops, when thus with Cryſtal mixt,
Are valu'd more, than if in Rubies fixt.

As I walk'd thro' one of the Streets of *Milan*, I was ſurpriz'd to read the following Inſcription, concerning a Barber that had Conſpir'd with the Commiſſary of Health and others to Poiſon his Fellow-Citiziens. There is a void Space where his Houſe ſtood, and in the midſt of it a Pillar, ſuperſcrib'd *Colonna Infame.* The Story is told in handſom *Latin*, which I ſhall ſet down, as having never ſeen it tranſcrib'd.

Hic, ubi hæc Area patens eſt,
Surgebat olim Tonſtrina
Jo' Jacobi Mora:
Qui factâ cum Gulielmo Platea publ. Sanit.
[*Commiſſario*
Et cum aliis Conſpiratione,
Dum peſtis atrax ſæviret,
Lethiferis unguentis huc & illuc aſperſis

Plures

Plures ad diram mortem compulit.
Hos igitur ambos, hoſtes patriæ judicatos
Excelſo in Plauſtro
Candenti prius vellicatos forcipe
Et dexterâ mulctatos manu
Rotâ infringî
Rotæque intextos poſt horas Sex jugulari,
Comburi deinde,
Ac, nè quid tam Sceleſtorum hominum reliqui ſit,
Publicatis bonis
Cineres in flumen projici
Senatus juſſit:
Cujus rei memoria æterna ut ſit,
Hanc domum, Sceleris officinam,
Solo æquari,
Ac nunquam in poſterum refici
Et erigi Columnam,
Quæ Vocatur Infamis,
Idem ordo mandavit.
Procul hinc procul ergo
Boni Cives,
Ne Vos Infelix, Infame ſolum
Commaculet!

M. D. C. XXX. *Kal. Auguſti.*
Præſide Pub. Sanitatis M. Antonio Montio Senatore R. Juſtitiæ Cap. Jo. Baptiſtâ Vicecomi.

The Citadel of *Milan* is thought a Noble Fortification in *Italy*, and has held out formerly after the Conquest of the whole Dutchy. The Governor of it is independent on the Governor of *Milan*; as the *Persians* us'd to make the Rulers of Provinces and Fortresses of different Conditions and Interests to prevent Conspiracies.

At Two Miles distance from *Milan* there stands a Building, that would have been a Master-piece in its kind, had the Architect design'd it for an Artificial Eccho. We discharg'd a Pistol, and had the Sound return'd upon us above Fifty Six times, tho' the Air was very foggy. The first Repetitions follow one another very thick, but are heard more distinctly in proportion as they decay: There are Two parallel Walls that beat the Sound back on each other, 'till the Undulation is quite worn out, like the several Reverberations of the same Image from two opposite Looking-Glasses. Father *Kircher* has taken notice of this particular Eccho, as Father *Bartolin* has done since in his Ingenious Discourse on Sounds. The State of *Milan* is like a vast Garden, surrounded by a Noble Mound-Work of Rocks and Mountains: Indeed if a Man considers the Face of *Italy* in general, one would think that Nature had laid it out into such a Variety of States and Governments as one finds in it. For as the *Alpes* at one End, and the long Range of *Appenines*, that passes thro' the Body of it, branch out

out on all ſides into ſeveral different Diviſions; they ſerve as ſo many natural Boundaries and Fortifications to the little Territories that lye among 'em. Accordingly we find the whole Country cut into a Multitude of particular Kingdoms and Common-wealths in the oldeſt Accounts we have of it, 'til the Power of the *Romans*, like a Torrent that overflows its Banks, bore down all before it, and ſpread it ſelf into the remoteſt Corners of the Nation. But as this Exorbitant Power became unable to ſupport it ſelf, we find the Government of *Italy* again broken into ſuch a Variety of Sub-Diviſions, as naturally ſuits with its Situation.

In the Court of *Milan*, as in ſeveral others of *Italy*, there are many who fall in with the Dreſs and Carriage of the *French*. One may however obſerve a kind of Awkwardneſs in the *Italians*, that eaſily diſcovers the Airs they give themſelves not to be natural. It is indeed very ſtrange that there ſhould be ſuch a Diverſity of Manners, where there is ſo ſmall a difference in the Air and Climate. The *French* are always Open, Familiar and Talkative: The *Italians*, on the contrary, are Stiff, Ceremonious and Reſerv'd. In *France* every one aims at a Gaiety and Sprightlineſs of Behaviour, and thinks it an Accompliſhment to be brisk and lively: The *Italians*, notwithſtanding their natural Fierineſs of Temper, affect always to appear Sober and

Sedate; inſomuch that one ſometimes meets Young Men walking the Streets with Spectacles on their Noſes, that they may be thought to have impair'd their Sight by much Study, and ſeem more Grave and Judicious than their Neighbours. This Difference of Manners proceeds chiefly from Difference of Education: In *France* it is uſual to bring their Children into Company, and to cheriſh in 'em, from their Infancy, a kind of Forwardneſs and Aſſurance: Beſides that the *French* apply themſelves more univerſally to their Exerciſes than any other Nation in the World, ſo that one ſeldom ſees a Young Gentleman in *France* that does not Fence, Dance, and Ride in ſome tolerable Perfection. Theſe Agitations of the Body don't only give 'em a free and eaſie Carriage, but have a kind of Mechanical Operation on the Mind, by keeping the Animal Spirits always awake and in Motion. But that which contributes moſt to this light airy Humour of the *French*, is the free Converſation that is allow'd 'em with their Women, which does not only communicate to 'em a certain Vivacity of Temper, but makes 'em endeavour after ſuch a Behaviour as is moſt taking with the Sex.

The *Italians*, on the contrary, that are excluded from making their Court this way, are for recommending themſelves to thoſe they Converſe with, by their Gravity and Wiſdom. In *Spain* therefore, where there are

are fewer Liberties of this nature allow'd, there is ſomething ſtill more ſerious and compos'd in the manner of the Inhabitants. But as Mirth is more apt to make Proſelytes than Melancholy, it is obſerv'd that the *Italians* have many of 'em for theſe late Years given very far into the Modes and Freedoms of the *French*; which prevail more or leſs in the Courts of *Italy*, as they lye at a ſmaller or greater Diſtance from *France*. It may be here worth while to conſider how it comes to paſs, that the Common People of *Italy* have in general ſo very great an Averſion to the *French*, which every Traveller can not but be ſenſible of, that has paſs'd thro' the Country. The moſt obvious Reaſon is certainly the great Difference that there is in the Humours and Manners of the two Nations, which always weighs more with the meaner ſort, who are not able to vanquiſh the Prejudices of Education, than with the Nobility. Beſides, that the *French* Humour, in regard of the Liberties they take in female Converſations, and their great Ambition to Excel in all Companies, is in a more particular manner very ſhocking to the *Italians*, that are naturally Jealous, and value themſelves upon their great Wiſdom. At the ſame time the common People of *Italy*, who run more into News and Politicks than thoſe of other Countries, have all of 'em ſomething to exaſperate 'em againſt the King of *France*. The *Savoyards*, notwithſtan-

ſtanding the preſent Inclinations of their Court, can't forbear Curſing him for the infinite Miſchiefs that he did 'em in the laſt War. The *Milaneſe* and *Neapolitans* remember the many Inſults that he has offer'd to the Houſe of *Auſtria*, and particularly to their Deceas'd King, for whom they ſtill retain a natural kind of Honour and Affection. The *Genoeſe* muſt always reſent at their Hearts his Treatment of their Doge, and his Bombarding their City. The *Venetians* will tell you of his Leagues with the *Turks*; and the *Romans*, of his Threats to Pope *Innocent* the Eleventh, whoſe Memory they adore. It is true, the Intereſt of State, and Change of Circumſtances, may have ſweeten'd theſe Reflections to the Politer ſort, but Impreſſions are not ſo eaſily worn out of the Minds of the Vulgar: That however, which I take to be the Principal Motive among moſt of the *Italians*, for their favouring the *Germans* above the *French*, is this, that they are entirely perſuaded it is the Intereſt of *Italy*, to have *Milan* and *Naples* rather in the Hands of the firſt than of the other. One may ſometimes obſerve, that the Body of a People has juſter Views for the Publick Good, and purſues 'em with greater Uprightneſs than the Nobility and Gentry, who have ſo many private Expectations and particular Intereſts, that hang like a falſe Biaſs upon their Judgements, and may poſſibly diſpoſe 'em to ſacrifice the Good of their Country to the

the Advancement of their own Fortunes; whereas the groſs of the People can have no other Proſpect in Changes and Revolutions than of Publick Bleſſings that are to diffuſe themſelves thro' the whole State in general.

To return to *Milan*: I ſhall here ſet down the Deſcription that *Auſonius* has given of it, among the reſt of his great Cities.

Et Mediolani mira omnia, copia rerum:
Innumeræ cultæque domus, facundia virorum
Ingenia, & mores læti. Tum duplice Muro
Amplificata loci Species, populique voluptas
Circus, & incluſi moles cuneata Theatri:
Templa, Palatinæque arces, opulenſque Moneta,
Et regio Herculei celebris ab honore lavacri,
Cuntaque marmoreis ornata periſtyla Signis,
Omnia quæ magnis operum velut æmula formis
Excellunt nec juncta premit vicinia Roma.

Milan with Plenty and with Wealth o'erflows,
And num'rous Streets and cleanly Dwellings ſhows,
The People, bleſs'd with Nature's happy Force,
Are Eloquent and Chearful in Diſcourſe;
A *Circus* and a Theatre invites

Th'unruly Mob to Races and to Fights;
Moneta conſecrated Buildings grace,
And the whole Town redoubled Walls embrace:
Here ſpacious Baths and Palaces are ſeen,
And intermingled Temples riſe between;
Here circling *Colonnades* the Ground encloſe,
And here the Marble Statues breathe in Rows:
Profuſely grac'd the happy Town appears,
Nor *Rome* it ſelf, her beauteous Neighbour, fears.

BRESCIA, VERONA, PADUA.

FROM *Milan* we travell'd, thro' a very pleasant Country to *Brescia*, and by the way cross'd the River *Adda*, that falls into the *Lago di Como*, which *Virgil* calls the Lake *Larius*, and running out at the other End loses it self at last in the *Po*, which is the great Receptacle of all the Rivers of this Country. The Town and Province of *Brescia* have freer Access to the Senate of *Venice*, and a quicker Redress of Injuries, than any other Part of their Dominions. They have always a mild and prudent Governor, and live much more happy than their Fellow-Subjects: For as they were once a Part of the *Milanese*, and are now on their Frontiers, the *Venetians* dare not exasperate 'em, by the Loads they lay on other Provinces, for fear of a Revolt; and are forc'd to Treat 'em with much more Indulgence than the *Spaniards* do their Neighbours, that they may have

no Temptation to it. *Breſcia* is famous for its Iron-Works. A ſmall Day's Journey more brought us to *Verona*. We ſaw the Lake *Benacus* in our way, which the *Italians* now call *Lago di Garda*: It was ſo rough with Tempeſts when we paſs'd by it, that it brought into my Mind *Virgil*'s Noble Deſcription of it.

Adde lacus tantos, te Lari maxime, te que
Fluctibus & fremitu aſſurgens, Benace, Marino.

Here vex'd with Winter Storms *Benacus* raves,
Confus'd with working Sand and rolling Waves;
Rough and tumultuous like a Sea it lyes,
So loud the Tempeſt roars, ſo high the Billows riſe.

This Lake perfectly reſembles a Sea, when it is work'd up by Storms. It is Thirty Five Miles in length, and Twelve in breadth. At the lower end of it we croſs'd the *Mincio*.

——Tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
Mincius, & tenerâ prætexit arundine ripas. G. 3.

Where the ſlow *Mincius* through the Valley ſtrays;

Where

Where cooling Streams invite the Flocks
to drink,
And Reeds defend the winding Waters
Brink.

The River *Adige* runs thro' *Verona*; ſo much is the Situation of the Town chang'd from what it was in *Silius Italicus* his Time.

-----Verona Atheſi circumflua. L. 8.

Verona by the circling *Adige* bound.

This is the only great River in *Lombardy* that does not fall into the *Po*, which it muſt have done, had it run but a little further before its entering the *Adriatic*. The Rivers are all of 'em mention'd by *Claudian*.

——— Venetoſque erectior amnes
Magnâ voce ciet. Frondentibus humida ripis
Colla levant, pulcher Ticinus, & Adula viſa
Cærulus, & velox Atheſis, tarduſque meatu
Mincius inque novem conſurgens ore Timavus.
Sexto con. Hon.

Venetia's Rivers ſummon'd all around
Hear the loud Call, and anſwer to the
Sound:
Her dropping Locks the Silver *Teſſin* rears,

The blue tranſparent *Adda* next appears,
The rapid *Adige* then erects her Head,
And *Mincio* riſing ſlowly from his Bed,
And laſt *Timavus*, that with eager force
From Nine wide Mouths comes guſhing to his Courſe.

His *Larius* is doubtleſs an Imitation of *Virgil*'s *Benacus*.

——— *Umbroſâ veſtit qua littus Olivâ*
Larius & dulci mentitur Nerea fluctu.
De. Bel. Gal.

The *Larius* here, with Groves of Olives Crown'd,
An Ocean of freſh Water ſpreads around.

I ſaw at *Verona* the Famous Amphitheater, that with a few Modern Reparations has all the Seats entire. There is ſomething very Noble in it, tho' the high Wall and Corridors that went round it are almoſt entirely ruin'd, and the Area is quite fill'd up to the lower Seat, which was formerly deep enough to let the Spectators ſee in ſafety the Combats of the Wild Beaſts and Gladiators. Since I have *Claudian* before me, I can't forbear ſetting down the Noble Deſcription he has made of a Wild Beaſt newly brought from the Woods,

and

and making its firſt Appearance in a full Amphitheater.

Ut fera quæ nuper montes amiſit avitos,
Alterumque Exul nemorum, damnater arenæ
Maneribus, commota rait, vir murmure contrà
Hortatur, nixuſque genu venabula tendit;
Illa pavet Strepitus, cuneoſque erecta Theatri
Deſpicit, & tanti miratur Sibila vulgi.

In. Ruf. L. 2.

So ruſhes on his Foe the griſly Bear,
That, baniſh'd from the Hills and buſhy Brakes,
His old Hereditary Haunts forſakes.
Condemn'd the cruel Rabble to delight,
His angry Keeper goads him to the Fight,
Bent on his Knee, the Savage glares around,
Scar'd with the mighty Croud's promiſcuous Sound;
Then rearing on his hinder Paws retires,
And the vaſt hiſſing Multitude admires.

There are ſome other Antiquities in *Verona*, of which the Principal is the Ruin of a Triumphal Arch erected to *Flaminius*, where one ſees old *Doric* Pillars without any Pedeſtal or Baſis as *Vitruvius* has deſcrib'd

'em

'em. I have not yet ſeen any Gardens in *Italy* worth taking notice of. The *Italians* fall as far ſhort of the *French* in this Particular, as they excel 'em in their Palaces. It muſt however be ſaid, to the Honour of the *Italians*, that the *French* took from them the firſt Plans of their Gardens, as well as their Water-Works; ſo that their ſurpaſſing of them at preſent is to be attributed rather to the Greatneſs of their Riches, than the Excellence of their *Guſto*. I went to ſee the Terrace-Garden of *Verona*, that Travellers generally mention. Among the Churches of *Verona*, that of St. *George* is the handſomeſt: Its chiefeſt Ornament is the Martyrdom of the Saint, drawn by *Paul Veroneſe*; as there are many other Pictures about the Town by the ſame Hand. A Stranger is always ſhown the Tomb of Pope *Lucius*, who lyes buryd' in the Dome. I ſaw in the ſame Church a Monument erected by the Publick to one of their Biſhops, the Inſcription ſays, that there was between him and his God, *Summa Neceſſitudo*, *Summa Similitudo*. The *Italian* Tombſtones are often more extravagant than thoſe of other Countries, as the Nation is more given to Compliment and Hyperbole. From *Verona* to *Padua* we travell'd thro' a very pleaſant Country: It is planted thick with Rows of White Mulberry trees, that furniſh Food for great Quantities of Silk-worms with their Leaves, as the Swine and Poultry conſume the Fruit. The

Trees

Trees themſelves ſerve, at the ſame time, as ſo many Stays for their Vines, that hang all along like Ropes from Tree to Tree. Between the ſeveral Ranges lye Fields of Corn, that in theſe warm Countries ripens much better among the Mulberry Shades, than if it were expos'd to the open Sun. This was one Reaſon why the Inhabitans of this Country, when I paſs'd thro' it, were extreamly apprehenſive of ſeeing *Lombardy* the Seat of War, which muſt have made miſerable Havock among their Plantations; for 'tis not here as in the Corn Fields of *Flanders*, where the whole Product of the Place riſes from Year to Year. We arriv'd ſo late at *Vicenza*, that we had not time to take a full Sight of the Place. The next Day brought us to *Padua*. St. *Anthony*, who liv'd about Five Hundred Years ago, is the great Saint to whom they here pay their Devotions. He lyes bury'd in the Church that is Dedicated to him at preſent, tho' it was formerly Conſecrated to the Bleſſed Virgin, which is extreamly magnificent, and very richly adorn'd. There are narrow Clefts in the Monument that ſtands over him, where good Catholicks rub their Beads, and ſmell his Bones, which they ſay have in 'em a natural Perfume, tho' very like Apoplectic Balſom; and what would make one ſuſpect that they rub the Marble with it, it is obſerv'd that the Scent is ſtronger in the Morning than at Night. There are abundance of Inſcriptions and Pictures hung

up by his Votaries in ſeveral Parts of the Church: For 'tis the way of thoſe that are in any Signal Danger to implore his Aid, and if they come off ſafe they call their Deliverance a Miracle, and perhaps hang up the Picture or Deſcription of it in the Church. This ſpoils the Beauty of ſeveral *Roman* Catholick Churches, and often covers the Walls with wretched Daubings, impertinent Inſcriptions, Hands, Legs, and Arms of Wax, with a Thouſand idle Offerings of the ſame Nature.

They ſell at *Padua* the Life of St. *Anthony*, that is read with great Devotion; the moſt remarkable Part of it is his Diſcourſe to an Aſſembly of Fiſh. As the Audience and Sermon are both very extraordinary, I will ſet down the whole Paſſage at length.

Non curando gli Heretici il ſuo parlare, egli ſi come era alla riva del mare, dove sbocca il fiume Marecchia, chiamò da parte di Dio li peſci, che veniſſero à ſentir la ſua ſanta parola. Et ecco che di ſubito ſopra l'acque nuotando gran moltitudine di varii, & diverſi peſci, e del mare, e del fiume, ſi unirono tutti, ſecondo le ſpecie loro, e con bell ordine, quaſi che di ragion capaci ſtati foſſero, attenti, e cheti con gratioſo ſpettacolo s'accommodaro per ſentir la parola di Dio. Ciò veduto il ſanto entro al cuor ſuo di dolcezza ſtillandoſi, & per altretanta maraviglia inarcando le ciglia, della obedientia di queſte irragionevoli creature coſi cominciò loro à parlare. Se bene in tutte le coſe create (cari, & amati peſci) ſi ſcuopre la potenza, & provi-

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denza infinita di Dio, come nel Cielo, nel Sole, nella Luna, nelle stelle, in questo mondo inferiore, nell huomo, e nelle altre creature perfette, nondimeno in Voi particolarmente lampeggia e risplende la bontà della maestà divina, perche se bene siete chiamati Rettili, mezzi fra pietre, e bruti, confinati nelli profondi abissi delle ondeggiante acque: agitati sempre da flutti: mossi sempre da procelle; sordi all' udire, mutoli al parlare, & horridi al vedere; con tutto ciò in Voi maravigliosamente si scorge la Divina grandezza; e da voi si cavano li maggiori misterii della bontà di Dio, ne mai si parla di voi nella Scrittura Sacra, che non vi sia ascosto qualche profondo Sacramento; Credete voi, che sia senza grandissimo misterio, che il primo dono fatto dall' onnipotente Iddio al huomo fosse di voi Pesci? Credete voi che non sia misterio in questo, che di tutte le creature, e di tutti gl' animali si sien fatti sacrificii, eccetto, che di voi Pesci? Credete, che non vi sia qualche secreto in questo, che Christo nostro salvatore dall' agnelo pasquale in poi, si compiacque tanto del cibo di voi pesci? Credete, che sia à caso questo, che dovendo il Redentor del mondo, pagar, como huomo, il censo à Cesare la volesse trovare nella bocca di un pesce? Tutti, tutti sono misteri è Sacramenti: perciò siete particolarmente obligati a lodare il vostro Creatore: amati pesci di Dio. havete ricevuto l' essere, la vita, il moto, e'l senso; per stanza vi hà dato il liquido elemento dell' Acqua, secondo che alla vostra naturale inclinatione conviene: ivi hà fatti ampliſſimi alberghi, stance, caverne, grotte, e secreti luogi à voi più che sale Regie, e regal

Palazzi cari, e grati; & per propria ſede havete l'acqua, elemento diafano, tranſparente, e ſempre lucido quaſi criſtallo, e verro; & dalle piu baſſe, e profonde voſtre ſtanze ſcorgete ciò che ſopra acqua ò ſi fa, ò nuota; havete gli occhi quaſi di Lince, ò di Argo, & da cauſa non errante guidati, ſeguite ciò che vi giova, & aggrada; & fuggito ciò che vi nuoce, havete natural deſio di conſervarvi ſecondo le ſpetie voſtre, faſe, oprate, & caminate ove natura vi detta ſenzo contraſtro alcuno; nè algor d' inverno, nè calor di ſtate vi offende, ò nuoce; ſiaſi per ſereno, ò turbato il cielo, che alli voſtri humidi alberghi nè frutto, nè danno apporta, ſiaſi pure abbondevole de ſuoi teſori, ò ſcarſa de ſuoi frutti la terra, che a voi nulla giova; piova, tuoni, ſaetti, lampaggi, è ſubiſſi il mondo, che a voi ciò poco importa; verdeggi primavera, ſcaldi la ſtate, fruttifichi t' Autunno, & aſſideri li inverno, queſto non vi rileva punto: ne trapaſſar del' hore nè correr de giorni, nè volar de meſi, ne fuggir d' anni, ne mutar de tempi, ne cangiar de ſtagioni vi dan penſiero alcuno, ma ſempre ſicura, & tranquilla vita liatamente vivere: O quanto, o quanto grande la Maeſtà di Dio in voi ſi ſcuopre. O quanta mirabile la potenza ſua; O quanto ſtupenda, & maravigliosa la ſua providenza; poi che frà tutte le creature dell' univerſo voi ſolo non ſentiſti il diluvio univerſale dell' acque; ne provaſti i danni, che egli face almondo; e tutto queſto ch' io ho detto dovrebbe muovervi à lodar Dio a ringratiare ſua divina maeſtà di tanti e coſi ſingolari beneficii, che vi ha fatti, di tante gratie:

che vi ha conferite, di tanti favori, di che vi ha fatti degna; per tanto, ſe non potete ſnodar la lingua à ringratiar il voſtro Benefattore, & non ſapete con parole eſprimer le ſue lodi, fatele ſegno di riverenza almeno; chinatevi al ſuo nome; moſtrate nel modo che potete ſembiante di gratitudine; rendetevi benevoli alla bontà ſua, in quel miglior modo che potete; O ſapete, non ſiate ſconoſcenti de ſuoi beneficii, & non ſiate ingrati de ſuoi favori. A queſto dire, O maraviglia grande, come ſi quelli peſci haveſſero havato humano intelletto, e diſcorſo, con geſti di profonda Humiltà, con riverenti ſembianti di religione, chinarono la teſta, blandiro co'l corpo, quaſi approvando ciò che detto havea il benedetto padre S. Antonio.

" When the Hereticks would not regard " his Preaching he betook himſelf to the " Sea-ſhore, where the River *Marecchia* " diſembogues it ſelf into the Adriatic. " He here call'd the Fiſh together in the " Name of God, that they might hear his " Holy Word. The Fiſh came ſwim- " ming towards him in ſuch vaſt Sholes, " both from the Sea and from the River, " that the Surface of the Water was quite " cover'd with their Multitudes. They " quickly rang'd themſelves, according to " their ſeveral Species, into a very beauti- " ful Congregation, and, like ſo many ra- " tional Creatures, preſented themſelves " before him to hear the Word of God. " St. *Antonio* was ſo ſtruck with the mira- " culous Obedience and Submiſſion of

" theſe poor Animals, that he found a ſe-
" cret Sweetneſs diſtilling upon his Soul,
" and at laſt addreſs'd himſelf to 'em in the
" following Words.

" Altho' the Infinite Power and Provi-
" dence of God (my dearly beloved Fiſh)
" diſcovers it ſelf in all the Works of his
" Creation, as in the Heavens, in the
" Sun, in the Moon, and in the Stars; in
" this lower World, in Man, and in o-
" ther perfect Creatures; nevertheleſs the
" Goodneſs of the Divine Majeſty ſhines
" out in you more eminently, and appears
" after a more particular manner, than in
" any other Created Beings. For notwith-
" ſtanding you are comprehended under
" the Name of *Reptiles*, partaking of a
" middle Nature between Stones and Beaſts,
" and Impriſon'd in the Deep Abyſs of
" Waters; notwithſtanding you are toſt a-
" mong Billows, thrown up and down by
" Tempeſts, deaf to Hearing, dumb to
" Speech, and terrible to behold: Notwith-
" ſtanding, I ſay, theſe natural Diſadvan-
" tages, the Divine Greatneſs ſhows it ſelf
" in you after a very wonderful manner.
" In you are ſeen the mighty Myſteries of
" an Infinite Goodneſs. The Holy Scri-
" pture has always made uſe of you, as
" the Types and Shadows of ſome profound
" Sacrament.

" Do you think that, without a Myſte-
" ry, the firſt Preſent that God Almighty
" made to Man was of you, O ye Fiſhes?

" Do

" Do you think that, without a Myſtery,
" among all Creatures and Animals that
" were appointed for Sacrifices you only
" were excepted, O ye Fiſhes? Do you
" think there was nothing meant by our
" Saviour Chriſt, that next to the Paſchal
" Lamb he took ſo much Pleaſure in the
" Food of you, O ye Fiſhes? Do you
" think it was by meer Chance that when
" the Redeemer of the World was to pay
" a Tribute to *Ceſar*, he tought fit to find
" it in the Mouth of a Fiſh? Theſe are all
" of 'em ſo many Myſteries and Sacra-
" ments, that oblige you in a more parti-
" cular manner to the Praiſes of your Cre-
" ator.

" It is from God, my beloved Fiſh, that
" you have receiv'd Being, Life, Motion
" and Senſe. It is he that has given you,
" in Compliance with your natural Incli-
" nations, the whole World of Waters
" for your Habitation. It is he that has
" furniſh'd it with Lodgings, Chambers,
" Caverns, Grottoes, and ſuch magnificent
" Retirements as are not to be met with
" in the Seats of Kings, or in the Palaces
" of Princes: You have the Water for
" your Dwelling, a clear tranſparent Ele-
" ment, brighter than Cryſtal; you can ſee
" from its deepeſt Bottom every thing that
" paſſes on its Surface; you have the Eyes
" of a *Linx*, or of an *Argos*; you are gui-
" ded by a ſecret and unerring Principle,
" delighting in every thing that may be be-

ne-

" neficial to you, and avoiding every thing
" that may be hurtful; you are carry'd on
" by a hidden Inſtinct to preſerve your ſel-
" ves, and to propagate your Species; you
" obey, in all your Actions, Works and
" Motions, the Dictates and Suggeſtions of
" Nature, without the leaſt Repugnancy
" or Contradiction.

„ The Colds of Winter and the Heats
" of Summer, are equally incapable of
" moleſting you. A ſerene or a clouded
" Sky are indifferent to you. Let the
" Earth aboud in Fruits, or be curs'd with
" Scarcity, it has no Influence on your
" Welfare. You live ſecure in Rains and
" Thunders, Lightnings and Eartquakes;
" you have no Concern in the Bloſſoms
" of Spring, or in the Glowings of Sum-
" mer, in the Fruits of Autumn, or in
" the Froſts of Winter. You are not ſo-
" licitous about Hours or Days, Months
" or Years; the Variableneſs of the Wea-
" ther, or the Change of Seaſons.

" In what dreadful Majeſty, in what
" wonderful Power, in what amazing Pro-
" vidence did God Almighty diſtinguiſh
" you among all the Species of Creatures
" that periſh'd in the Univerſal Deluge!
" You only were inſenſible of the Mi-
" ſchief that had lain waſte the whole
" World.

" All this, as I have already told you;
" ought to inſpire you with Gratitude and
" Praiſe towards the Divine Majeſty, that

" has

reat things for you, that
ou ſuch Particular Graces
s, and heap'd upon you ſo
uiſhing Favours. And ſince
you can't employ your Ton-
Praiſes of your Benefactor,
ot provided with Words to
ur Gratitude; make at leaſt
of Reverence; bow your ſel-
Name; give ſome ſhow of
, according to the beſt of
acities; expreſs your Thanks
oſt becoming manner that you
and be not unmindful of all
fits he has beſtow'd upon you.
d no ſooner done ſpeaking, but
a Miracle! The Fiſh, as tho' they
en endu'd with Reaſon, bow'd
heir Heads with all the Marks of
ound Humility and Devotion, mo-
heir Bodies up and down with a
of Fondneſs, as approving what
een ſpoken by the Bleſſed Father,
Antonio. The Legend adds, that
many Hereticks, who were pre-
at the Miracle, had been converted
t, the Saint gave his Benediction to
Fiſh, and diſmiſs'd em.

veral other the like Stories of St. *An-*
are repreſented about his Monument in
ry fine *Baſſo Relievo*.

could not forbear ſetting down the
les given to St. *Antony* in one of the
bles that hangs up to him, as a Token

of Gratitude from a poor Peaſant, who fancy'd the Saint had ſav'd him from breaking his Neck.

Sacratiſſimi puſionis Bethlehemitici
Lilio candidiori Delicio,
Seraphidum ſoli fulgidiſſimo,
Celſiſſimo ſacra ſapientiæ thalo,
Prodigiorum patratori Potentiſſimo,
Mortis, Erroris, Calamitatis, Lepræ, Demonis,
Diſpenſatori, correctori, Liberatori, curatori,
[*fugatori,*
Sancto, ſapienti, Pio, potenti, tremendo,
Ægrotarum & Naufragantium Salvatori
Præſentiſſimo tutiſſimo.
Membrorum reſtitutori, vinculorum confractori,
Rerum perditarum Inventori ſtupendo,
Periculorum omnium profligatori
Magno, Mirabili,
Ter Sancto,
Antonio Paduano,
Pientiſſimo poſt Deum ejuſque Virgineam matrem
Potectori & Soſpitori ſuo, &c.

The Cuſtom of hanging up Limbs in Wax, as well as Pictures, is certainly deriv'd from the old Heathens, that us'd, upon their Recovery, to make an Offering

in

in Wood, Metal or Clay, of the Part that had been afflicted with a Diſtemper, to the Deity that had deliver'd them. I have ſeen, I believe, every Limb of a Human Body figur'd in Iron or Clay, that were formerly made on this Occaſion, among the ſeveral Collections of Antiquities that have been ſhown me in *Italy*. The Church of St. *Juſtina*, deſign'd by *Palladio*, is the moſt handſom, luminous diſencumber'd Building in the Inſide that I have ever ſeen, and is eſteem'd by many Artiſts one of the fineſt Works in *Italy*. The long Nef conſiſts of a Row of Five Cupola's, the croſs one has on each ſide a ſingle Cupola deeper and broader than the others. The Martyrdom of St. *Juſtina* hangs over the Altar, and is a Piece of *Paul Veroneſe*. In the great Town-Hall of *Padua* ſtands a Stone ſuperſcrib'd *Lapis Vituperii*. Any Debtor that will ſwear himſelf not worth Five Pound, and is ſet by the Bailifs thrice with his bare Buttocks on this Stone in a full Hall, clears himſelf of any farther Proſecution from his Creditors; but this is a Puniſhment that no Body has ſubmitted to theſe Four and Twenty Years. The Univerſity of *Padua* is of late much more reform'd than it was formerly, tho' it is not yet ſafe walking the Streets after Sun-ſet. There is at *Padua* a Manufacture of Cloth, that has brought very great Revenues into the Republik. At preſent the *Engliſh* have not only gain'd upon the *Venetians* in the

Levant, which us'd chiefly to be ſupply'd from this Manufacture, but have great Quantities of their Cloth in *Venice* it ſelf; few of the Nobility wearing any other ſort, notwithſtanding the Magiſtrate of the Pomps is oblig'd by his Office to ſee that no Body wears the Cloth of another Country. Our Merchants indeed are forc'd to make uſe of ſome Artifice to get theſe Prohibited Goods into Port. What they here ſhow for the Aſhes of *Livy* and *Antenor* is altogether groundleſs.

Antenor's Tomb put me in Mind of the latter part of *Virgil*'s Deſcription, that gives us the Original of *Padua*.

Antenor potuit mediis elapſus Achivis
Illyricos penetrare Sinus, atq; intima tutus
Regna Liburnorum: & fontem ſuperare Timavi:
Unde per ora novem vaſto cum murmure Montis
It mare præruptum & pelago premit arva Sonanti;
Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi, ſedeſque locavit
Teucrorum, & genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit
Troïa: nunc placidâ compoſtus pace quieſcit.
Æ. 1.

Antenor, from the midſt of *Grecian* Hoſts,
Could paſs ſecure; and pierce th' *Illyrian* Coaſts,
Where rolling down the ſteep *Timavus* raves,
And

And through Nine Channels diſembogues his Waves.
At length he founded *Padua*'s happy Seat,
And gave his *Trojans* a ſecure Retreat:
There fix'd their Arms, and there renew'd their Names;
And there in quiet lyes.------ *Dryden.*

From *Padua* I went down to the River *Brent* in the Ordinary Ferry, that brought me in a Day's time to *Venice.*

VENICE.

HAving often heard *Venice* repreſented as one of the moſt defenſible Cities in the World, I took Care to inform my ſelf of the Particulars in which its Strength conſiſts. And theſe I find are chiefly owing to its advantagious Situation; for it has neither Rocks nor Fortifications near it, and yet is, perhaps, the moſt impregnable Town in *Europe*. It ſtands at leaſt Four Miles from any part of the *Terra Firma*, nor are the Shallows, that lye about it, ever frozen hard enough to bring over an Army from the Land ſide: The conſtant Flux and Reflux of the Sea, or the natural Mildneſs of the Climate, hindering the Ice from gathering to any Thickneſs; which is an Advantage the *Hollanders* want, when they have laid all their Country under Water. On the Side that is expos'd to the Adriatic the Entrance is ſo difficult to hit, that they have mark'd it out with ſeveral Stakes driven into the Ground, which they would not fail to cut upon the firſt approach of an Enemy's Fleet. For this Reaſon they have not fortify'd the little Iſlands, that lye at the Entrance, to the beſt Advantage, which might otherwiſe very eaſily com-

command al the Paſſes that lead to the City from the Adriatic. Nor could an ordinary Fleet, with Bomb-Veſſels, hope to ſucceed againſt a Place that has always in its Arſenal a conſiderable Number of Gallies and Men of War ready to put to Sea on a very ſhort warning. If we could therefore ſuppoſe 'em block'd up on all ſides, by a Power too ſtrong for 'em, both by Sea and Land, they would be able to defend themſelves againſt every thing but Famine; and this would not be a little mitigated by the great Quantities of Fiſh that their Seas abound with, and that may be taken up in the miſt of their very Streets, which is ſuch a natural Magazine as few other Places can boaſt of.

Our Voyage-Writers will needs have this City in great Danger of being left, within an Age or two, on the *Terra Firma*; and repreſent it in ſuch a manner, as if the Sea was inſenſibly ſhrinking from it, and retiring into its Channel. I ask'd ſeveral, and among the reſt Father *Coronelli*, the State's Geographer, of the Truth of this Particular, and they all aſſur'd me that the Sea riſes as high as ever, tho' the great Heaps of Dirt that it brings along with it are apt to choak up the Shallows, but that they are in no Danger of loſing the Beneſit of their Situation, ſo long as they are at the Charge of removing theſe Banks of Mud and Sand. One may ſee abundance of 'em above the Surface of the Water, ſcatter'd up

and

and down like ſo many little Iſlands, when the Tide is low, and they are theſe that make the Entrance for Ships difficult to ſuch as are not us'd to 'em, for the deep Canals run between 'em which the *Venetians* are at a great Expence to keep free and open.

This City ſtands very convenient for Commerce. It has ſeveral Navigable Rivers that run up into the Body of *Italy*, by which they might ſupply a great many Countries with Fiſh and other Commodities; not to mention their Opportunities for the *Levant*, and each ſide of the Adriatic. But, notwithſtanding theſe Conveniencies, their Trade is far from being in a flouriſhing Condition for many Reaſons. The Duties are great that are laid on Merchandiſes. Their Nobles think it below their Quality to engage in Traffick. The Merchants that are grown Rich, and able to manage great Dealings, buy their Nobility, and generally give over Trade. Their Manufactures of Cloth, Glaſs and Silk, formerly the beſt in *Europe*, are now excell'd by thoſe of other Countries. They are tenacious of old Laws and Cuſtom to their great Prejudice, whereas a Trading Nation muſt be ſtill for new Changes and Expedients, as different Junctures and Emergencies ariſe. The State is at preſent very ſenſible of this Decay in their Trade, and as a Noble *Venetian*, who is ſtill a Merchant, told me, they will ſpeedily find out ſome Method

Method to redreſs it; probably by making a free Port, for they look with an Evil Eye upon *Leghorne*, that draws to it moſt of the Veſſels bound for *Italy*. They have hitherto been ſo negligent in this Particular, that many think the Great Duke's Gold has had no ſmall Influence in their Councils.

Venice has ſeveral Particulars that are not to be found in other Cities, and is therefore very entertaining to a Traveller. It looks, at a diſtance, like a great Town half floated by a Deluge. There are Canals every where croſſing it, ſo that one may go to moſt Houſes either by Land or Water. This is a very great Convenience to the Inhabitants; for a *Gondola* with Two Oars at *Venice*, is as magnificent as a Coach and Six Horſes, with a large Equipage, in another Country; beſides that it makes all Cariages extreamly cheap. The Streets are generally Pav'd with Brick or Free-ſtone, and always kept very neat, for there is no Carriage, not ſo much as a Chair, that paſſes thro' 'em. There is an innuberable Multitude of very handſome Bridges, all of a ſingle Arch, and without any Fence on either ſide, which would be a great Inconvenience to a City leſs ſober than *Venice*. One would indeed wonder that Drinking is not in Vogue among the *Venetians*, who are in a moiſt Air and a moderate Climate, and have no ſuch Diverſions as Bowling, Hunting,

Walking, Riding, and the like Exercises to employ 'em without Doors. But as the Nobles are not to Converse too much with Strangers, they are in no Danger of learning it; and they are generally too distrustful of one another for the Freedoms that are us'd in such kind of Conversations. There are many Noble Palaces in *Venice*. Their Furniture is not commonly very Rich, if we except the Pictures, which are here in greater plenty than in any other Place in *Europe*, from the Hands of the best Masters of the *Lombard* School; as *Titian*, *Paul Veronese* and *Tintoret*. The last of these is in greater Esteem at *Venice* than in other Parts of *Italy*. The Rooms are generally hung with Gilt Leather, which they cover on extraordinary Occasions with Tapestry, and Hangings of greater Value. The Flooring is a kind of Red Plaister made of Brick ground to Powder, and afterwards work'd into Mortar. It is rubb'd with Oil, and makes a smooth, shining and beautiful Surface. These Particularities are chiefly owing to the Moisture of the Air, which would have an ill Effect an other kinds of Furniture, as it shows it self too visibly in many of their finest Pictures. Tho' the *Venetians* are extreamly jealous of any great Fame or Merit in a living Member of their Common-wealth, they never fail of giving a Man his due Praises, when they are in no Danger of suffering from his Ambition. For this Reason

ſon, tho' there are a great many Monuments erected to ſuch as have been Benefactors to the Republick, they are generally put up after their Deaths. Among the many Elogiums that are given to the Doge *Piſauro*, that had been Ambaſſador in *England*, his Epitaph ſays, *In Angliâ Jacobi Regis obitum mirâ calliditate celatum mirâ ſagacitate rimatus priſcam benevolentiam firmavit.* The particular Palaces, Churches, and Pictures of *Venice*, are enumerated in ſeveral little Books that may be bought on the Place, which have been faithfully Tranſcrib'd by ſeveral Voyage-Writers. When I was at *Venice* they were putting out very curious Stamps of the ſeveral Edifices that are moſt famous for their Beauty or Magnificence. The *Arſenal* of *Venice* is an Iſland of about Three Miles round. It contains all the Stores and Proviſions for War, that are not actually employ'd. There are Docks for their Gallies and Men of War, moſt of 'em full, as well as Work-Houſes for all Land and Naval Preparations. That Part of it, where the Arms are laid, makes a great ſhow, and was indeed very extraordinary about a Hundred Years ago, but at preſent a great part of its Furniture is grown uſeleſs. There ſeem to be almoſt as many Suits of Armour as there are Guns. The Swords are old-faſhion'd and unwieldy in a very great Number, and the Fire-Arms fitted with Locks of little Convenience in compari-

ſon of thoſe that are now in uſe. The *Venetians* pretend they could ſet out, in Caſe of great Neceſſity, Thirty Men of War, a Hundred Gallies, and Ten Galeaſſes, tho' I can't conceive how they could Man a Fleet of half the number. It was certainly a mighty Error in this State to affect ſo many Conqueſts on the *Terra Firma*, which has only ſerv'd to raiſe the Jealouſie of the Chriſtian Princes, and about Three Hundred Years ago had like to have ended in the utter Extirpation of the Common wealth; whereas, had they apply'd themſelves with the ſame Politics and Induſtry to the Increaſe of their Strength by Sea, they might perhaps have had all the Iſlands of the *Archipelago* in their Hands, and, by Conſequence, the greateſt Fleet, and the moſt Sea-Men of any other State in *Europe*. Beſides, that this would have given no Jealouſie to the Princes their Neighbours, who would have enjoy'd their own Dominions in Peace, and have been very well contented to have ſeen ſo ſtrong a Bulwark againſt all the Forces and Invaſions of the *Ottoman* Empire.

This Republick has been much more powerful than it is at preſent, as it is ſtill likelier to ſink than increaſe in its Dominions. It is not impoſſible but the *Spaniard* may, ſome time or other, demand of 'em *Creme*, *Breſcia*, and *Bergame*, which have been torn from the *Milaneſe*; and in caſe a War ſhould ariſe upon it, and the *Venetians* loſe

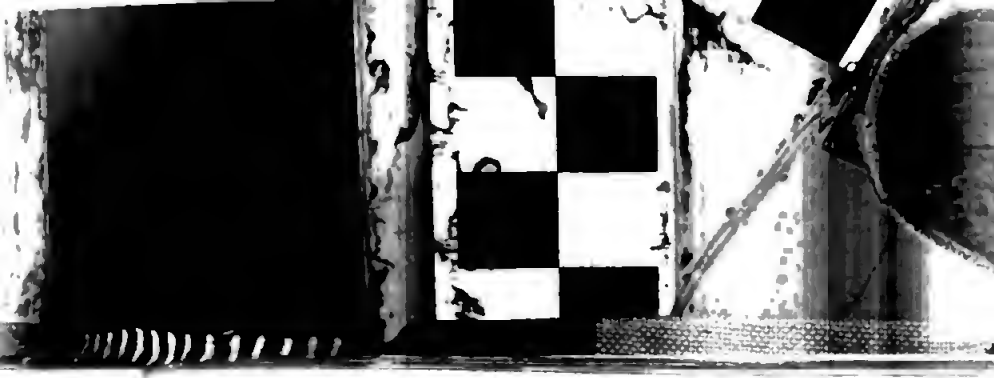
a

a ſingle Battel, they might be beaten of the Continent in a Summer's time, for their Fortifications are very Inconſiderable. On the other ſide, the *Venetians* are in continual Apprehenſions from the *Turk*, who will certainly endeavour at the Recovery of the *Morea*, as ſoon as the *Ottoman* Empire has recruited a little of its ancient Strenght. They are very ſenſible that they had better have puſh'd their Conqueſts on the other ſide of the Adriatic into *Albania*, for then their Territories would have lain together, and have been nearer the Fountain-Head to have receiv'd Succours on occaſion; but the *Venetians* are under Articles with the Emperor, to reſign into his Hands whatever they conquer of the *Turkiſh* Dominions, that has been formerly diſmember'd from the Empire. And having already very much diſſatisfy'd him in the *Frioul* and *Dalmatia*, they dare not think of exaſperating him further. The Pope diſputes with 'em their Pretenſions to the *Poleſin*, as the Duke of *Savoy* lays an equal Claim to the Kingdom of *Cyprus*. 'Tis ſurpriſing to conſider with what Heats theſe Two States have conteſted their Title to a Kingdom that is in the Hands of the *Turk*.

Among all theſe Difficulties the Republick will ſtill maintain it ſelf, if Policy can prevail upon Force; for it is certain that the *Venetian* Senate is the wiſeſt Council in the World, tho' at the ſame time, if we believe the Reports of ſeveral that have been well vers'd in their Conſti-

tution, a great part of their Politics is founded on Maxims that others don't think conſiſtent with their Honour to put in practice. The Preſervation of the Republick is that to which all other Conſiderations ſubmit. To encourage Idleneſs and Luxury in the Nobility, to cheriſh Ignorance and Licentiouſneſs in the Clergy, to keep alive a continual Faction in the Common People, to connive at the Viciouſneſs and Debauchery of Convents, to breed Diſſentions among the Nobles of the *Terra Firma*, to treat a Brave Man with Scorn and Infamy: In ſhort, to ſtick at nothing for the Publick Intereſt, are repreſented as the refin'd Parts of the *Venetian* Wiſdom.

Among all the Inſtances of their Politics, there is none more admirable than the great Secrecy that reigns in their Publick Councils. The Senate is generally as numerous as our Houſe of Commons, if we only reckon the ſitting Members, and yet carries its Reſolutions ſo privately, that they are ſeldom known 'till they diſcover themſelves in Action. It is not many Years ſince they had before 'em a great Debate concerning the Puniſhment of one of their Admirals, which laſted a Month together, and concluded in his Condemnation; yet was there none of his Friends, nor of thoſe who had engag'd warmly in his Defence, that gave him the leaſt Intimation of what was paſſing againſt him, 'till he was



was actuallly seiz'd, and in the Hands of Justice.

The Noble *Venetians* think themselves equal at least to the Electors of the Empire, and but one Degree below Kings; for which reason they seldom travel into Foreign Countries, where they must undergo the Mortification of being treated like private Gentleman: Yet 'tis observ'd of 'em, that they discharge themselves with a great deal of Dexterity in such Embassies and Treaties as are laid on 'em by the Republick; for their whole Lives are employ'd in Intrigues of State, and they naturally give themselves Airs of Kings and Princes, of which the Ministers of other Nations are only the Representatives. Monsieur *Amelot* reckons, in his Time, Two Thousand Five Hundred Nobles that had Voices in the great Council, but at present, I am told there are not at most Fifteen Hundred, notwithstanding the Addition of many new Families since that time. It is very strange, that with this Advantage they are not able to keep up their Number, considering that the Nobility spreads equally thro' all the Brothers, and that so very few of 'em are destroy'd by the Wars of the Republick. Whether this may be imputed to the Luxury of the *Venetians*, or to the ordinary Celibacy of the younger Brothers, or to the last Plague that swept away many of 'em, I know not. They generally thrust the Females of their Families into Con-

Convents, the better to preſerve their Eſtates. This makes the *Venetian* Nuns famous for the Liberties they allow themſelves. They have Opera's within their own Walls, and often go out of their Bounds to meet their Admirers, or they are very much miſrepreſented. They have many of 'em their Lovers, that converſe with 'em daily at the Grate, and are very free to admit a Viſit from a Stranger. There is indeed one of the *Cornara's*, that not long ago refus'd to ſee any under a Prince.

The Carnaval of *Venice* is every where talk'd of. The great Diverſion at that Time, as well as on all other high Occaſions, is Masking. The *Venetians*, who are naturally Grave, love to give into the Follies and Entertainments of ſuch Seaſons, when diſguis'd in a falſe Perſonage. They are indeed under a neceſſity of finding out Diverſions that may agree with the Nature of the Place, and make ſome Amends for the Loſs of ſeveral Pleaſures that may be met with on the Continent. Theſe Diſguiſes give Occaſion to abundance of Love Adventures; for there is ſomething more intriguing in the Amours of *Venice*, than in thoſe of other Countries and I queſtion not but the Secret Hiſtory of a Carnaval would make a Collection of very diverting Novels. Opera's are another great Entertainment of this Seaſon. The Poetry of 'em is generally as exquiſitely ill,

ill, as the Muſick is good. The Arguments are often taken from ſome celebrated Actions of the ancient *Greeks* or *Romans*, which ſometimes looks ridiculous enough, for who can endure to hear one of the rough old *Romans* ſqueaking thro' the Mouth of an Eunuch, eſpecially when they may chuſe a Subject out of Courts where Eunuchs are really Actors, or repreſent by 'em any of the ſoft *Aſiatic* Monarchs? The Opera that was moſt in Vogue, during my Stay at *Venice*, was built on the following Subject. *Cæſar* and *Scipio* are Rivals for *Cato's* Daughter. *Cæſar's* firſt Words bid his Soldiers fly, for the Enemies are upon 'em. *Si Leva Ceſare, e dice a Soldati. A la fugga. A' lo Scampo.* The Daughter gives the Preference to *Cæſar*, which is made the Occaſion of *Cato's* Death. Before he kills himſelf you ſee him withdrawn into his Library, where, among his Books, I obſerv'd the Titles of *Plutarch* and *Taſſo*. After a ſhort Soliloquy he ſtrikes himſelf with the Dagger that he holds in his Hand, but being interrupted by one of his Friends, he ſtabs him for his Pains, and by the Violence of the Blow unluckily breaks the Dagger an one of his Ribs, ſo that he is forc'd to diſpatch himſelf by tearing up his firſt Wound. This laſt Circumſtance puts me in Mind of a Contrivance in the Opera of St. *Angelo*, that was acted at the ſame time. The King of the Play endeavours at a Rape, but

the Poet being reſolv'd to ſave his Heroin's Honour, has ſo order'd it, that the King always acts with a great Caſe-Knife ſtuck in his Girdle, which the Lady ſnatches from him in the Struggle, and ſo defends her ſelf.

The *Italian* Poets, beſides the celebrated Smoothneſs of their Tongue, have a particular Advantage, above the Writers of other Nations, in the difference of their Poetical and Proſe Language. There are indeed Sets of Phraſes that in all Countries are peculiar to the Poets, but among the *Italians* there are not only Sentences, but a Multitude of particular Words that never enter into common Diſcourſe. They have ſuch a different Turn and Poliſhing for Poetical uſe, that they drop ſeveral of their Letters, and appear in another Form, when they come to be rang'd in Verſe. For this Reaſon the *Italian* Opera ſeldom ſinks into a Poorneſs of Language, but, amidſt all the Meanneſs and Familiarity of the Thoughts, has ſomething beautiful and ſonorous in the Expreſſion. Without this natural Advantage of the Tongue, their preſent Poetry would appear wretchedly low and vulgar, notwithſtanding the many unnatural Allegories that are ſo much in uſe among the Writers of this Nation. The *Engliſh* and *French*, that always uſe the ſame Words in Verſe as in ordinary Converſation, are forc'd to raiſe their Language with Metaphors

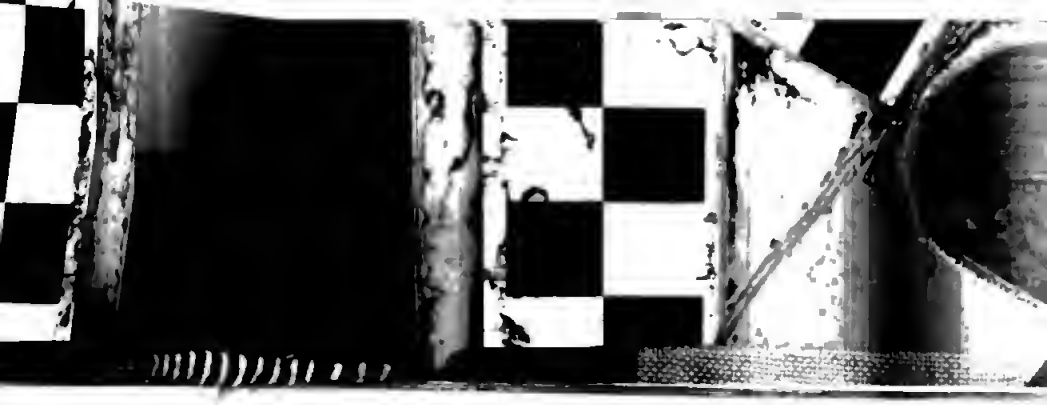
and

and Figures, or, by the Pompouſneſs of the whole Phraſe, to wear off any Littleneſs that appears in the particular Parts that compoſe it. This makes our Blank Verſe, where there is no Rhime to ſupport the Expreſſion, extreamly difficult to ſuch as are not Maſters in the Tongue, eſpecially when they write on low Subjects; and 'tis probably for this Reaſon that *Milton* has made uſe of ſuch frequent Tranſpoſitions, Latiniſms, antiquated Words and Phraſes, that he might the better deviate from vulgar and ordinary Expreſſions.

The Comedies that I ſaw at *Venice*, or indeed in any other Part of *Italy*, are very indifferent, and more lewd than thoſe of other Countries. Their Poets have no Notion of gentile Comedy, and fall into the moſt filthy double Meanings imaginable, when they have a Mind to make their Audience merry. There is no Part generally ſo wretched as that of the fine Gentleman, eſpecially when he Converſes with his Miſtreſs; for then the whole Dialogue is an inſipid mixture of Pedantry and Romance. But 'tis no wonder that the Poets of ſo Jealous and Reſerv'd a Nation fail in ſuch Converſations on the Stage, as they have no Patterns of in Nature. There are Four Standing Caracters that enter into every Piece that comes on the Stage, the *Doctor*, *Harlequin*, *Pantalone* and *Coviello*. The *Doctor*'s Caracter comprehends

the whole Extent of a Pedant, that with a deep Voice, and a Magiſterial Air breaks in upon Converſation, and drives down all before him: Every thing he ſays is back'd with Quotations of *Galen*, *Hippocrates*, *Plato*, *Virgil*, or any Author that riſes uppermoſt, and all Anſwers from his Companion are look'd upon as Impertinencies or Interruptions. *Harlequin*'s Part is made up of Blunders and Abſurdities: He is to miſtake one Name for another, to forget his Errands, to ſtumble over Queens, and to run his Head againſt every Poſt that ſtands in his way. This is all attended with ſomething ſo Comical in the Voice and Geſtures, that a Man, who is ſenſible of the Folly of the Part, can hardly forbear being pleas'd with it. *Pantalone* is generally an old Cully, and *Coviello* a Sharper.

I have ſeen a Tranſlation of the *Cid* acted at *Bolonia*, that would never have taken, had they not found a Place in it for theſe Buffoons. All Four of 'em appear in Masks that are made like the old *Roman Perſonæ*, as I ſhall have occaſion to obſerve in another Place. The *French* and *Italians* have probably deriv'd this Cuſtom of ſhewing ſome of their Characters in Masks from the *Greek* and *Roman* Theater. The old *Vatican Terence* has at the Head of every Scene the figures of all the Perſons that are concern'd in it, with the particular Diſguiſes in which they acted; and I remember



of a Pedant, that with
a Magisterial Air breaks
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thing he says is back'd
Galen, Hippocrates, Pa-
uthor that rises upon
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as Impertinencies a
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ber to have seen in the *Villa Mattheio* an Antick Statue mask'd, that was perhaps design'd for *Gnatho* in the Eunuch, for it agrees exactly with the Figure he makes in the *Vatican* Manuscript. One would wonder indeed how so Polite a People, as the ancient *Romans* and *Athenians*, should not look on these borrowd Faces as unnatural. They might do very well for a Cyclops, or a Satyr, that can have no Resemblance in Human Features; but for a Flatterer, a Miser, or the like Characters that abound in our own Species, nothing is more ridiculous than to represent their Looks by a painted Vizard. In Persons of this Nature the Turns and Motions of the Face are often as agreeable as any part of the Action. Could we suppose that a Mask represented never so naturally the general Humour of a Caracter, it can never suit with the Variety of Passions that are incident to every single Person in the whole Course of a Play. The Grimace may be proper on some Occasions, but is too steady to agree with all. The Rabble indeed are generally pleas'd at the first Entry of a Disguise, but the Jest grows cold even with them too when it comes on the Stage in a Second Scene.

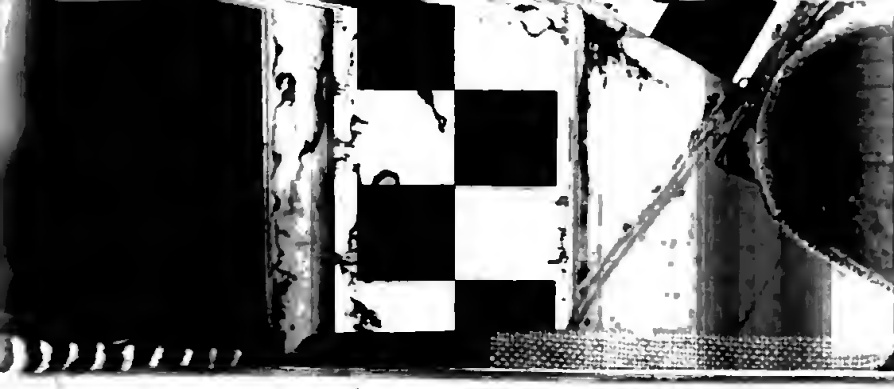
Since I am on this Subject I can't forbear mentioning a Custom at *Venice*, that they tell me is particular to the common People of this Country, of singing Stanza's out of *Tasso*. They are set to a pretty So-

lemn Tune, and when one begins in any part of the Poet, 'tis odds but he will be anſwer'd by ſome Body elſe that overhears him: So that ſometimes you have Ten or a Dozen in the Neighbourhood of one another, taking Verſe after Verſe, and running on with the Poem as far as their Memories will carry them.

On Holy-*Thurſday*, among the ſeveral Shows that are yearly exhibited, I ſaw one that is odd enough, and particular to the *Venetians*. There is a Set of Artiſans, that by the help of ſeveral Poles, which they lay acroſs each others Shoulders, build themſelves up into a kind of Pyramid; ſo that you ſee a Pile of Man in the Air of Four or Five Rows riſing one above another. The Weight is ſo equally diſtributed, that every Man is very well able to bear his part of it, the Stories, if I may ſo call 'em, growing leſs and leſs as they advance higher and higher. A little Boy repreſents the Point of the Pyramid, who, after a ſhort ſpace, leaps off, with a great deal of Dexterity, into the Arms of one that catches him at the Bottom. In the ſame manner the whole Building falls to pieces. I have been the more particular on this, becauſe it explains the following Verſes of *Claudian*, which ſhow that the *Venetians* are not the Inventors of this Trick.

Vel qui more avium ſeſe jaculantur in auras,

Cor-



Corporaque adficant, celeri crescentia nexu,
Quorum compositam puer augmentatus in arcem
Emicat, & vinctas planta, vel cruribus haerens,
Pendula librato figit vestigia Saltu.

Claud. de Pr. & Olyb. Cons.

Men, pil'd on Men, with active Leaps arise,
And build the breathing Fabrick to the Skies;
A sprightly Youth above the topmost Row
Points the tall Pyramid, and crowns the Show.

Tho' we meet with the *Veneti* in the old Poets, the City of *Venice* is too modern to find a Place among 'em. *Sannazarius*'s Epigram is too well known to be inserted. The same Poet has celebrated this City in Two other Places of his Poems.

-----Quis Venetae miracula proferat urbis,
Una instar magni quae simul Orbis habet?
Salve Italûm Regina, altae pulcherrima Romae
Aemula quae terris, quae dominaris Aquis!
Tu tibi vel Reges Cives facis; O Decus, O Lux
Ausoniae, per quam Liberae turba Sumus,
Per quam Barbariés nobis non imperat, & Sol
Exoriens nostro clarius orbe nitet! L. 3. El. 1.

Ve-

Venetia ſtands with Endleſs Beauties crown'd,
And as a World within her ſelf is found.
Hail Queen of *Italy*! for Years to come
The mighty Rival of Immortal *Rome*!
Nations and Seas are in they States enroll'd,
And Kings among thy Citiziens are told.
Auſonia's brighteſt Ornament! by Thee
She ſits a Sov'raign, Unenſlav'd and Free;
By Thee, the rude Barbarian chas'd away,
The Riſing Sun chears with a purer Ray
Our Weſtern World, and doubly gilds the Day.

Nec Tu ſemper eris, que Septem amplecteris Arces,
Nec Tu, que mediis Æmula Surgis Aquis.
L. 2. El. 1.

Thou too ſhalt fall by Time or barb'rous Foes
Whoſe circling Walls the Seav'n fam'd Hills encloſe;
And Thou, whoſe Rival Tow'rs Invade the Skies,
And, from amidſt the Waves, with equal Glory riſe.

FER-

FERRARA, RAVENNA, RIMINI.

AT *Venice* I took a Bark for *Ferrara*, and in my way thither ſaw ſeveral Mouths of the *Po*, by which it empties it ſelf into the Adriatic,

----Quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum violentior influit Amnis.
Virg. G. 4.

which is true, if underſtood only of the Rivers of *Italy*.

Lucan's Deſcription of the *Po* would have been very beautiful, had he known when to have given over.

Quoque magis nullum tellus ſe ſolvit in amnem
Eridanus, fractaſque evolvit in æquora Silvas,
Heſperiamque exhaurit aquis, hunc fabula primum

Populeâ fluvium ripas umbrâſſe coronâ :
Cumque Diem pronum tranſverſo limite ducens
Succendit Phaëton flagrantibus æthera loris ;
Gurgitibus raptis, penitus tellure peruſtâ,
Hunc habuiſſe pares Phœbeis ignibus undas. L. 2.

The *Po*, that ruſhing with uncommon Force,
O'er-ſets whole Woods in its tumultuous Courſe,
And riſing from *Heſperia*'s watry Veins,
Th' exhauſted Land of all its Moiſture drains.
The *Po*, as ſings the Fable, firſt convey'd
Its wond'ring Current through a Poplar Shade:
For when young *Phaeton* miſtook his way,
Loſt and confounded in the Blaze of Day,
This River, with ſurviving Streams ſupplyd,
When all the reſt of the whole Earth were dry'd,
And Nature's ſelf lay ready to expire,
Quench'd the dire Flame that ſet the World on Fire.

The Poet's Reflections follow.

Non

Non minor hic Nilo, ſi non perplana jacentis
Ægypti Libycas Nilus ſtagnaret arenas.
Non minor hic Iſtro, niſi quod dum permeat orbem
Iſter, caſuros in qualibet æquora fontes
Accipit, & Scythicas exit non ſolus in undas. Id.

Nor would the *Nile* more watry Stores contain,
But that he ſtagnates on the *Libyan* Plain:
Nor would the *Danube* run with greater Force,
But that he gathers in his tedious Courſe
Ten Thouſand Streams, and ſwelling as he flows,
In *Scythian* Seas the Glut of Rivers throws.

That is, ſays *Scaliger*, the *Eridanus* would be bigger than the *Nile* and *Danube*, if the *Nile* and *Danube* were not bigger than the *Eridanus*. What makes the Poet's Remark the more improper, the very Reaſon why the *Danube* is greater than the *Po*, as he aſſigns it, is that which really makes the *Po* as great as it is; for before its Fall into the Gulf it receives into its Channel the moſt conſiderable Rivers of *Piemont*, *Milan*, and the reſt of *Lombardy*.

From *Venice* to *Ancona* the Tide comes in very ſenſible at its ſtated Periods, but riſes more or leſs in proportion as it advan-

ces nearer the Head, of the Gulf. *Lucan* has run out of his way to deſcribe this *Phænomenon*, that is very extraoadinary to thoſe who lye out of the Neighbourhood of the great Ocean, and, according to his uſual Cuſtom, lets his Poem ſtand ſtill that he may give way to his own reflections.

Quàque jacet littus dubium, quod terra fretumque
Vendicat alternis vicibus, cùm funditur ingens
Oceanus, vel cùm refugis ſe fluctibus aufert.
Ventus ab extremo pelagus ſic axe volutet
Deſtituatque ferens: an ſidere mota Secundo
Tethyos unda vagæ Lunaribus æſtuet horis:
Flammiger an Titan, ut alentes hauriat undas,
Erigat Oceanum fluctuſque ad ſidera tollat
Quærite quos agitat mundi labor: at mihi ſemper
Tu quæcunque moves tam crebros cauſa meatus
Ut ſuperi voluere late.------ Lib. 1.

Waſh'd with ſucceſſive Seas, the doubtful Strand
By turns is Ocean, and by turns is Land:
Whether the Winds in diſtant Regions blow,
Moving the World of Waters to and fro;
Or waining Moons their ſettled Periods keep

To

To ſwell the Billows, and ferment the Deep;
Or the tir'd Sun, his Vigour to ſupply,
Raiſes the floating Mountains to the Sky,
And ſlakes his Thirſt within the mighty Tide,
Do you who ſtudy Nature's Works decide:
Whilſt I the dark myſterious Cauſe admire,
Nor, into what the Gods conceal, preſumptuouſly enquire.

At *Ferrara* I met nothing extraordinary. The Town is very large, but extreamly thin of People. It has a Citadel, and ſomething like a Fortification running round it, but ſo large that it requires more Soldiers to defend it than the Pope has in his whole Dominions. The Streets are as beautiful as any I have ſeen, in their Lenght, Breadth, and Regularity. The *Benedictins* have the fineſt Convent of the Place. They ſhow'd us in the Church *Arioſto*'s Monument: His Epitaph ſays, he was *Nobilitate generis atque Animi clarus, in rebus publicis adminiſtrandis, in regendis populis, in graviſſimis & ſummis Pontificis legationibus prudentiâ, conſilio, eloquentiâ præſtantiſſimus.*

I came down a Branch of the *Po*, as far as *Alberto*, within Ten Miles of *Ravenna*. All this Space lyes miſerably uncultivated 'till you come near *Ravenna*, where the Soil is made extreamly fruitful, and ſhows what much of the reſt might be, were there Hands enough to manage it to the beſt Advantage. It is now on both ſides the Road very Marſhy, and generally overgrown with Ruſhes, which made me fancy it was once floated by the Sea, that lyes within Four Miles of it. Nor could I in the leaſt doubt it when I ſaw *Ravenna*, that is almoſt at the ſame diſtance from the Adriatic, tho' it was formerly the moſt famous of all the *Roman* Ports.

One may gueſs at its ancient Situation from *Martial*'s

Meliùſque Ranæ garriant Ravennates. Lib. 3.

Ravenna's Frogs in better Muſick croak.

and the Deſcription that *Silius Italicus* has given us of it.

Quàque gravi remo limoſis ſegniter undis
Lenta paludoſa perſcindunt Stagna Ravennæ. L. 8.

Encumber'd in the Mud, their Oars divide
With heavy Stroaks the thick unweildy Tide.

Accor-

Accordingly the old Geographers repreſent it as ſituated among Marſhes and Shallows. The Place which is ſhown for the Haven, is on a Level with the Town, and has probably been ſtopp'd up by the great Heaps of Dirt that the Sea has thrown into it; for all the Soil on that ſide of *Ravenna* has been left there inſenſibly by the Sea's diſcharging it ſelf upon it for ſo many Ages. The Ground muſt have been formerly much lower, for otherwiſe the Town would have lain under Water. The Remains of the *Pharos*, that ſtand about Three Miles from the Sea, and Two from the Town, have their Foundations cover'd with Earth for ſome Yards, as they told me, that notwithſtanding are upon a Level with the Fields that lye about 'em, tho' 'tis probable they took the Advantage of a riſing Ground to ſet it upon. It was a ſquare Tower of about Twelve Yards in Breadth, as appears by that part of it which yet remains entire, ſo that its Height muſt have been very conſiderable to have preſerv'd a Proportion. It is made in the Form of the *Venetian Campanello*, and is probably the high Tower mention'd by *Pliny*, *Lib.* 36. *cap.* 12.

On the ſide of the Town, where the Sea is ſuppos'd to have lain formerly, there is now a little Church call'd the *Rotonda*. At the Entrance of it are Two Stones, the one with an Inſcription in *Gothic* Characters, that has nothing in it remarkable; the

the other is a ſquare Piece of Marble, that by the Inſcription appears ancient, and by the Ornaments about it ſhows it ſelf to have been a little Pagan Monument of Two Perſons that were Shipwreck'd, perhaps in the Place where now their Monument ſtands. The firſt Line and a half, that tells their Names and Families in Proſe, is not legible; the reſt runs thus,

——Ranie domus hos produxit alumnos,
Libertatis opus contulit una Dies.
Naufraga mors pariter rapuit quos junxerat antè,
Et duplices luctus mors per iniqua dedit.

Both with the ſame Indulgent Maſter bleſs'd,
On the ſame Day their Liberty poſſeſs'd:
A Shipwreck ſlew whom it had join'd before,
And left their common Friends their Fun'rals to deplore.

There is a Turn in the Third Verſe that we loſe by not knowing the Circumſtances of their Story. It was the *Naufraga mors* that deſtroy'd 'em, as it had formerly united 'em; what this Union was is expreſs'd in the preceding Verſe, by their both having been made Free-men on the ſame Day. If therefore we ſuppoſe they had been

been formerly Shipwreck'd with their Maſter and that he made 'em Free at the ſame time, the *Epigram* is unriddled. Nor is this Interpretation perhaps ſo forc'd as it may ſeem at firſt ſight, ſince it was the Cuſtom of the Maſters, a little before their Death, to give their Slaves their Freedom, if they had deſerv'd it at their Hands; and it is natural enough to ſuppoſe one, that was engag'd in a common Shipwreck, would give ſuch of his Slaves their Liberty, as ſhould have the good Luck to ſave themſelves. The Chancel of this Church is vaulted with a ſingle Stone of Four Foot in Thickneſs and a Hundred and Fourteen in Circumference. There ſtood on the Outſide of this little Cupola a great Tomb of *Porphyry*, and the Statues of the Twelve Apoſtles; but in the War that *Louis* the Twelfth made on *Italy*, the Tomb was broken in pieces by a Cannon-Ball. 'Twas, perhaps, the ſame Blow that made the Flaw in the Cupola, tho' the Inhabitants ſay it was crack'd by Thunder, that deſtroy'd a Son of one of their *Gothic* Princes, who had taken Shelter under it, as having been foretold what kind of Death he was to die. I ask'd an Abbot, that was in the Church, what was the Name of this *Gothic* Prince, who after a little Recollection, anſwer'd me, That he could not tell preciſely; but that he thought 't was one *Julius Cæſar*. There is a Convent of *Theatins*, where they ſhow a little Window

in the Church, thro' which the Holy Ghoſt is ſaid to have enter'd in the Shape of a Dove, and to have ſettled on one of the Candidates for the Biſhoprick. The Dove is repreſented in the Window, and in ſeveral Places of the Church, and is in great Reputation all over *Italy*. I ſhould not indeed think it impoſſible for a Pigeon to fly in accidentally thro' the Roof, where they ſtill keep the Hole open, and by its fluttering o'er ſuch a particular Place, to give ſo ſuperſtitious an Aſſembly an Occaſion of favouring a Competitor, eſpecially if he had many Friends among the Electors that would make a politick uſe of ſuch an Accident: But they pretend the Miracle has happen'd more than once. Among the Pictures of ſeveral Famous Men of their Order, there is one with this Inſcription. *P. D. Thomas Gouldvellus Ep. Aſis Tridno concilio contra Hereticos & in Anglia contra Eliſabet. Fidei Confeſſor Conſpicuus.* The Statue of *Alexander* the Seventh ſtands in the large Square of the Town; it is caſt in Braſs, and has the Poſture that is always given the Figure of a Pope; an Arm extended, and bleſſing the People. In another Square on a high Pillar is ſet the Statue of the bleſſed Virgin, array'd like a Queen, with a Scepter in her Hand, and a Crown upon her Head; for having deliver'd the Town from a raging Peſtilence. The Cuſtom of Crowning the Holy Virgin is ſo much in Vogue among the *Italians*, that one often ſees in

their

their Churches a little Tinſel Crown, or perhaps a Circle of Stars glew'd to the Canvas over the Head of the Figure, which ſometimes ſpoils a good Picture. In the Convent of *Benedictins* I ſaw Three huge Cheſts of Marble with no Inſcription on 'em that I could find, tho' they are ſaid to contain the Aſhes of *Valentinian*, *Honorius*, and his Siſter *Placidia*. From *Ravenna* I came to *Rimini*, having paſs'd the *Rubicon* by the way. This River is not ſo very contemptible as it is generally repreſented, and was much increas'd by the melting of the Snows when *Cæſar* paſs'd it, according to *Lucan*.

Fonte cadit modico parvisque impellitur undis
Puniceus Rubicon, cum fervida canduit æstas:
Perque imas serpit valles, & Gallica certus
Limes ab Ausoniis disertuinat arva colonis:
Tunc vires prabebat Hyems, atque auxerat undas
Tertia jam gravido pluvialis Cyathis coruu,
Et madidis Eurì resolutæ flatibus Alpes. L. 1.

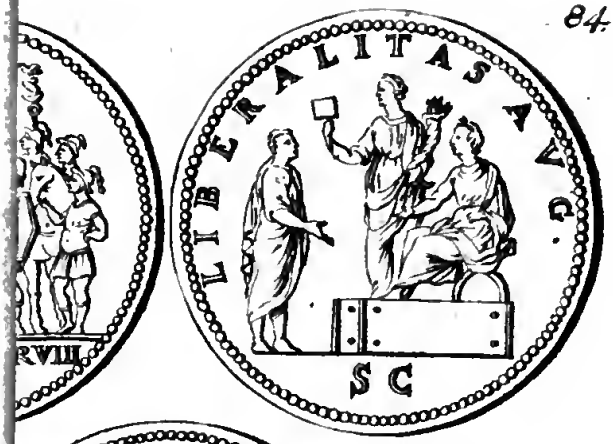
While Summer laſts, the Streams of *Rubicon*
From their ſpent Source in a ſmall Current run,
Hid in the winding Vales they gently glide,

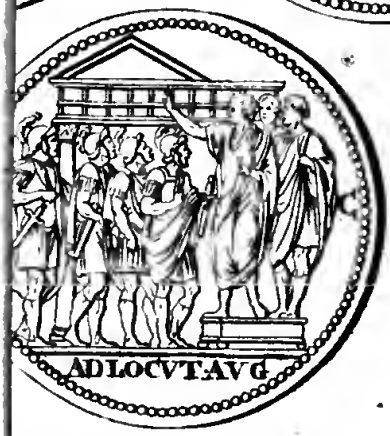
And *Italy* from neighb'ring *Gaul* divide;
But now, with Winter Storms encreas'd, they roſe,
By wat'ry Moons produc'd, and *Alpine* Snows,
That melting on the hoary Mountains lay,
And in warm Eaſtern Winds diſſolv'd away.

This River is now call'd *Piſatello.*

Rimini has nothing at preſent to boaſt of. Its Antiquities are as follow: A Marble Bridge of Five Arches, built by *Auguſtus* and *Tiberius*, for the Inſcription is ſtill legible, tho' not rightly tranſcrib'd by *Gruter.* A Triumphal Arch rais'd to *Auguſtus*, that makes a Noble Gate to the Town, tho' part of it is ruin'd. The Ruins of an Amphitheater. The *Suggeſtum*, on which it is ſaid that *Julius Caſar* harangu'd his Army after having paſs'd the *Rubicon.* I muſt confeſs I can by no means look on this laſt as Authentick: It is built of hewn Stone, like the Pedeſtal of a Pillar, but ſomething higher than ordinary, and is but juſt broad enough for one Man to ſtand upon it. On the contrary, the ancient *Suggeſtums*, as I have often obſerv'd on Medals, as well as on *Conſtantine*'s Arch, were made of Wood like a little kind of Stage, or Bulk of a Shop, for the Heads of the Nails are ſome-

84.





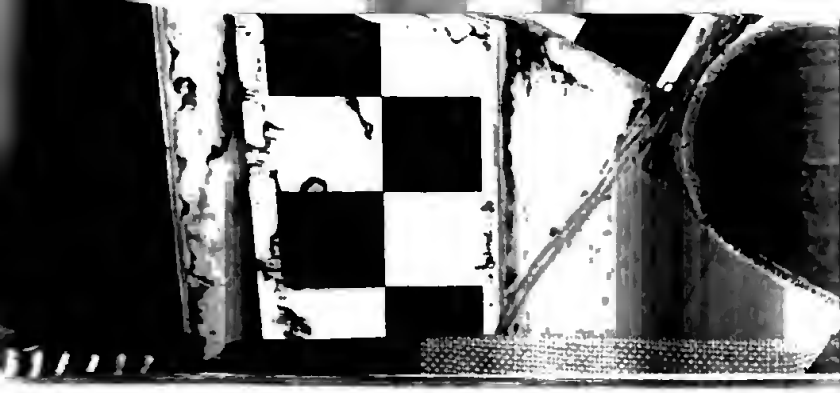
92.

metimes repreſented, that are ſuppos'd to have faſten'd the Boards together. We often ſee on 'em the Emperor, and Two or Three General Officers, ſometimes ſitting and ſometimes ſtanding, as they made Speeches, or diſtributed a Congiary to the Soldiers or People. They were probably always in readineſs, and carry'd among the Baggage of the Army, whereas this at *Rimini* muſt have been built on the Place, and requir'd ſome time before it could be finiſh'd.

If the Obſervation I have here made is juſt, it may ſerve as a Confirmation to the Learned *Fabretti*'s Conjecture on *Trajan*'s Pillar; who ſuppoſes, I think, with a great deal of Reaſon, that the Camps, Intrenchments, and other Works of the ſame Nature, which are cut out as if they had been made of Brick or hewn Stone, were in reality only of Earth, Turf, or the like Materials; for there are on the Pillar ſome of theſe *Suggeſtums* that are made like thoſe on Medals, with only this difference, that they ſeem built of Brick of Free-Stone. At Twelve Miles diſtance from *Rimini* ſtands the little Republick of St. *Marino*, which I could not forbear viſiting, tho' it lyes out of the common Tour of Travellers, and has exceſſively bad Ways to it. I ſhall here give a particular Account of it, becauſe I know no Body elſe that has done it. One may, at leaſt, have the Pleaſure of

ſeeing in it ſomething more ſingular than can be found in great Governments, and form from it an Idea of *Venice* in its firſt Beginnings, when it had only a few Heaps of Earth for its Dominions, or of *Rome* it ſelf, when it had as yet cover'd but one of its Seven Hills.

THE

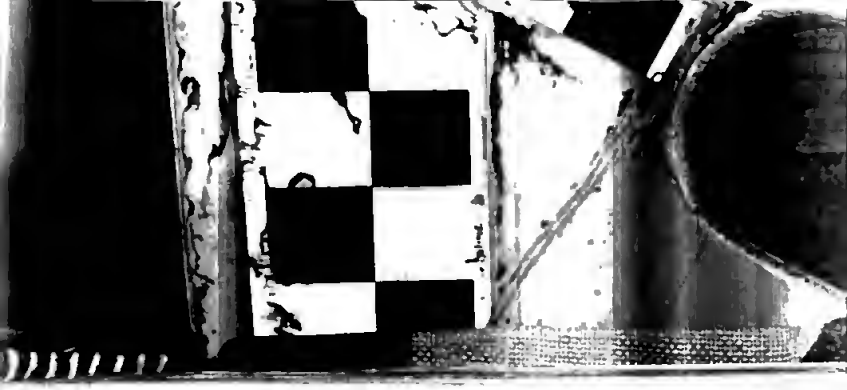


THE REPUBLICK OF St. *MARINO.*

THE Town and Republick of St. *Marino* ſtands on the Top of a very high and craggy Mountain. It is generally hid among the Clouds, and lay under Snow when I ſaw it, tho' it was clear and warm Weather in all the Country about it. There is not a Spring or Fountain, that I could hear of, in the whole Dominions, but they are always well provided with huge Ciſterns and Reſervoirs of Rain and Snow-Water. The Wine that grows on the ſides of their Mountain is extraordinary good, and I think much better than any I met with on the cold ſide of the *Appenines*. This puts me in Mind of their Cellars, which have moſt of 'em a natural Advantage that renders 'em extreamly cool in the hotteſt Seaſons, for they have generally in the Sides of 'em deep Holes that

that run into the Hollows of the Hill, from whence there contantly iſſues a breathing kind of Vapour, ſo very chilling in the Summer time, that a Man can ſcarce ſuffer its Hand in the Wind of it.

This Mountain, and a few neighbouring Hillocks that lye ſcatter'd about the Bottom of it, is the whole Circuit of theſe Dominions. They have, what they call, Three Caſtles, Three Convents, and Five Churches, and can reckon about Five Thouſand Souls in their Community. The Inhabitants and Hiſtorians, that mention this little Republick, give the following Account of its Original. St. *Marino* was its founder, a *Dalmatian* by Birth, and by Trade a Maſon. He was employ'd about Thirteen Hundred Years ago in the Reparation of *Rimini*, and, after he had finiſh'd his Work, retir'd to this ſolitary Mountain, as finding it very proper for the Life of a Hermit, which he led in the greateſt Rigours and Auſterities of Religion. He had not been long here before he wrought a reputed Miracle, which, join'd with his extraordinary Sanctity, gain'd him ſo great an Eſteem that the Princeſs of the Country made him a Preſent of the Mountain to diſpoſe of it at his own Diſcretion. His Reputation quickly Peopled it, and gave Riſe to the Republick that calls it ſelf after his Name. So that the Common-wealth of *Marino* may boaſt at leaſt of a nobler Original than that of



of *Rome*, the one having been at firſt an *Aſylum* for Robbers and Muderers, and the other a Reſort of Perſons eminent for their Piety and Devotion. The beſt of their Churches is Dedicated to the Saint, and holds his Aſhes. His Statue ſtands over the high Altar, with the Figure of a Mountain in its Hands crown'd with Three Caſtles, which is likewiſe the Arms of the Common-wealth. They attribute to his Protection the long Duration of their State, and look on him as the greateſt Saint next the Bleſſed Virgin. I ſaw in their Statute-Book a Law againſt ſuch as ſpeak diſreſpectfully of him, who are to be puniſh'd in the ſame manner as thoſe that are Convicted of Blaſphemy.

This petty Republick has now laſted Fourteen Hundred Years, while all the States of *Italy* have ſeveral times chang'd their Maſters and Forms of Government. Their whole Hiſtory is compris'd in Two Purchaſes, which they made of a neighbouring Prince, and in a War in which they aſſiſted the Pope againſt a Lord of *Rimini*. In the Year 1100 they bought a Caſtle in the Neighbourhood, as they did another in the Year 1170. The Papers of the Conditions are preſerv'd in their Archives, where 'tis very remarkable that the Name of the Agent for the Common-wealth, of the Seller, of the Notary, and the Witneſſes, are the ſame in both the Inſtruments, tho' drawn up at Seventy Years diſtance from

each other. Nor can it be any Miſtake in the Date, becauſe the Popes and Emperors Names, with the Year of their Reigns, are both punctually ſet down. About 290. Years after this they aſſiſted Pope *Pius* the Second againſt one of the *Malateſta's*, who was then Lord of *Rimini*; and when they had help'd to conquer him, receiv'd from the Pope, as a Reward for their Aſſiſtance, Four little Caſtles. This they repreſent as the flouriſhing Time of the Common-wealth, when their Dominions reach'd half way up a neighbouring Hill; but at preſent they are reduc'd to their old Extent. They would probably ſell their Liberty as dear as they could to any that attack'd 'em, for there is but one Road by which to climb up to 'em, and they have a very ſevere Law againſt any of their own Body that enters the Town by another Path, leſt any new one ſhould be worn on the Sides of their Mountain. All that are capable of bearing Arms are exercis'd, and ready at a Moment's Call.

The Sovereign Power of the Republick was lodg'd originally in what they call the *Arengo*, a great Council in which every Houſe had its Repreſentative. But becauſe they found too much Confuſion in ſuch a Multitude of Stateſmen, they devolv'd their whole Authority into the Hands of the Council of Sixty. The *Arengo* however is ſtill call'd together in Caſes of extraordinary Importance; and if, after due

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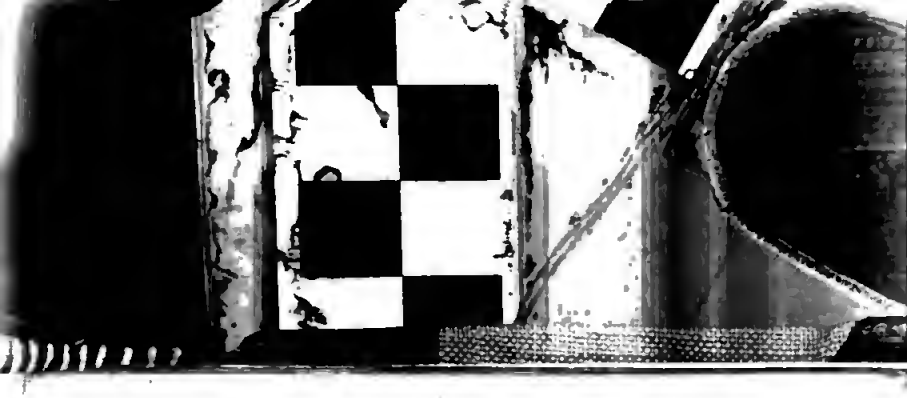
Summons, any Member abſents himſelf, he is to be Fin'd to the value of about a Penny *English*, which the Satute ſays he ſhall pay, *Sine aliquâ diminutione aut gratiâ.* In the ordinary Courſe of Government, the Council of Sixty (which, notwithſtanding the Name conſiſts but of Forty Perſons) has in its Hands the Adminiſtration of Affairs, and is made up half out of the Noble Families, and half out of the *Plebeian.* They manage all by Baloting, are not admitted 'till Five and Twenty Years old, and chuſe the Officers of the Common-wealth.

Thus far they agree with the Great Council of *Venice*, but their Power is much more extended; for no Sentence can ſtand that is not confirm'd by Two Thirds of this Council. Beſides, that no Son can be admitted into it during the Life of his Father, nor Two be in it of the ſame Family, nor any enter but by Election. The chief Officers of the Common-wealth are the Two *Capitaneos*, who have ſuch a Power as the old *Roman* Conſuls had, but are choſen every Six Months. I talk'd with ſome that had been *Capitaneos* Six or Seven times, tho' the Office is never to be continu'd to the ſame Perſons twice ſucceſſively. The Third Officer is the Commiſſary, who judges in all Civil and Criminal Matters. But becauſe the many Alliances, Friendſhips, and Intermarriages, as well as the Perſonal Feuds and Ani-

mosities that happen among so small a People might obstruct the Course of Justice, if one of their own Number had the Distribution of it, they have always a Foreigner for this Employ, whom they chuse for Three Years and maintain out of the Publick Stock. He must be a Doctor of Law, and a Man of known Integrity. He is join'd in Commission with the *Capitaneos*, and acts something like the Recorder of *London* under my Lord Mayor. The Common-wealth of *Genoa* was forc'd to make use of a Foreign Judge for many Years, whilst their Republick was torn into the Divisions of *Guelphs* and *Gibelines*. The Fourth Man in the State is the Physician, who must likewise be a Stranger, and is maintain'd by a publick Salary. He is oblig'd to keep a Horse, to visit the Sick, and to inspect all Drugs that are imported. He must be at least Thirty Five Years old, a Doctor of the Faculty, and eminent for his Religion and Honesty; that his Rashness or Ignorance may not unpeople the Common-wealth. And that they may not suffer long under a bad Choice, he is elected only for Three Years. The present Physician is a very understanding Man, and well read in our Countrymen, *Harvey*, *Willis*, *Sydenham*, &c. He has been continu'd for some time among 'em, and they say the Common-wealth thrives under his Hands. Another Person, that makes no ordinary Figure in the Republick,



lick, is the School-Maſter. I ſcarce met with any in the Place that had not ſome Tincture of Learning. I had the Peruſal of a *Latin* Book in *Folio*, entitled, *Statuta Illuſtriſſimæ Reipublicæ Sancti Marini*, Printed at *Rimini* by Order of the Common-wealth. The Chapter on the publick Miniſters ſays, that when an Ambaſſador is diſpatch'd from the Republick to any Foreign State he ſhall be allow'd, out of the Treaſury, to the value of a Shilling a Day. The People are eſteem'd very honeſt and rigorous in the Execution of Juſtice, and ſeem to live more happy and contented among their Rocks and Snows, than others of the *Italians* do in the pleaſanteſt Vallies of the World. Nothing indeed can be a greater Inſtance of the natural Love that Mankind has for Liberty, and of their Averſion to an Arbitrary Government, than ſuch a Savage Mountain cover'd with People, and the *Campania* of *Rome*, that lyes in the ſame Country, almoſt deſtitute of Inhabitants.

Peſaro, Fano, Senigallia, Ancona, Loretto, &c.

To ROME.

FROM *Rimini* to *Loretto* the Towns of Note are *Peſaro*, *Fano*, *Senigallia* and *Ancona*. *Fano* receiv'd its Name from the Temple of Fortune that ſtood in it. One may ſtill ſee the Triumphal Arch that was there erected to *Auguſtus*: It is indeed very much defac'd by Time, but the Plan of it, as it ſtood entire with all its Inſcriptions, is neatly cut upon the Wall of a neighbouring Building. In each of theſe Towns is a beautiful Marble Fountain, where the Water runs continually thro' ſeveral little Spouts, which looks very refreſhing in theſe hot Countries, and gives a great Coolneſs to the Air about 'em. That of *Peſaro* is prettily deſign'd. *Ancona* is much the moſt conſiderable of theſe Towns. It ſtands on a Promontory, and looks more beautiful at a diſtance than when you are in it. The Port was made by *Trajan*, for which

which he has a Triumphal Arch erected to him by the Sea-side. The Marble of this Arch looks very white and fresh, as being expos'd to the Winds and Salt Sea-Vapours, that by continually fretting it preserves it self from that mouldy Colour, which others of the same Matter have contracted. Tho' the *Italians* and Voyage-Writers call these of *Rimini*, *Fano* and *Ancona* Triumphal Arches, there was probably some Distinction made among the *Romans* between such Honorary Arches erected to Emperors, and those that were rais'd to 'em on the Account of a Victory, which are properly Triumphal Arches. This at *Ancona* was an Instance of Gratitude to *Trajan* for the Port he had made there, as the Two others I have mention'd were probably for some Reason of the same Nature. One may however observe the Wisdom of the ancient *Romans*, that to encourage their Emperors in their Inclination of doing good to their Country, gave the same Honours to the great Actions of Peace, which turn'd to the Advantage of the Publick, as to those of War. This is very remarkable in the Medals that were stamp'd on the same Occasions. I remember to have seen one of *Galba*'s with a Triumphal Arch on the Reverse, that was made by the Senate's Order for his having remitted a Tax. *R. XXXX. REMISSA. S. C.* The Medal which was made for *Trajan* in Remembrance of his Bene-

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neficence to *Ancona* is very common. The Reverſe has on it a Port with a Chain running a-croſs it, and betwixt 'em both a Boat with this Inſcription, *S. P. Q. R. OPTIMO PRINCIPI. S. C.*

I know *Fabretti* would fain aſcribe this Medal to another Occaſion, but *Bellorio* has ſufficiently refuted all he ſays, in his Additions to *Angeloni.*

At *Loretto* I enquir'd for the *Engliſh* Jeſuits Lodgings, and on the Stair-Caſe that leads to 'em I ſaw ſeveral Pictures of ſuch as had been Executed in *England*, as the Two *Garnets*, *Old-Corn*, and others to the Number of Thirty. Whatever were their Crimes, the Inſcription ſays they ſuffer'd for their Religion, and ſome of 'em are repreſented lying under ſuch Tortures as are not in uſe among us. The Martyrs of 1679. are ſet by themſelves, with a Knife ſtuck in the Boſom of each Figure, to give notice they were Quarter'd.

The Riches in the Holy Houſe and Treaſury are ſurprizingly great, and as much ſurpaſs'd my Expectation as other Sights have generally fallen ſhort of it. Silver can ſcarce find an Admiſſion, and Gold it ſelfs looks but poorly among ſuch an incredible number of precious Stones. There will be, in a few Ages more, the Jewels of the greateſt value in *Europe*, if the Devotion of its Princes continues in its preſent Fervour. The laſt Offering was made by the Queen Dowager of *Poland*, and

and coſt her 18000. Crowns. Some have wonder'd that the *Turk* never attacks this Treaſury, ſince it lyes ſo near the Sea-ſhore, and is ſo weakly guarded. But beſides, that he has attempted it formerly with no Succeſs, it is certain the *Venetians* keep too watchful an Eye over his Motions at preſent, and would never ſuffer him to enter the Adriatic. It would indeed be an eaſie thing for a Chriſtian Prince to ſurprize it, who has Ships ſtill paſſing to and fro without Suſpicion, eſpecially if he had a Party in the Town, diſguis'd like Pilgrims, to ſecure a Gate for him; for there have been ſometimes to the Number of 100000 in a Days time, as it is generally reported. But 'tis probable the Veneration for the Holy Houſe, and the Horror of an Action that would be reſented by all the Catholick Princes of *Europe*, will be as great a Security to the Place as the ſtrongeſt Fortification. It is indeed an amazing thing to ſee ſuch a prodigious quantity of Riches lye dead, and untouch'd in the midſt of ſo much Poverty and Miſery as reign on all ſides of 'em. There is no queſtion, however, but the Pope would make uſe of theſe Treaſures in caſe of any great Calamity that ſhould endanger the Holy See; as an unfortunate War with the *Turk*, or a powerful League among the Proteſtants. For I can't but look on thoſe vaſt Heaps of Wealth, that are amaſs'd together in ſo many Religious Places of *Italy* as the hid-

den Reſerves and ſecret Magazines of the Church, that ſhe would open on any preſſing Occaſion for her laſt Defence and Preſervation. If theſe Riches were all turn'd into Current Coin, and employ'd in Commerce they would make *Italy* the moſt flouriſhing Conntry in *Europe*. The Caſe of the Holy Houſe is nobly deſign'd, and executed by the great Maſters of *Italy*, that flouriſh'd about a Hundred Years ago. The Statues of the *Sibyls* are very finely wrought, each of 'em in a different Air and Poſture, as are likewiſe thoſe of the Prophets underneath 'em. The Roof of the Treaſury is painted with the ſame kind of Device. There ſtands at the upper End of it a large Crucifix very much eſteem'd, the Figure of our Saviour repreſents him in his laſt Agonies of Death, and amidſt all the Ghaſtlineſs of the Viſage has ſomething in it very amiable. The Gates of the Church are ſaid to be of *Corinthian* Braſs, with many Scripture Stories riſing on 'em in *Baſſo Relievo*. The Pope's Statue, and the Fountain by it, would make a noble Show in another Place. The Spicery, the Cellar and its Furniture, the great Revenues of the Convent, with the Story of the Holy Houſe, are to wel known to need a Deſcription.

Whoever were the firſt Inventors of this Impoſture, they ſeem to have taken the hint of it from the Veneration that the old *Romans* paid to the Cottage of *Romulus*, which

which ſtood on Mount *Capitol*, and was repair'd from time to time as it fell to decay. *Virgil* has given a pretty Image of this little thatch'd Palace, that repreſents it ſtanding in *Manlius*'s Time, 327 Years after the Death of *Romulus*.

In ſummo cuſtos Tarpeia Manlius arcis
Stabat pro templo, & capitolia celſa tenebat:
Romuleoque recens horrebat Regia culmo.

Æn. L. 8.

High on a Rock Heroick *Manlius* ſtood
To guard the Temple, and the Temple's God:
Then *Rome* was poor, and there you might behold
The Palace Thatch'd with Straw. *Dryden.*

From *Loretto*, in my way to *Rome*, I paſs'd thro' *Recanati*, *Macerata*, *Tolentino* and *Foligni*. In the laſt there is a Convent of Nuns call'd *la Conteſſa*, that has an incomparable *Madonna* of *Raphels* in the Church. At *Spoletto*, the next Town on the Road, are ſome Antiquities. The moſt remarkable is an Aquæduct of a *Gothic* Structure, that conveys the Water from Mount St. *Francis* to *Spoletto*, which is not to be equall'd for its height by any other in *Europe*. They reckon from the Foundation of the loweſt Arch to the Top of it 230

Yards. In my way hence to *Terni* I ſaw the River *Clitumnus*, celebrated by ſo many of the Poets for a particular Quality in its Waters of making Cattle white that drink of it. The Inhabitants of that Country have ſtill the ſame opinion of it, as I found upon Enquiry, and have a great many Oxen of a whitiſh Colour to confirm 'em in it. Its probable this Breed was firſt ſettled in the Country, and continuing ſtill the ſame Species, has made the Inhabitant impute it to a wrong Cauſe; tho' they may as well fancy their Hogs turn black for ſome Reaſon of the ſame Nature, becauſe there are none in *Italy* of any other Breed. The River *Clitumnus*, and *Nievania* that ſtood on the Banks of it, are famous for the Herds of Victims with which they furniſh'd all *Italy*.

Qua formoſa ſuo Clitumnus flumina loco
Integit, & Niveos abluit unda boves.

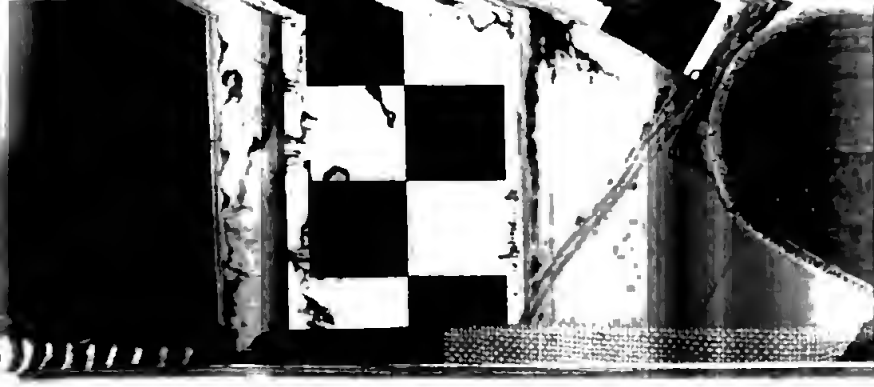
Prop. L. 2.

Hinc Albi Clitumne greges, & maxima Taurus
Victima, ſæpe tuo perfuſi flumine ſacro
Romanos ad Templa Deûm duxere triumphos.

Geor. 2. Virg.

There flows *Clitumnus* through the flow'ry Plain;

Whoſe



Whoſe Waves, for Triumphs after proſp'rous War,
The Victim Ox, and Snowy Sheep prepare.

-----Patulis Clitumnus in Arvis
Candentes gelido profundit flumine Tauros.
Sil. Ital. L. 8.
-----Tauriferis ubi ſe Mevania campis
Explicat ——— ——— Luc. L. 1.
----------Atque ubi latis
Projecta in campis nebulas exhalat inertes,
Et ſedet ingentem paſcens Mevania taurum,
Dona Jovi ——— ——— Id. L. 6.
----Nec ſi vacuet Mevania valles,
Aut praſtent niveos Clitumna novalia Tauros
Sufficiam ——— ——— ——— Stat. Syl. L. 1.
Pinguior Hiſpullâ traheretur taurus & ipſâ
Mole piger, non finitimâ nutritus in herbâ,
Læta ſed oſtendens Clitumni paſcua ſanguis
Iret, & a grandi cervix ferienda Miniſtro.
Juv. Sat. 12.

A Bull high fed ſhould fall the Sacrifice,
One of *Hiſpulla*'s huge prodigious Size:
Not one of thoſe our neighb'ring Paſtures feed,
But of *Clitumnus* whiteſt Sacred Breed:

The lively Tincture of whoſe guſhing Blood
Should clearly prove the Richneſs of his Food;
A Neck ſo ſtrong, ſo large, as would command
The ſpeeding Blow of ſome uncommon Hand, Mr. *Congreve.*

I ſhall have occaſion to mention *Claudian* afterwards.

Terni is the next Town in Courſe, formerly call'd *Interamna*, for the ſame Reaſon that a part of *Aſia* was nam'd *Meſopotamia*. We enter at the Gate of the Three Monuments, ſo call'd becauſe there ſtood near it a Monument erected to *Tacitus* the Hiſtorian, with Two others to the Emperors *Tacitus* and *Florianus*, all of 'em Natives of the Place. Theſe were a few Years ago Demoliſh'd by Thunder, and the Fragments of 'em are in the Hands of ſome Gentlemen of the Town. Near the Dome I was ſhown a ſquare Marble, inſerted in the Wall, with the following Inſcription.

Saluti perpetuæ Auguſtæ
Libertatique publicæ Populi Romani

Genio municipi Anno poſt In-

Interamnam Conditam.
D. CC. IV.

Ad Cnejum Domitium Ahenobarbum.

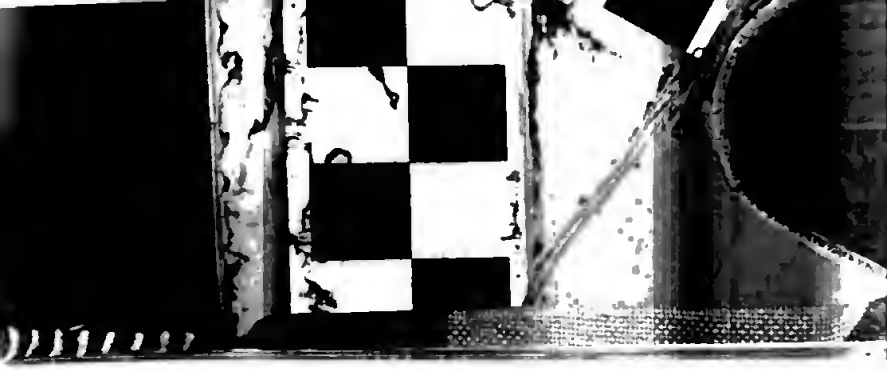
——— *Coſſ. providentiæ Ti. Cæſaris Auguſti nati ad Æternitatem Romani nominis ſublato hoſte perniciosiſſimo P. R. Fauſtus Titius Liberalis* VI. *vir iterum P. S. F. C.* that is, *pecunia ſua fieri curavit*

This Stone was probably ſet up on occaſion of the Fall of *Sejanus*. After the Name of *Ahenobarbus* there is a little Furrow in the Marble but ſo ſmooth and well poliſh'd, that I ſhould not have taken notice of it had not I ſeen *Coſſ.* at the end of it, by which it is plain there was once the Name of another Conſul, which has been induſtriouſly razed out. *Lucius Aruncius Camillus Scribonianus* was Conſul under the Reign of *Tiberius* and was afterwards put to Death for a Conſpiracy that he had form'd againſt the Emperor *Claudius*; at which time it was order'd that his Name and Conſulate ſhould be effaced out of all publick Regiſters and Inſcriptions. It is not therefore improbable, that it was this long Name that fill'd up the Gap I am now mentioning. There are Near this Monument the Ruins of an ancient Theater, with ſome of the Caves entire. I ſaw among the Ruins and old Heathen Altar, with

Vid. Faſt. Conſul. Sicul.

with this Particularity in it, that it is hollow'd, like a Diſh, at one End; but it was not this End on which the Sacrifice was laid, as one may gueſs from the Make of the Feſtoon, that runs round the Altar, which is inverted when the Hollow ſtands uppermoſt. In the ſame Yard, among the Rubbiſh of the Theater lye Two Pillars, the one of Granate, and the other of a very beautiful Marble. I went out of my way to ſee the Famous *Caſcade* that lyes about Three Miles from *Terni*. It is form'd by the Fall of the River *Velino*, that *Virgil* mentions in the Seventh *Æneid* .... *Roſea rura Velini.*

The Channel of this River lyes very high, and is ſhaded on al ſides by a Green Foreſt, made up of ſeveral kinds of Trees that preſerve their Verdure all the Year. The neighbouring Mountains are cover'd with 'em, and by reaſon of their height are more expos'd to the Dews and drizzling Rains than any of the adjacent Parts, which gives occaſion to *Virgil*'s *Roſea rura*, (Dewy Countries) The River runs extreamly rapid before its Fall, and ruſhes down a Precipice of a Hundred Yards high. It throws it ſelf into the Hollow of a Rock, that has probably been worn by ſuch a conſtant Fall of Water. It is impoſſible to ſee the Bottom on which it breaks for the Thickneſs of the Miſt that riſes from it, which looks at a diſtance like Clouds of Smoak aſcending from ſome vaſt Furnace, and diſtils in perpetual Rains on all the Places



Places that lye near it. I think there is ſomething more aſtoniſhing in this *Caſcade*, than in all the Water-Works of *Verſailles*, and could not but wonder when I firſt ſaw it, that I had never met with it in any of the old Poets, eſpecially in *Claudian*, who makes his Emperor *Honorius* go out of his way to ſee the River *Nar* that runs juſt below it, and yet does not mention what would have been ſo great an Embelliſhment to his Poem. But at preſent I don't in the leaſt queſtion, notwithſtanding the Opinion of ſome Learned Men to the contrary, but this is the Gulf thro' which *Virgil*'s *Alecto* ſhoots her ſelf into Hell; for the very Place, the great Reputation of it, the Waters, the Woods that encompaſs it, with the Smoak and Noiſe that ariſe from it, are all pointed at in the Deſcription. Perhaps he would not mention the Name of the River, becauſe he has done it in the Verſes that precede. We may add to this that the *Caſcade* is not far off that Part of *Italy* which has been call'd *Italiæ Meditullium.*

Eſt locus Italiæ medio, ſub montibus altis,
Nobilis, & famâ multus memoratus in oris,
Amſancti valles, denſis hunc frondibus atrum
Urget utrinque latus nemoris, medioque fragoſus
Dat ſonitum ſaxis & torto vortice torrens:
Hic ſpecus horrendum, & ſavi ſpiracula Ditis

Monſtrantur, ruptoque ingens Acheronte vorago
Peſtiferas aperit fauces, queis condita Erinnys
In viſum Numen terras cælumque levabat. Æn. 7.

In midſt of *Italy*, well known to Fame,
There lyes a Vale, *Amſanctus* is the Name,
Below the lofty Mounts: On either ſide
Thick Foreſts the forbidden Entrance hide:
Full in the Centre of the Sacred Wood
An Arm ariſeth of the *Stygian* Flood;
Which falling from on high, with bellowing Sound
Whirls the black Waves and ratling Stones around.
Here *Pluto* pants for Breath from out his Cell,
And opens wide the grinning Jaws of Hell.
To this Infernal Gate the Fury flies,
Here hides her hated Head, and frees the lab'ring Skies. *Dryden.*

It was indeed the propereſt Place in the World for a Fury to make her *Exit*, after ſhe had fill'd a Nation with Diſtractions and Alarms; and I believe every Reader's Imagination is pleas'd, when he ſees the angry Goddeſs thus ſinking, as it were, in a Tempeſt, and plunging her ſelf into Hell,

Hell, amidſt ſuch a Scene of Horror and Confuſion.

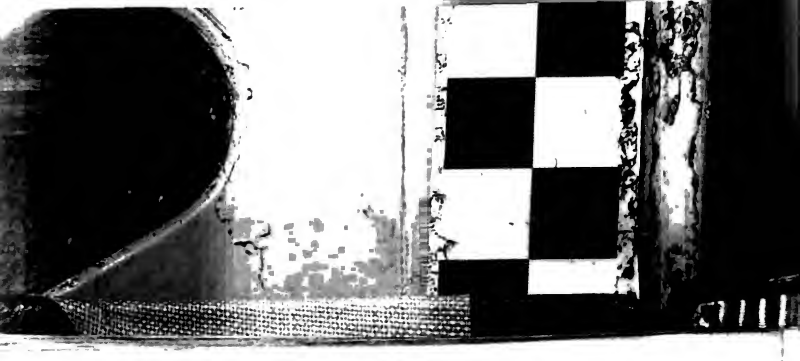
The River *Velino*, after having found its way out from among the Rocks where it falls, runs into the *Nera*. The Channel of this laſt River is white with Rocks, and the Surface of it, for a long Space, cover'd with Froth and Bubbles; for it runs all along upon the Fret, and is ſtill breaking againſt the Stones that oppoſe its Paſſage: So that for theſe Reaſons, as well as for the Mixture of Sulphur in its Waters, it is very well deſcrib'd by *Virgil*, in that Verſe which mentions theſe Two Rivers in their old *Roman* Names.

Tartaream intendit vocem, quâ protinus omne
Contremuit nemus, & Silvæ intonuere profundæ,
Audiit & longè Triviæ lacus, audiit amnis
Sulphureâ Nar albus aquâ, fonteſque Velini.

Æn. 7.

The Sacred Lake of *Trivia* from afar,
The *Veline* Fountains, and Sulphureous *Nar*,
Shake at the Baleful Blaſt, the Signal of the War. *Dryden.*

He makes the Sound of the Fury's Trumpet run up the *Nera* to the very Sources



of *Velino*, which agrees extreamly well with the Situation of these Rivers. When *Virgil* has mark'd any particular Quality in a River, the other Poets seldom fail of Copying after him.

--------Sulphureus Nar. Auson.

--------Narque albescentibus undis
In Tibrim properans-------- Sil. It. L. 8.

--------Et Nar vitiatus odoro
Sulfure---------- Claud. de Pr. & Olyb. Cons.

---------The Hoary *Nar*
Corrupted with the Stench of Sulphur flows,
And into *Tiber*'s Streams th'infected Current throws.

From this River our next Town on the Road receives the Name of *Narni*. I saw hereabouts nothing remarkable except *Augustus*'s Bridge, that stands half a Mile from the Town, and is one of the stateliest Ruins in *Italy*. It has no Cement, and looks as firm as one entire Stone. There is an Arch of it unbroken, the broadest that I have ever seen, tho' by reason of its great height it does not appear so. The middle one was still much broader. They join together Two Mountains, and belong'd, without doubt, to the Bridge that *Mar-*

Martial mentions, tho' Mr. *Ray* takes 'em to be the Remains of an ancient Aquæduct.

Sed jam parce mihi nec abutere Narnia Quinto,
Perpetuo liceat ſic tibi ponte frui! L. 7.

Preſerve my better Part, and ſpare my Friend;
So, *Narni*, may thy Bridge for ever ſtand.

From *Narni* I went to *Otricoli*, a very mean little Village, that ſtands where the Caſtle of *Ocriculum* did formerly. I turn'd about half a Mile out of the Road to ſee the Ruins of the old *Ocriculum*, that lye near the Banks of the *Tiber*. There are ſtill ſcatter'd Pillars and Pedeſtals, huge Pieces of Marble half bury'd in the Earth, Fragments of Towers, Subterraneous Vaults, Bathing Places, and the like Marks of its ancient Magnificence.

In my way to *Rome*, ſeeing a high Hill ſtanding by it ſelf in the *Campania*, I did not queſtion but it had a *Claſſic* Name, and upon Enquiry found it to be Mount *Soracte*. The *Italians* at preſent call it, becauſe its Name begins with an *S.* St. *Oreſte*.

The Fatigue of our croſſing the *Appenines*, and of our whole Journey from *Loretto* to *Rome*, was very agreeably reliev'd

by the Variety of Scenes we paſs'd thro'. For not to mention the rude proſpects of ſo many Rocks riſing one above another, of the deep Gutters worn in the ſides of 'em by the Torrents of Rain and Snow-Water, or the long Channels of Sand winding about their Bottoms, that are ſometimes cover'd with ſo many Rivers: We ſaw, in Six Days Travelling the ſeveral Seaſons of the Year in their Beauty and Perfection. We where ſometimes Shivering on the Top of a bleak Mountain, and a little while after Sweating in a warm Valley, planted with Violets and Almond-trees in Bloſſom, with the Bees already ſwarming over 'em, tho' but in the Month of *February*. Sometimes our Road led us thro' Groves of Olives, or by Gardens of Oranges, or into ſeveral Hollow Apartments among the Rocks, and Mountains, that look like ſo many natural Green-houſes; as being always cover'd with a great Variety of Trees and Shrubs that never loſe their Verdure.

I ſhall ſay nothing of the *Via Flaminia*, which has been deſcrib'd by all the Voyage-Writers that have paſs'd it, but ſhall ſet down *Claudian*'s Deſcription of the Journey that *Honorius* made from *Ravenna* to *Rome*, which lyes moſt of it the ſame Road that I have been deſcribing.

——— *Antiquæ muros egreſſa Ravennæ*

Signæ

Signa movet, jamque ora Padi portuſque reliquit
Flumineos, certis ubi legibus advena Nereus
Æſtuat, & pronas puppes nunc amne Secundo
Nunc redeunte vehit, nudataque littora fluctu
Deſerit, Oceani lunaribus æmula dammis;
Latior hinc Fano recipit Fortuna vetuſto,
Deſpiciturque vagus præruptâ valle Metaurus,
Quà mons arte patens vivo ſe perforat Arcu,
Admiſitque viam Sectæ per viſcera rupis,
Exuperans delubra Jovis, Saxoque minantes
Apenninigenis cultas paſtoribus aras:
Quin & Clitumni Sacras victoribus undas,
Candida quæ Latiis prebent armenta triumphis
Viſere cura fuit. Nec Te miracula fontis
Prætereunt: tacito paſſu quem ſi quis adiret
Lentus erat: Si voce gradum majore citâſſet
Commiſtis fervebat aquis, cùmque omnibus una
Sit natura vadis, Similes ut corporis umbras
Oſtendant: hæc ſola novam jactantia ſortem
Humanos properant imitari flumina mores.
Celſa de hinc patulum proſpectans Narnia campum
Regali calcatur equo, rarique coloris
Non procul amnis adeſt, urbi qui nominis auctor
Ilice ſub denſâ Silvis arctatus opacis

An High-way made by *Veſpaſian*, like the *Grotto Oſcura* near *Naples*.

This Fountain not known.

La-

Inter utrumque jugum tortis anfractibus albet.
Inde ſalutato libatis Tribride Nymphis,
Excipiunt arcus, operoſaque ſemita, vaſtis
Molibus & quicquid tanta præmittitur urbi.

De 6. Conſ. Hon.

They leave *Ravenna*, and the Mouths of *Po*,
That all the Borders of the Town o'erflow;
And ſpreading round in one continu'd Lake,
A ſpacious hoſpitable Harbour make.
Hither the Seas at ſtated Times reſort,
And ſhove the loaden Veſſels into Port:
Then with a gentle Ebb retire again,
And render back their Cargo to the Main.
So the pale Moon the reſtleſs Ocean guides,
Driv'n to and fro by ſuch ſubmiſſive Tides.
Fair Fortune next, with looks ſerene and kind,
Receives 'em, in her ancient Fane enſhrin'd;
Then the high Hills they croſs, and from below
In diſtant Murmurs hear *Metaurus* flow,
'Till to *Clitumnus*'s ſacred Streams they come,
That ſend white Victims to Almighty *Rome*:

When

When her triumphant Sons in War succeed,
And slaughter'd Hecatombs around 'em bleed.
At *Narni*'s lofty Seats arriv'd, from far
They view the Windings of the hoary *Nar*;
Through Rocks and Woods impetuously he glides,
While Froth and Foam the fretting surface hides.
And now the Royal Guest, all Dangers pass'd,
Old *Tiber* and his Nymphs salutes at last;
The long laborious Pavement here he treads,
That to proud *Rome* th'admiring Nations leads:
While stately Vaults and tow'ring Piles appear,
And show the World's Metropolis is near.

Silius Italicus, who has taken more Pains on the Geography of *Italy* than any other of the *Latin* Poets, has given a Catalogue of most of the Rivers that I saw in *Umbria*, or in the Borders of it. He has avoided a Fault (if it be really such) that *Macrobius* has objected to *Virgil*, of passing from one

Place to another, without regarding their regular and natural Situation, in which *Homer*'s Catalogues are observ'd to be much more methodical and exact than *Virgil*'s.

——— Cavis venientes montibus Umbri,
Hos Æsis Sapisque lavant, rapidasque sonanti
Vortice contorquens undas per Saxa Metaurus.
Et lavat ingentem perfundens flumine sacro
Clitumnus taurum, Narque albescentibus undis
In Tibrim properans, Tineaque inglorius humor,
Et Clanis, & Rubico, & Senonum de nomine
Senon,
Sed pater ingenti medios illabitur amne
Albula, & immotâ perstringit mœnia ripâ,
His urbes arva, & latis Mevania pratis,
Hispellum, & duro monti per Saxa recumbens
Narnia, &c. ——— Sil. It. L. 8.

Since I am got among the Poets, I shall end this Chapter with Two or Three Passages out of 'em, that I have omitted inserting in their proper Places.

Sit Cisterna mihi quam Vinea malo Ravennæ,
Cùm possim multo vendere pluris Aquam.
Mar. L. 5.

Lodg'd at *Ravenna*, (Water sells so dear)

A Ciſtern to a Vineyard I prefer.

Callidus impoſuit nuper mihi Caupo Ravennæ:
Cum peterem mixtum, vendidit ille merum. Id.

By a *Ravenna* Vintner once betray'd,
So much for Wine and Water mix'd I paid;
But when I thought the purchas'd Liquor mine,
The Raſcal fobb'd me off with only Wine.

Stat fucare colus nec Sidone vilior Ancon
Murice nec Tyrio. ——— Sil. It. L. 8.

The Wool, when ſhaded with *Ancona*'s Dye,
May with the proudeſt *Tyrian* Purple vie.

Fountain Water is ſtill very ſcarce at *Ravenna*, and was probably much more ſo, when the Sea lay within its Neighbourhood,

FROM

ROME

TO

NAPLES.

IMmediately upon my Arrival at *Rome* I took a View of St. *Peters*, and the *Rotunda*, leaving the reſt 'till my Return from *Naples*, when I ſhould have time and leiſure enough to conſider what I ſaw. St. *Peters* ſeldom anſwers Expectation at firſt entering it, but enlarges it ſelf on all Sides inſenſibly, and mends upon the Eye every Moment. The Proportions are ſo very well obſerv'd, that nothing appears to an Advantage, or diſtinguiſhes it ſelf above the reſt. It ſeems neither extreamly high, nor long, nor broad, becauſe it is all of 'em in a juſt Equality. As on the contrary in our *Gothic* Cathedrals, the Narrowneſs of the Arch makes it riſe in Heigt, or run out in Length; the Lowneſs often opens it in Breadth, or the Defectiveneſs of ſome other Particular makes any ſingle Part appear

pear in greater Perfection. Tho' every thing in this Church is admirable, the moſt aſtoniſhing part of it is the Cupola. Upon my going to the Top of it I was ſurpriz'd to find that the Dome, which we ſee in the Church, is not the ſame that one looks upon without Doors, the laſt of 'em being a kind of Caſe to the other, and the Stairs lying betwixt 'em both, by which one aſcends into the Ball. Had there been only the outward Dome, it would not have ſhown it ſelf to an Advantage to thoſe that are in the Church; or had there only been the inward one, it would ſcarce have been ſeen by thoſe that are without; had they both been one ſolid Dome of ſo great a Thickneſs, the Pillars would have been too weak to have ſupported it. After having ſurvey'd this Dome, I went to ſee the *Rotunda*, which is generally ſaid to have been the Model of it. This Church is at preſent ſo much chang'd from the ancient *Pantheon*, as *Pliny* has deſcrib'd it, that ſome have been inclin'd to think it is not the ſame Temple; but the Cavalier *Fontana* has abundantly ſatisfy'd the World in this Particular, and ſhown how the ancient Figure, and Ornaments of the *Pantheon*, have been chang'd into what they are at preſent. This Author, who is now eſteem'd the beſt of the *Roman* Architects, has lately written a Treatiſe on *Veſpaſian*'s Amphitheater, which is not yet Printed.

After having ſeen theſe Two Maſter-

pieces of Modern and ancient Architecture, I have often conſider'd with my ſelf, whether the ordinary Figure of the Heathen, or that of the Chriſtian Temples be the moſt beautiful, and the moſt capable of Magnificence, and can't forbear thinking the Croſs Figure more proper for ſuch ſpacious Buildings than the *Rotund*. I muſt confeſs the Eye is better fill'd at firſt entering the *Rotund*, and takes in the whole Beauty and Magnificence of the Temple at one view. But ſuch as are built in the Form of a Croſs, give us a greater Variety of Noble Proſpects. Nor is it eaſie to conceive a more glorious Show in Architecture, than what a Man meets with in St. *Peters*, when he ſtands under the Dome. If he looks upward he is aſtoniſh'd at the ſpacious Hollow of the Cupola, and has a Vault on every ſide of him, that makes one of the beautifulleſt *Viſtas* that the Eye can poſſibly paſs thro'. I know that ſuch as are profeſs'd Admirers of the Ancients will find abundance of Chimerical Beauties, that the Architects themſelves never thought of, as one of the moſt Famous of the Moderns in that Art tells us, the Hole in the *Rotunda* is ſo admirably contriv'd, that it makes thoſe who are in the Temple look like Angels, by diffuſing the Light equally on all ſides of 'em.

In all the old High-ways, that lead from *Rome*, one ſees ſeveral little Ruins on each ſide of 'em, that were formerly ſo many Se-

Sepulchres; for the ancient *Romans* generally bury'd their Dead near the great Roads.

Quorum Flaminiâ tegitur cinis atque Latinâ.

I. L. 1.

None, but ſome few of a very extraordinary Quality, being permitted to lay their Aſhes within the Walls of the City.

Our Chriſtian Epitaphs, that are to be ſeen only in Churches, or Church-Yards, begin often with a *Siſte Viator. Viator precare ſalutem*, &c. probably in Imitation of the old *Roman* Inſcriptions, that generally addreſs'd themſelves to the Travellers; as it was impoſſible for 'em to enter the City, or to go out of it without paſſing thro' one of theſe melancholy Roads, that for a great Lenght was nothing elſe but a Street of Funeral Monuments.

In my way from *Rome* to *Naples* I found nothing ſo remarkable as the Beauty of the Country, and the extream Poverty of its Inhabitants. It is indeed an amazing thing to ſee the preſent Deſolation of *Italy*, when one conſiders what incredible Multitudes of People it abounded with during the Reigns of the *Roman* Emperors: And notwithſtanding the Removal of the Imperial Seat, the Irruptions of the Barbarous Nations, the Civil Wars of this Country, with the Hardſhips of its ſeveral Government, one can ſcarce imagine how ſo plentiful a Soil

ſhould

ſhould become ſo miſerably unpeopled; in Compariſon of wat it once was. We may reckon, by a very moderate Computation, more Inhabitants in the *Campania* of Old *Rome*, than are now in all *Italy*. And if we could number up thoſe prodigious Swarms of People that had ſettled themſelves in every Part of this delightful Country, I queſtion not but they would amount to more than can be found, at preſent, in any Six Parts of *Europe* of the ſame Extent. This Deſolation appears no where greater than in the Pope's Territories, and yet there are ſeveral Reaſons that would make a Man expect to ſee theſe Dominions the beſt regulated, and moſt flouriſhing of any other in *Europe*. Their Prince is generally a Man of Learning and Virtue, mature in Years and Experience, who has ſeldom any Vanity or Pleaſure to gratifie at his People's Expence, and is neither encumber'd with Wife, Children or Miſtreſſes; not to mention the ſuppos'd Sanctity of his Character, that obliges him in a more particular manner to conſult the Good and Happineſs of Mankind. The Direction of Church and State are lodg'd entirely in his own Hands, ſo that his Government is naturally free from thoſe Principles of Faction and Diviſion that are mix'd in the very Compoſition of moſt others. His Subjects are always ready to fall in with his Deſigns, and are more at his Diſpoſal than any others of the moſt

ab-

absolute Government, as they have a greater Veneration for his Person, and not only court his Favour but his Blessing. His Country is extreamly fruitful, and has good Havens both for the Adriatic and Mediterranean, which is an Advantage peculiar to himself and the *Neapolitans* above the rest of the *Italians*. There is still a Benefit that the Pope enjoys above all other Soveraigns; in drawing great Sums out of *Spain*, *Germany*, and other Countries that belong to Foreign Princes, which one would fancy might be no small Ease to his own Subjects. We may here add, that there is no Place in *Europe* so much frequented by Strangers, whether they are such as come out of Curiosity, or such as are oblig'd to attend the Court of *Rome* on several Occasions, as are many of the Cardinals and Prelates, that bring considerable Sums into the Pope's Dominions. But notwithstanding all these promising Circumstances, and the long Peace that has reign'd so many Years in *Italy*, there is not a more miserable People in *Europe* than the Pope's Subjects. His State is thin of Inhabitants, and a great Part of his Soil uncultivated. His Subjects are wretchedly poor and idle, and have neither sufficient Manufactures or Traffick to employ 'em. These ill Effects may arise, in a great measure, out of the Arbitrariness of the Government, but I think they are chiefly to be ascrib'd to the very Genius of the *Roman* Catholick

Religion, which here ſhows it ſelf in its Perfection. It is not ſtrange to find a Country half unpeopled, where ſo great a proportion of the Inhabitants of both Sexes is ty'd under Vows of Chaſtity, and where at the ſame time an Inquiſition forbids all Recruits of any other Religion. Nor is it leſs eaſie to account for the great Poverty and Want that are to be met with in a Country that invites into it ſuch Swarms of Vagabonds, under the Title of Pilgrims, and ſhuts up in Cloiſters ſuch an incredible Multitude of young and luſty Beggars, that, inſtead of encreaſing the Common Stock by their Labour and Induſtry, lye as a dead Weight on their Follow-Subjects, and conſume the Charity that ought tho ſupport the Sickly, Old and Decrepid. The many Hoſpitals, that are every where erected, ſerve rather to encourage Idleneſs in the People than to ſet 'em at Work; not to mention the great riches that lye uſeleſs in Churches and Religious Houſes, with the Multitude of Feſtivals that muſt never be violated by Trade or Buſineſs. To ſpeak truly, they are here ſo wholly taken up with Mens Souls that they neglect the good of their Bodies; and when, to theſe natural Evils in the Government and Religion, there ariſes among 'em an Avaritious Pope, that is for making a Family, it is no wonder if the People ſink under ſuch a Complication of Diſtempers. Yet it is to this Humour of Nepotiſm that *Rome*

owes

owes its preſent ſplendor and Magnificence, for it would have been impoſſible to have furniſh'd out ſo many glorious Palaces with ſuch a Profuſion of Pictures, Statues, and the like Ornaments, had not the Riches of the People at ſeveral times fallen into the Hands of many different Families, and of particular Perſons; as we may obſerve, tho' the Bulk of the *Roman* People was more rich and happy in the Commonwealth, the City of *Rome* receiv'd all its Beauties and Embelliſhments under the Emperors. It is probable the *Campania* of *Rome*, as well as other Parts of the Pope's Territories, would be cultivated much better than it is, were there not ſuch an Exorbitant Tax on Corn, which makes 'em plow up only ſuch Spots of Ground as turn to the moſt Advantage: Whereas were the Mony to be rais'd on Lands, with an Exception to ſome of the more barren Parts, that migt be Tax-free for a certain Term of Years, every one would turn his Ground to the beſt Account, and in a little time perhaps bring more Mony into the Pope's Treaſury.

The greateſt Pleaſure I took in my Journey from *Rome* to *Naples* was in ſeeing the Fields, Towns, and Rivers that have been deſcrib'd by ſo many *Claſſic* Authors, and have been the Scenes of ſo many great Actions; for this whole Road is extreamly barren of Curioſities. It is worth while to have an Eye on *Horace*'s Voyage to *Brundiſi*,

when one passes this way; for by comparing his several Stages, and the Road he took, with those that are obsery'd at present, we may have some Idea of the Changes that have been made in the Face of this Country since his Time. If we may guess at the common Travelling of Persons of Quality, among the ancient *Romans*, from this Poet's Description of his Voyage, we may conclude they seldom went above Fourteen Miles a Day over the *Appian* Way, which was more us'd by the Noble *Romans* than any other in *Italy*, as it led to *Naples*, *Baiæ*, and the most delightful Parts of the Nation. It is indeed very disagreeable to be carry'd in haste over this Pavement.

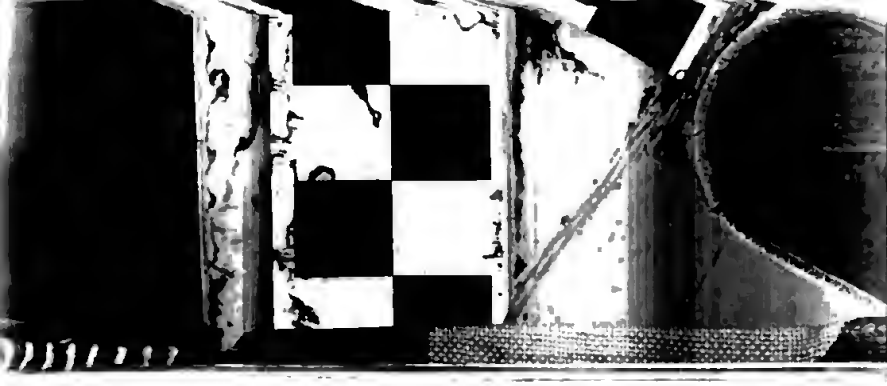
Minùs est gravis Appia tardis. Hor.

Lucan has describ'd the very Road from *Anxur* to *Rome*, that *Horace* took from *Rome* to *Anxur*. It is not indeed the ordinary Way at present, nor is it mark'd out by the same Places in both Poets.

Jamque & præcipites Superaverat Anxuris arces,
Et quà Pontinas via dividit uda paludes,
Quà Sublime nemus, Scythicæ quà regna Dianæ;
Quàque iter est Latiis ad Summam fascibus Albam.

A Canal, the Marks of it still seen.

Ex-



Excelsâ de rupe procul jam conspicit urbem.
L. 3.

He now had conquer'd *Anxur*'s steep Ascent,
And to *Pontina*'s wat'ry Marshes went,
A long Canal the muddy Fenn divides,
And with a clear unsully'd Current glides;
Diana's woody Realms he next Invades,
And crossing through the consecrated Shades
Ascends high *Alba*, whence with new Delight
He sees the City rising to his Sight.

In my way to *Naples* I cross'd the Two most considerable Rivers of the *Campania Felice*, that were formerly call'd the *Liris* and *Vulturnus*, and are at present the *Garigliano* and *Vulturno*. The First of these Rivers has been deservedly celebrated by the *Latin* Poets for the Gentleness of its Course, as the other for its Rapidity and Noise.

——*Rura quæ Liris quietâ*
Mordet Aquâ, taciturnus Amnis. H. L. 1. Od. 30.
Liris —— *qui fonte quieto*
Dissimulat cursum & nullo mutabilis imbre

Perſtringit tacitas gemmanti gurgite ripas.
Sil. It. L. 4.

——— *Miſcentem flumina Lirim*
Sulfureum, tacitiſque vadis ad littora lapſum.
Accolit Arpinas ——— Id. L. 8.

Where the ſmooth Streams of *Liris* ſtray,
And ſteal inſenſibly away.
The Warlike *Arpine* borders on the ſides
Of the ſlow *Liris*, that in ſilence glides,
And in its tainted Stream the working Sulphur hides.

Vulturnuſque rapax ——— Cl. de Pr. & Ol. Con.
Vulturnuſque celer ——— ——— Luc. L. 2. 28.
——— *Fluctuque Sonorum*
Vulturnum ——— ——— Sil. It. L. 8.

The rough *Vulturnus*, furious in its Courſe,
With rapid Streams divides the fruitful Grounds,
And from afar in hollow Murmurs ſounds.

The Ruins of *Anxur* and old *Capua* ſhows us the pleaſant Situation in which thoſe Towns formerly ſtood. The firſt of them was planted on the Mountain, where we now ſee *Terracina*, and by reaſon of the Breezes that came off the Sea, and the Height

Height of its Situation, was one of the Summer Retirements of the ancient *Romans.*

O Nemus, O fontes! Solidumque madentis arenæ
Littus, & equoreis Splendidus Anxur aquis!
Mar. L. 1c.

Ye warbling Fountains, and ye ſhady Trees!
Where *Anxur* feels the cool refreſhing Breeze
Blown off the Sea, and all the dewy Strand
Lyes cover'd with a ſmooth unſinking Sand!

Anxuris æquorei placidos Frontine receſſus
Et propius Baïas littoreamque domum,
Et quod inhumanæ Cancro fervente Cicadæ
Non novere, nemus, flumineoſque lacus
Dum colui, &c. ——— Id.

On the cool Shore, near *Baja*'s gentle Seats,
I lay retir'd in *Anxur*'s ſoft Retreats.
Where Silver Lakes, with verdant Shadows crown'd,
Diſperſe a grateful Chilneſs all around;
The Graſshopper avoids th' untainted Air,
Nor

Nor in the midſt of Summer ventures there.

Impoſitum Saxis latè candentibus Anxur.

Hor. S. 5. L. 1.

Monte procelloſo Muranum miſerat Anxur.

Sil. It. L. 4.

——*Scopuloſi verticis Anxur.* S. It. L. 4.

Capuæ Luxum vide apud. Sil. It. L. 11.

Murranus came from *Anxur*'s ſhow'ry Height.
With ragged Rocks, and ſtony Quarries white;
Seated on Hills ——

I don't know whether it be worth while to take notice that the Figures, which are cut in the Rock near *Terracina*, encreaſe ſtill in a Decimal Proportion as they come nearer the Bottom. If one of our Voyage-Writers, who paſs'd this way more than once, had obſerv'd the Situation of theſe Figures, he would not have troubled himſelf with the Diſſertation that he has made upon 'em. *Silius Italicus* has given us the Names of ſeveral Towns and Rivers in the *Campania Felice.*

Jam verò quos dives opum, quos dives avorum,
Et toto dabat ad bellum Campania tractu;
Ducîorum adventum vicinis Sedibus Oſci
Servabant; Sinueſſa tepens, fluctuque ſonorâ

Vul-

Vulturnum, quaſque evertere ſilentia Amyclæ.
Fundique & regnata Lamo Cajeta, domuſque
Antiphatæ compreſſa freto, ſtagniſque paluſtre
Linternum, & quondam fatorum conſcia Cuma,
Illic Nuceriæ, & Gaurus navalibus apta,
Prole Dicharchaâ multo cum milite Graja
Illic Parthenope, & Pæno non pervia Nola.
Alliphæ, & Clanio contemtæ ſemper Acerræ.
Surraſtes etiam populos totaſque videres
Sarni mitis opes: illic quos Sulphure pingues
Phlegræi legere ſinus, Miſenus & ardens
Ore gigantæo ſedes Ithaceſia, Bajæ,
Non Prochite, non ardentem ſortita Typhæa
Inarime, non antiqui ſaxoſa Telonis
Inſula, nec parvis aberat Calatia muris,
Surrentum, & pauper ſulci Cerealis Avella,
In primis Capua, heu rebus Servare Secundis
Inconſulta nodum, & pravo peritura furore.

L. 8.

NAPLES.

MY First Days at *Naples* where taken up with the Sight of Proceſſions, which are always very magnificent in the Holy-Week. It would be tedious to give an Account of the ſeveral Repreſentations of our Saviour's Death and Reſurrection, of the Figures of himſelf, the Bleſſed Virgin, and the Apoſtles, which are carry'd up and down on this Occaſion, with the Cruel Penances that ſeveral inflict on themſelves, and the Multitude of Ceremonies that attend theſe ſolemnities. I ſaw, at the ſame time, a very ſplendid Proceſſion for the Acceſſion of the Duke of *Anjou* to the Crown of *Spain*, in which the Vice-Roy bore his Part at the Left Hand of Cardinal *Cantelmi*. To grace the Parade, they expos'd at the ſame time, the blood of St. *Januarius*, which liquefy'd at the approach of the Saint's Head, tho', as they ſay, it was hard congeal'd before. I had twice an Opportunity of ſeeing the Operation of this pretended Miracle, and muſt confeſs I think it ſo far from being a real Miracle, that I look upon it as one of the moſt Bungling Tricks that I ever ſaw: Yet it is this that makes as great a Noiſes as any in the *Ro-*

man

man Church, and that Monſieur *Paſchal* has hinted among the reſt, in his Marks of the true Religion. The Modern *Neapolitans* ſeem to have Copy'd it out from one, which was ſhown in a Town of the Kingdom of *Naples* as long ago as in *Horace*'s Time.

——*Dehinc Gnathia lymphis*
Iratis extructa dedit riſuſque jocoſque,
Dum flammâ ſine thura liqueſcere limine Sacro
Perſuadere cupit, credat Judæus apella,
Non ego—— Sat. 5. L. 1.

At *Gnatia* next arriv'd, we laugh'd to ſee
The ſuperſtitious Crouds Simplicity,
That in the ſacred Temple needs would try
Without a Fire, th'unheated Gums to fry,
Believe who will the Solemn Sham, not I.

One may ſee at leaſt that the Heathen Prieſthood had the ſame kind of Secret among 'em, of which the *Roman* Catholicks are now Maſters.

I muſt confeſs, tho' I had liv'd above a Year in a *Roman* Catholick Country, I was ſurpriz'd to ſee many Ceremonies and Superſtitions in *Naples*, that are not ſo much as thought of in *France*. But as it is certain there has been a kind of Secret Re-

formation made, tho' not publickly own'd, in the *Roman* Catholick Church, ſince the ſpreading of the Proteſtant Religion, ſo we find the ſeveral Nations are recover'd out of their Ignorance, in proportion as they converſe more or leſs with thoſe of the Reform'd Churches. For this Reaſon the *French* are much more enlighten'd than the *Spaniards* or *Italians*, on occaſion of their frequent controverſies with the *Huguenots*, and we find ſo many of the *Roman* Catholick Gentleman of our own Country, that wil not ſtick to laugh at the Superſtions they ſometimes meet with in other Nations.

I ſhall not be particular in deſcribing the Grandeur of the City of *Naples*, the Beauty of its Pavement, the Regularity of its Buildings, the Magnificence of its Churches and Convents, the Multitude of its Inhabitants, or the Delightfulneſs of its Situation, which ſo many others have done with a great deal of Leiſure and Exactneſs. If a War ſhould break out, the Town has reaſon to apprehend the exacting of a large Contribution, or a Bombardment. It has but Seven Gallies, a Mole, and Two little Caſtles, that are capable of hindering an Enemy's Approaches. Beſides that the Sea which lyes near it is not Subject to Storms, has no ſenſible Flux and Reflux, and is ſo deep that a Veſſel of Burden may come up to the very Mole. The Houſes are flat Roof'd

Roof'd to walk upon, ſo that every Bomb that fell on 'em would take Effect.

Pictures, Statues, and Pieces of Antiquity are not ſo common at *Naples*, as one might expect in ſo great and ancient a City of *Italy*; for the Vice-Roys take care to ſend into *Spain* every thing that is valuable of this Nature. Two of their fineſt Modern Statues are thoſe of *Apollo* and *Minerva*, on each ſide of *Sannazarius*'s Tomb. On the Face of this Monument, which is all of Marble, and very neatly wrought; is repreſented, in *Bas relief*, *Neptune* among the Satyrs, to ſhow that this Poet was the Inventer of Piſcatory Eclogues. I remember *Hugo Grotius* deſcribes himſelf in one of his Poems, as the firſt that brought the Muſes to the Sea-ſide, but he muſt be underſtood only of the Poets of his own Country. I here ſaw the Temple that *Sannazarius* mentions in his Invocation of the Bleſſed Virgin, at the beginning of his *De partu Virginis*, which was all rais'd at his own Expence.

——*Niveis tibi ſi ſolennia templis*
Serta damus; ſi manſuras tibi ponimus aras
Exciſo in ſcopulo, fluctus unde aurea canos
Deſpiciens celſo de culmine Mergilline
Attollit, nautiſque procul venientibus offert.
Tu vatem ignarumque viæ inſuetumque labori

Diva mone —————— L. 1.

Thou bright Celeſtial Goddeſs if to Thee
An acceptable Temple I erect,
With faireſt Flow'rs and freſheſt Garlands deck'd,
On tow'ring Rocks, whence *Mergillinè* ſpies
The ruffled Deep in Storms and Tempeſts riſe;
Guide thou the Pious Poet, nor refuſe
Thine own propitious Aid to his unpract-is'd Muſe.

There are ſeveral very delightful Proſpects about *Naples*, eſpecially from ſome of the Religious Houſes; for one ſeldom finds in *Italy* a Spot of Ground more agreeable than ordinary, that is not cover'd with a Convent. The Cupola's of this City, tho' there are many of 'em, don't appear to the beſt Advantage when one ſurveys 'em at a diſtance, as being generally too high and narrow. The Marquis of *Medina Cidonia*, in his Vice-Royalty, made the Shell of a Houſe, which he had not time to finiſh, that commands a View of the whole Bay, and would have been a very noble Building had he brought it to Perfection.

It ſtands ſo on the ſide of a Mountain, that

that it would have had a Garden to every Story, by the help of a Bridge that was to have been lain over each Garden.

The Bay of *Naples* is the moſt delightful one that I ever ſaw. It lyes in almoſt a round Figure of about Thirty Miles in the Diameter. Three Parts of it are cover'd with a Noble Circuit of Woods and Mountains. The high Promontory of *Surrentum* divides it from the Bay of *Salernum*. Between the utmoſt Point of this Promontory, and the Iſle of *Caprea*, the Sea enters by a Streight of about Three Miles wide. This Iſland ſtands as a vaſt Mole, planted there on purpoſe to break the Violence of the Waves that run into the Bay. It lyes long-ways, almoſt in a parallel Line to *Naples*. The exceſſive Height of its Rocks ſhelters a great part of the Bay from Winds and Waves, that enter again between the other End of this Iſland and the Promontory of *Miſeno*. The Bay of *Naples* is call'd the *Crater* by the old Geographers probably from its Reſemblance to a rouud Bowl half fill'd with Liquor. Perhaps *Virgil*, who compos'd here a great part of his *Æneids*, took from hence the Plan of that beautiful Harbour, which he has made in his Firſt Book, for the *Lybian* Port is but the *Neapolitan* Bay in little.

Eſt in ſeceſſu longo locus. Inſula portum
Efficit

Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque ſinus ſcindit ſeſe unda reductos:
Hinc atque hinc vaſtæ rupes geminique minantur
In cœlum ſcopuli, quorum ſub vertice latè
Æquora tuta ſilent, tum Silvis Scena coruſcis
Deſuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbrâ. 1. Æn.

Within a long Receſs there lyes a Bay,
An Iſland ſhades it from the rouling Sea,
And forms a Port ſecure for Ships to ride.
Broke by the jutting Land on either ſide,
In double Streams the briny Water glide.
Between Two Rows of Rocks: a *Sylvan* Scene
Appears above, and Groves for ever Green.
Dryden.

Naples ſtands in the Boſom of this Bay, and has the pleaſanteſt Situation in the World, tho', by reaſon of its Weſtern Mountains, it wants an Advantage, that *Vitruvius* would have to the Front of his Palace, of ſeeing the Setting Sun.

One would wonder how the *Spaniards*, who have but very few Forces in the Kingdom of *Naples*, ſhould be able to keep a People from Revolting, that has been famous for its Mutinies and Seditions in former Ages. But they have ſo well contriv'd

triv'd it, that tho' the Subjects are miserably harass'd and oppress'd, the greatest of their Oppressors are those of their own Body. I shall not mention any thing of the Clergy, who are sufficiently expos'd in most Itineraries for the universal Poverty that one meets with in this noble and plentiful Kingdom. A great Part of the People is in a State of Vassallage to the Barons, who are the greatest Tyrants in the World to those that are under 'em. The Vassals indeed are allow'd, and invited to bring in their Complaints and Appeals to the Vice-Roy, who, to foment Divisions, and gain the Hearts of the Populace, does not stick at Emprisoning and Chastising their Masters very severely on occasion. The Subjects of the Crown are notwithstanding much more rich and happy than the Vassals of the Barons. Insomuch that when the King has been upon the point of selling a Town to one of his Barons, the Inhabitants have rais'd the Sum upon themselves, and presented it to the King, that they might keep out of so insupportable a Slavery. Another way the *Spaniards* have taken to grind the *Neapolitans*, and yet, to take of the *Odium* from themselves, has been by erecting several Courts of Justice, with a very small Pension for such as sit at the Head of 'em, so that they are tempted to take Bribes, keep Causes undecided, encourage Law-suits, and do all they can to fleece the People,

that they may have wherewithal to ſupport their own Dignity. It is incredible how great a Multitude of Retainers to the Law there are at *Naples*. It is commonly ſaid, that when *Innocent* the Eleventh had deſir'd the Marquis of *Carpio* to furniſh'd him with Thirty Thouſand Head of Swine, the Marquis anſwer'd him, that for his Swine he could not ſpare 'em, but if is Holineſs had occaſion for Thirty Thouſand Lawyers he had 'em at his Service. Theſe Gentleman find a continual Employ for the fiery Temper of the *Neapolitans*, and hinder 'em from uniting in ſuch common Friendſhips and Alliances as might endanger the Safety of the Government. There are very few Perſons of Conſideration who have not a Cauſe depending; for when a *Neapolitan* Cavalier has nothing elſe to do, he gravely ſhuts himſelf up in his Cloſet, and falls a tumbling over his Papers to ſee if he can ſtart a Law Suit, and Plague any of his Neighbours. So much is the Genius of this People chang'd ſince *Statius*'s Time.

Nulla foro rabies, aut ſtrictæ Jurgia Legis,
Morum jura viris ſolum & ſine faſcibus Æquum.
Sil. L. 3.

By Love of Right and Native Juſtice led,
In the ſtraight Paths of Equity they tread,
Nor

Nor know the Bar, nor fear the Judge's Frown,
Unpractis'd in the Wranglings of the Gown.

There is another Circumstance that makes the *Neapolitans*, in a very particular manner, the Oppressors of each other. The Gabels of *Naples* are very high on Oil, Wine, Tobacco, and indeed on almost every thing that can be eaten, drank or worn. There would have been one on Fruit had not *Massianello*'s Rebellion abolish'd it, as it has probably put a stop to many others. What makes these Imposts more intolerable to the poorer sort, they are laid on all Butchers Meat, while at the same time the Fowl and Gibier are Tax-free. Besides all Meat, being Taxed equally by the Pound, it happens that the Duty lyes heaviest on the coarser sorts, which are most likely to fall to the share of the common People, so that Beef perhaps pays a Third, and Veal a Tenth of its Price to the Government, a Pound of either sort having the same Tax fix'd on it. These Gabels are most of 'em at present in the Hands of private Men; for as the King of *Spain* has had occasion for Mony he has borrow'd it of the Rich *Neapolitans*, on Condition that they should receive the Interest out of such or such Gabels, 'till he could repay 'em the Principal.

This he has repeated ſo often that at preſent there is ſcarce a ſingle Gabel unmortgag'd; ſo that there is no Place in *Europe* that pays greater Taxes, and at the ſame time no Prince that draws leſs Advantage from 'em. In other Countries the People have the Satisfaction of ſeeing the Mony they give ſpent in the Neceſſities, Defence, or Ornament of their State, or at leaſt in the Vanity or Pleaſures of their Prince, but here moſt of it goes to the enriching of their Fellow Subjects. If there was not ſo great a Plenty of every thing in *Naples* the People could not bear it. The *Spaniard* however reaps this Advantage from the preſent Poſture of Affairs, that the Murmurs of the People are turn'd upon their own Countrymen, and what is more conſiderable that almoſt all the Perſons, of the greateſt Wealth and Power in *Naples*, are engag'd by their own Intereſts to pay the Impoſitions chearfully, and to ſupport the Government that has laid 'em on. For this Reaſon, tho' the poorer ſort are for the Emperor, few of the Perſons of Conſequence can endure to think of a Change in their preſent Eſtabliſhment; tho' there is no queſtion but the King of *Spain* will Reform moſt of theſe Abuſes by breaking or retrenching the Power of the Barons, by cancelling ſeveral unneſſary Employs, or by ranſoming or taking the Gabels into his own Hands. I have been told too, there is a Law of

Char-

Charles the Fifth ſomething like our Statute of Mort-main, that has lain dormant ever ſince his Time, and will probably have new Life put into it under the Reign of an active Prince. The Inhabitants of *Naples* have been always very notorious for leading a Life of Lazineſs and Pleaſure, which I take to ariſe partly out of wonderful Plenty of their Country, that does not make Labour ſo neceſſary to 'em, and partly out of the Temper of their Climate, that relaxes the Fibers of their Bodies, and diſpoſes the People to ſuch an idle indolent Humour. Whatever it proceeds from, we find they were formerly as famous for it as they are at preſent.

This was perhaps the Reaſon that the Ancients tell us one of the *Sirens* was bury'd in this City which thence receiv'd the Name of *Parthenope.*

——— *Improba Siren*
Deſidia ——— Hor. Sa. 3. L. 2.

Sloth, the deluding *Siren* of the Mind.

——— *Et in Otia natam*
Parthenopen ——— Ov. Met. L. 15.

——— *Otioſa Neapolis.* H. Ep. 5.

Parthenope, for idle Hours deſign'd,
To Luxury and Eaſe unbends the Mind.

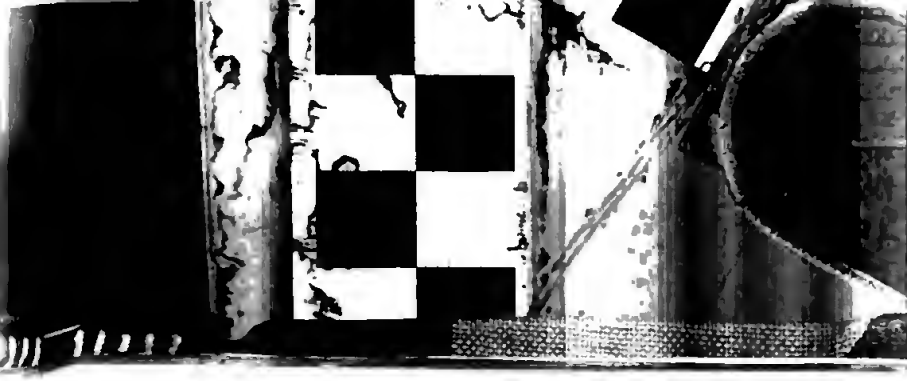
Parthenope non dives opum, non ſpreta vigoris,
Nam molles Urbi ritus atque hoſpita Muſis
Otia, & exemtum curis gravioribus ævum:
Sirenum dedit una ſuum & memorabile nomen
Parthenope muris Acheloïas, æquore cujus
Regnavere diu cantus, cum dulce per undas
Exitium miſeris caneret non proſpera Nautis.

Sil. It. L. 12.

Here wanton *Naples* crowns the happy Shore,
Nor vainly rich, nor deſpicably poor,
The Town in ſoft Solemnities delights,
And gentle Poets to her Arms invites;
The People, free from Cares, ſerene and gay,
Paſs all their mild untroubled Hours away.
Parthenope the riſing City nam'd,
A *Siren*, for her Songs and Beauty fam'd,
That oft had drown'd among the neighb'ring Seas
The liſt'ning Wretch, and made Deſtruction pleaſe.

Has ego te ſedes (nam nec mihi barbara Thrace
Nec Libye natale ſolum) transferre laboro:
Quas & mollis hyems & frigida temperat Æ-
ſtas,

Quas



Quas imbelle fretum, torpentibus alluit undis:
Pax ſecura locis, & deſidis Otia vitæ,
Et nunquam turbata quies, ſomnique peracti:
Nulla foro rabies, &c. Stat. Sil. L. 3.

Theſe are the gentle Seats that I propoſe;
For not cold *Scythia*'s undiſſolving Snows,
Nor the parch'd *Libyan* Sands thy Husband bore,
But mild *Parthenope*'s delightful Shore,
Where huſh'd in Calms the bord'ring Ocean laves
Her ſilent Coaſt, and rolls in languid Waves;
Refreſhing Winds the Summers Heats aſſwage,
And kindly Warmth diſarms the Winter's Rage;
Remov'd from Noiſe, and the tumultuous War,
Soft Sleep and downy Eaſe inhabit there,
And Dreams unbroken with intruding Care.

THE

THE ANTIQUITIES AND Natural Curiosities That lye near the City of *Naples*.

AT about Eight Miles Distance from *Naples* lyes a very noble Scene of Antiquities. What they call *Virgil*'s Tomb is the first that one meets with on the Way thither. It is certain this Poet was bury'd at *Naples*, but I think it is almost as certain that his Tomb lay on the other side of the Town that looks towards *Vesuvio*. By this Tomb is the Entry into the Grotto of *Pausilypo*, which the common People of *Naples* believe to have been wrought by Magick, and that *Virgil* was the Magician; who is in greater Repute among the *Neapolitans* for having made the Grotto, than the *Æneid*. It

If a Man would form to himſelf a juſt Idea of this Place, he muſt fancy a vaſt Rock undermin'd from one End to the other, and a Highway running thro' it, near as long and as broad as the Mail in St. *James*'s Park. This Subterraneous Paſſage is much mended ſince *Seneca* gave ſo bad a Character of it. The Entry at both Ends is higher than the middle Parts of it, and ſinks by degrees, to fling in more Light upon the reſt. Towards the middle are Two large Funnels, bor'd thro' the Roof of the Mountain, to let in Light and freſh Air.

There are no where about the Mountain any vaſt Heaps of Stones, tho' it is certain the great Quantities of 'em that are dug out of the Rock could not eaſily conceal themſelves, had they not probably been conſum'd in the Moles and Buildings of *Naples*. This confirm'd me in a Conjecture which I made at the firſt ſight of this Subterraneous Paſſage, that it was not firſt deſign'd ſo much for a High-way as for a Quarry of Stone, but that the Inhabitants, finding a double Advantage by it, hew'd it into the Form we now ſee. Perhaps the ſame Deſign gave the Original to the *Sibyl*'s Grotto, conſidering the prodigious Multitude of Palaces that ſtood in its Neighbourhood.

I remember when I was at *Chateaudun* in *France* I met with a very curious Perſon, a Member of the *German* Univerſities. He

had ſtay'd a Day or Two in the Town longer than ordinary, to take the Meaſures of ſeveral empty Spaces that had been cut in the Sides of a neighbouring Mountain. Some of 'em were ſupported with Pillars form'd out of the Rock, ſome were made in the Faſhion of Galleries, and ſome not unlike Amphitheaters. The Gentleman had made to himſelf ſeveral ingenious Hypotheſes concerning the uſe of theſe Subterraneous Apartments, and from thence collected the vaſt Magnificence and Luxury of the ancient *Chateaudunois*. But upon communicating his Thoughts on this Subject to one of the moſt Learned of the Place, he was not a little ſurpriz'd to hear that theſe ſtupendious Works of Art were only ſo many Quarries of Free-Stone, that had been wrought into different Figures, according as the Veins of it directed the Workmen.

About Five Miles from the Grotto of *Pauſilypo* lye the Remains of *Puteoli* and *Bajæ*, in a ſoft Air and a delicious Situation.

The Country about 'em, by reaſon of its vaſt Caverns and Subterraneous Fires, has been miſerably torn in Pieces by Earthquakes, ſo that the whole Face of it is quite chang'd from what it was formerly. The Sea has overwhelm'd a Multitude of Palaces, that may be ſeen at the Bottom of the Water in a calm Day.

The *Lucrine* Lake is but a Puddle in Compariſon of what it once was, its

Springs

Springs having been ſunk in an Earthquake, or ſtopp'd up by Mountains that have fallen upon 'em. The Lake of *Avernus*, that was formerly ſo famous for its Steams of Poiſon, is now plentifully ſtock'd with Fiſh and Fowl. Mount *Gaurus*, from one of the fruitfulleſt Parts in *Italy*, is become one of the moſt barren. Several Fields that were laid out in beautiful Groves and Gardens are now naked Plains, ſmoaking with Sulphur, or encumber'd with Hills that have been thrown up by Eruptions of Fire. The Works of Art lye in no leſs Diſorder than thoſe of Nature, for that which was once the moſt Charming Spot of *Italy*, cover'd with Temples and Palaces, adorn'd by the greateſt of the *Roman* Common-wealth, embelliſh'd by many of the *Roman* Emperors, and celebrated by the beſt of their Poets, has now nothing to ſhow but the Ruins of its ancients Splendor, and a great Magnificence in Confuſion.

The Mole of *Puteoli* has been miſtaken by ſeveral Authors for *Caligula*'s Bridge. They have all been led into this Error from the Make of it, becauſe it ſtands on Arches. But to paſs over the many Arguments that may be brought againſt this Opinion, I ſhall here take away the Foundation of it, by ſetting down an Inſcription mention'd by *Julius Capitolinus* in the Life of *Antoninus Pius*, who was the Repairer of this Mole. *Imp. Caſari. Divi Hadriani. filio. Divi. Trajani. Parthici. Nepoti.*

Divi. Nervæ. pronepoti. T. Ael Hadriano. Antonio. Aug. Pio. &c. quod ſuper cætera beneficia ad hujus etiam tutelam portûs, Pilarum *viginti* molem *cum ſumptu* fornicum *reliquo ex Ærario ſuo largitus eſt.*

It would have been very difficult to have made ſuch a Mole as this of *Puteoli*, in a Place where they had not ſo natural a Commodity as the Earth of *Pazzuola*, which immediately hardens in the Water, and after a little lying in it looks rather like Stone than Mortar. It was this that gave the ancient *Romans* an Opportunity of making ſo many Encroachments on the Sea, and of laying the Foundations of their Villas and Palaces within the very Borders of it, as *Horace* has elegantly deſcrib'd it more than once.

L. 2. O. 18. L. 3. O. 1. L. 3. O. 24. Epiſt. L. 1.

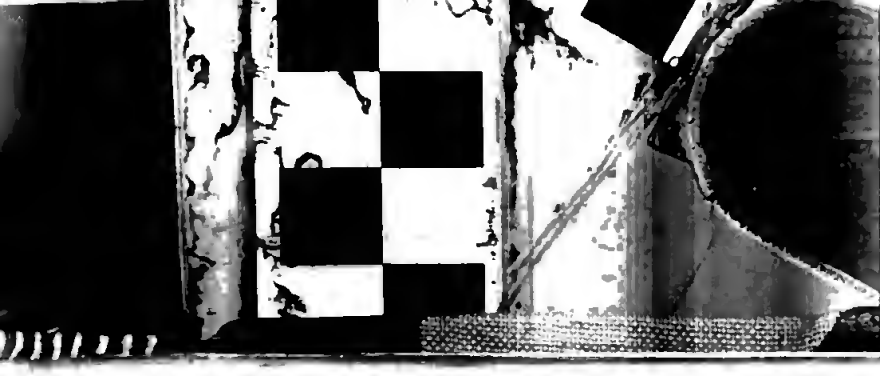
About Four Years ago they dug up a great Piece of Marble near *Puzzuola*, that has ſeveral Figures and Letters Engraven round it, which have given occaſion to ſome Diſputes among the Antiquaries. But they all agree that it is the Pedeſtal of a Statue erected to *Tiberius* by the Fourteen Cities of *Aſia*, which were flung down by an Earthquake; the ſame that, according to the Opinion of many Learned Men, happen'd at our Saviour's Crucifixion. They have found in the Letters, which are ſtill legible, the Names of the ſeveral Cities, and diſcover in each Figure ſomething particular to the City, of which it repreſents the Genius. There are Two Me-

Vid. Gronovium, Fabretti, Buliſon, &c.

149.
CAESAR·DIVI·AVG·F·AVGVSTVS·PON·MAX·TR·POT·XXXIII·T·I
RESTITVTIS

175.
VICTRICI

190.
AVGVSTI
SPQR·OSTIC



Medals of *Tiberius* ſtamp'd on the ſame Occaſion with this Inſcription to one of 'em, *Civitatibus Aſiæ Reſtitutis.* The Emperor is repreſented in both ſitting, with a *Patera* in one Hand, and a Spear in the other.

It is probable this might have been the Poſture of the Statue, which in all likelihood does not lye far from the Place where they took up the Pedeſtal; for they ſay there were other great Pieces of Marble near it, and ſeveral of 'em Inſcrib'd, but that no Body would be at the Charges of bringing them to light. The Pedeſtal it ſelf lay neglected in an open Field when I ſaw it. I ſhall not be particular on the Ruins of the Amphiteater, the Ancient Reſervoirs of Water, the *Sibyl*'s Grotto, the *Centum Camere*, the Sepulchre of *Agrippina Nero*'s Mother, with ſeveral other Antiquities of leſs Note, that lye in the Neighbourhood of this Bay, and have been ſo often deſcrib'd by many others. I muſt confeſs, after having ſurvey'd the Antiquities about *Naples* and *Rome*, I can't but think that our Admiration of 'em does not ſo much ariſe out of their Greatneſs as Uncommonneſs.

There are indeed many extraordinary Ruins, but I believe a Traveller would not be ſo much aſtoniſh'd at 'em, did he find any Works of the ſame kind in his own Country. Amphitheatres, Triumphal Arches, Baths, Grotto's, Catacombs,

Rotunda's, Higways pav'd for ſo great a Lengt, Bridges of ſuch an amazing Height, Subterraneous Buildings for the Reception of Rain and Snow-Water, are moſt of 'em at preſent out of Faſhion, and only to be met with among the Antiquities of *Italy*. We are therefore immediately ſurpriz'd when we ſee any conſiderable Sums laid out in any thing of this Nature, tho' at the ſame time there is many a *Gothic* Cathedral in *England*, that has coſt more Pains and Mony than ſeveral of theſe celebrated Works. Among the Ruins of the old Heathen Temples they ſhow'd me what they call the Chamber of *Venus*, that ſtands a little behind her Temple. It is wholly dark, and has ſeveral Figures on the Cieling wrought in *Stucco*, that ſeem to repreſent Luſt and Strenght by the Emblems of naked *Jupiters* and *Gladiators*, *Tritons* and *Centaurs*, &c. ſo that one would gueſs it has formerly been the Scene of many lewd Myſteries. On the other ſide of *Naples* lye the Catacombs. Theſe muſt have been full of Stench and Loathſomneſs, if the dead Bodies thay lay in 'em were left to rot in open Nitches. But upon examining 'em I find they were each of 'em ſtopp'd up, without doubt, as ſoon as the Corps was laid in it. For at the Mouth of the Nitch one always finds the Rock cut into little Channels, to faſten the Board or Marble that was to cloſe it up, and I think I did not ſee one that had not ſtill ſome Mortar ſticking in it.

In

ome I found pieces of Tiles that ex- tally'd with the Channel, and in o- s a little Wall of Bricks, that someti- ſtopp'd up above a quarter of the ch, the reſt having been broken down. *Proculus*'s Sepulchre ſeems to have had kind of Moſaic Work on its Cover- , for I obſerv'd at one End of it ſe- ral little Pieces of Marble rang'd toge- r after that manner. 'Tis probable they ere adorn'd, more or leſs, according to e Quality of the Dead. One would in- eed wonder to find ſuch a Multitude f Nitches unſtopp'd, and I can't imagine ny Body ſhould take the Pains to do it, hat was not in Queſt of ſome ſuppos'd Treaſure.

Baja was the Winter Retreat of the old *Romans*, that being the proper Seaſon to enjoy the *Bajani Soles*, and the *Mollis Lacrinus*; as on the contrary, *Tibur*, *Tuſculum*, *Praneſte*, *Alba*, *Cajeta*, *Mons Circeius*, *Anxur*, and the like airy Mountains and Promontories were their Retirement during the Heats of Summer.

Dum nos blanda tenent jucundi Stagna Lucrini,
Et quæ pumiceis fontibus antra calent,
Tu colis Argivi regnum Fauſtine coloni, Vid. Hor. L. 2. Od. 6.
Quo te bis decimus ducit ab urbe lapis.
Horrida ſed fervent Nemeæi pectora monſtri:
Nec ſatis eſt Bajas igne calere ſuo.

Ergo

Ergo Sacri fontes & littora Sacra valete,
Nympharum pariter, Nereidumque domus:
Herculeos colles gelidâ vos vincite brumâ,
Nunc Tiburtinis cedite frigoribus.

Mar. L. 1. Ep. 116.

While near the *Lucrine* Lake conſum'd to Death
I draw the ſultry Air, and gaſp for Breath,
Where Steams of Sulphur raiſe a ſtifling Heat,
And through the Pores of the warm Pumice ſweat;
You taſte the cooling Breeze, where nearer home
The Twentieth Pillar marks the Mile from *Rome*:
And now the Sun to the bright Lion turns,
And *Baja* with redoubled Fury burns;
Then briny Seas and taſteful Springs forrewel,
Where Fountain-Nymphs confus'd with *Nereids* dwell,
In Winter You may all the World deſpiſe,
But now 'tis *Tivoli* that bears the Prize.

The Natural Curioſities about *Naples* are

s numerous and extraordinary as the
ficial. I ſhall ſet 'em down, as I ha-
one the other, without any regard to
Situation. The Grotto *del Cani* is
us for the poiſonous Steams that float
n a Foot of its Surface. The Sides
e Grotto are mark'd with Green, as
as the Malignity of the Vapour rea-
The common Experiments are as
w: A Dog, that has his Noſe held
e Vapour, dies in a very little time;
cary'd into the open Air, or thrown
i Neighbouring Lake, he immediate-
covers if he is not quite gone. A
h, Smuff and all, goes out in a Mo-
when dipp'd into the Vapour. A
can't take Fire in it. I ſplit a Reed,
aid in the Channel of it a Train of
Powder, ſo that one End of the Reed
bove the Vapour, and the other at
ottom of it; and I found, tho' the
was ſtrong enough to hinder a Pi-
om taking Fire in it, and to quench
ted Torch, that it could not inter-
he Train of Fire when it had once
Flaſhing, nor hinder it from run-
to the very End. This Experiment
ated twice or thrice, to ſee if I could
diſſipate the Vapour, which I did in
at a meſure, that one might eaſily
a Piſtol in it. I obſerv'd how long
was a dying the firſt time, and af-
is Recovery, and found no ſenſible
ence. A Viper bore it Nine Minutes

the firſt time we put it in, and Ten the Second. When we brought it out after the firſt Trial, it took ſuch a vaſt quantity of Air into its Lungs, that it ſwell'd almoſt twice as big as before; and it was perhaps on this Stock of Air that it liv'd a Minute longer the ſecond time. Doctor *Connor* made a Diſcourse in one of the Academies at *Rome* upon the Subject of this Grotto, which he has ſince Printed in *England*. He attributes the Death of Animals, and the Extinction of Lights, to a great Rarefaction of the Air caus'd by the Heat and Eruption of the Steams. But how is it poſſible for theſe Steams, tho' in never ſo great quantity, to reſiſt the Preſſure of the whole Atmoſphere? And as for the Heat, it is but very inconſiderable. However, to ſatisfie my ſelf, I plac'd a Viol, well ſtopp'd up with Wax, within the Smoak of the Vapour, which would certainly have burſt in an Air rarefy'd enough to kill a Dog, or quench a Torch, but nothing follow'd upon it. However, to take away all further Doubt, I borrow'd a Weatherglaſs, and ſo fix'd it in the Grotto, that the *Stagnum* was wholly cover'd with the Vapour, but I could not perceive the Quickſilver ſunk after half an Hour's ſtanding in it. This Vapour is generally ſuppos'd to be Sulphureous, tho' I can ſee no Reaſon for ſuch a Suppoſition. He that dips his Hand in it finds no Smell that it leaves upon it; and tho'

a whole Bundle of lighted Brimſtone
hes to the Smoak, they all went out
Inſtant, as if immers'd in Water.
ever is the Compoſition of the Va-
let it have but one Quality of being
Glewy or Viſcous, and I believe it
nechanically ſolve all the *Phænomena*
Grotto. Its Unctuouſneſs will ma-
heavy, and unfit for mounting higher
t does, unleſs the Heat of the Earth,
is juſt ſtrong enough to agitate, and
t up at a little diſtance from the Sur-
were much greater than it is to ra-
nd ſcatter it. It will be too groſs
hick to keep the Lungs in play for
me, ſo that Animals will die in it
r or later, as their Blood Circulates
or faſter. Fire will live in it no
than in Water, becauſe it wraps it
the ſame manner about the Flame,
y its Continuity hinders any quanti-
Air or Nitre from coming to its
ur. The Parts of it however are
compact as thoſe of Liquors, nor
ore tenacious enough to intercept
ire that has once caught a Train of
Powder, for which Reaſon they may
te broken and diſpers'd by the Repe-
of this Experiment. There is an
ous clammy Vapour that ariſes from
um of Grapes, when they lye maſh'd
ner in the Vat, that puts out a Light
dipp'd into it, and perhaps would
away the Breath of weaker Ani-

mals, were it put to the Trial.

It would be endleſs to reckon up the differents Baths that are to be met with in a Country that ſo much abounds in Sulphur. There is ſcarce a Diſeaſe which has not one adapted to it. A Stranger is generally led into that they call *Cicero*'s Bath, and ſeveral Voyage-Writers pretend there is a cold Vapour riſing from the Bottom of it, which refreſhes thoſe that ſtoop into it. 'Tis true the Heat is much more ſupportable to one that ſtoops, than to one that ſtands upright, becauſe the Steams of Sulphur gather in the Hollow of the Arch about a Man's Head, and are therefore much thicker and warmer in that Part than at the Bottom. The Three Lakes of *Agnano*, *Avernus*, and the *Lucrin*, have now nothing in 'em particular. The *Monte Novo* was thrown out by an Eruption of Fire, that happen'd in the Place where now the Mountain ſtands. The *Sulfatara* is very ſurpriſing to one who has not ſeen Mount *Veſuvio*. But there is nothing about *Naples*, nor indeed in any Part of *Italy*, which deſerves our Admiration ſo much as this Mountain. I muſt confeſs the Idea that I had of it, did not anſwer the real Image of the Place when I came to ſee it; I ſhall therefore give the Deſcription of it as it then lay.

This Mountain ſtands at about Six *Engliſh* Miles diſtance from *Naples*, tho' by reaſon of its Height, it ſeems much nearer

o thoſe that ſurvey it from the Town. ur Way to it we paſs'd by what was of thoſe Rivers of burning Matter, ran from it in a late Eruption. This s at a diſtance like a new plow'd Land, s you come near it you ſee nothing long Heap of heavy disjointed Clods one upon another. There are innuble Cavities and Interſtices among the al Pieces, ſo that the Surface is all en and irregular. Sometimes a great ment ſtands like a Rock above the ſometimes the whole Heap lyes in a of Channel, and in other Places has ing like Banks to confine it, but riſes or Five Foot high in the open Air, out ſpreading abroad on either ſide. , I think, is a plain Demonſtration theſe Rivers were not as they are uſurepreſented, ſo many Streams of putt running Matter; for how could a id, that lay hardening by degrees, ſetn ſuch a ſorrow'd uncompact Surfa- Were the Lake a Confuſion of never any different Bodies, if they had been ctually diſſolv'd, they would at leaſt form'd one continu'd Cruſt, as we the *Scorium* of Metals always gathers a ſolid Piece, led it be compounded Thouſand Heterogeneous Parts. I apt to think therefore, that theſe huge ieldy Lumps that lye one upon ano, as if thrown together by Accident, aind in the melted Matter rigid and

unliquify'd, floating in it like Cakes of Ice in a River, and that as the Fire and Ferment gradually abated, they adjuſted themſelves together as wel as their irregular Figures would let 'em, and by this means fell into ſuch an interrupted diſorderly Heap as we now find it. What was the melted Matter lyes at the Bottom out of ſight. After having quitted the Side of this River for ſome time we came to the Roots of the Mountain, and had a very troubleſome March to gain the Top of it. It is cover'd on all Sides with a kind of burnt Earth, very dry, and crumbled into Powder, as if it had been artificially ſifted. It is very hot under the Feet, and mix'd with ſeveral burnt Stones and Cakes of Cinders, that have been thrown out at different times. A Man ſinks almoſt a Foot in the Earth, and generally loſes half a Step by ſliding backwards. When we had climb'd this Mountain we diſcover'd the Top of it to be a wide naked Plain, ſmoaking with Sulphur in ſeveral Places; and probably undermin'd with Fire, for we concluded it to be hollow by the Sound it made under our Feet. In the midſt of this Plain ſtands a high Hill in the ſhape of a Sugar-loaf, ſo very ſteep that there would be now mounting or deſcending it, were not it made up of ſuch a looſe crumbled Earth as I have before deſcrib'd. The Air of this Place muſt be ſtrangely impregnated with Salt-peter, as appears by the Specks

ks of it on the Sides of the Moun-
where one can ſcarce find a Stone
has not the Top white with it. Af-
ve had, with much ado, conquer'd
Hill, we ſaw in the midſt of it the
nt Mouth of *Veſuvio*, that goes ſhel-
down on al Sides 'till above a Hun-
Years deep, as near as we could
, and has about Three or Four Hun-
in the Diameter, for it ſeems a per-
Round. This vaſt Hollow is gene-
fill'd with Smoak, but, by the Ad-
ge of a Wind that blew for us, we
a very clear and diſtinct ſight of it.
Sides appear all over ſtain'd with
ures of White, Green, Red and Yel-
and have ſeveral Rocks ſtanding out
hem that look like pure Brimſtone.
Bottom was entirely cover'd, and
we look'd very narrowly we could ſee
ing like a Hole in it; the Smoak bre-
g thro' ſeveral imperceptible Cracks
many places. The very Middle was
Ground when we ſaw it, as we con-
ed from the Stones we flung upon it,
I queſtion not but one might then ha-
roſs'd the Bottom, and have went up
the other Side of it with very little
ger, unleſs from ſome accidental Bre-
of Wind. In the late Eruptions this
t Hollow was like a vaſt Caldron fill'd
glowing and melted Matter, which,
boil'd over in any Part, ran down
Sides of the Mountain, and made Five

ſuch

ſuch Rivers as that before-mention'd. In proportion as the Heat ſlacken'd, this burning Matter muſt have ſubſided within the Bowels of the Mountain, and as it ſunk very leiſurely had time to Cake together, and form the Bottom that covers the Mouth of that dreadful Vault that lyes underneath it. The next Eruption or Earthquake will probably break in pieces this falſe Bottom, and quite change the preſent Face of Things.

This whole Sugar-loaf Mountain has been made at ſeveral times, by the prodigious Quantities of Earth and Cinders, which have been flung up out of the Mouth that lyes in the midſt of 'em, ſo that it encreaſes in Bulk at every Eruption, the Aſhes ſtill falling down the Sides of it, like the Sand in an Hour-Glaſs. A Gentleman of *Naples* told me, that in his Memory it had gain'd Twenty Foot in Thickneſs, and I queſtion not but in length of time it will cover the whole Plain, and make one Mountain with that on which it now ſtands.

In thoſe Parts of the Sea, that are not far from the Roots of this Mountain, they find ſometimes a very fragrant Oil, which is ſold dear, and makes a rich Perfume. The Surface of the Sea is, for a little Space, cover'd with its Bubbles during the time that it riſes, which they skim off into their Boats, and afterwards ſet a ſeparating in Pots and Jars. They ſay its Sour-

ces

never run but in a calm warm Wea-
The Agitations of the Water per-
hinder 'em from diſcovering it at o-
times.

nong the Natural Curioſities of *Na-*
I can't forbear mentioning their man-
of furniſhing the Town with Snow,
h they here uſe inſtead of Ice, becau-
s they ſay, it cools or congeals any
or ſooner. There is a great Quantity
conſum'd yearly, for they drink very
Liquors, not ſo much as Water, that
not lain in *Freſco*, and every Body,
the higheſt to the loweſt, makes uſe
; inſomuch that a Scarcity of Snow
d raiſe a Mutiny at *Naples*, as much
Dearth of Corn or Proviſions in ano-
Country. To prevent this the King
ſold the Monopoly of it to certain
ons, who are oblig'd to furniſh the Ci-
ith it all the Year at ſo much the
nd. They have a high Mountain at a-
Eighteen Miles from the Town,
h has ſeveral Pits dug into it. Here
employ many poor People at ſuch a
on of the Year to roll in vaſt Balls
now, which they ram together, and
er from the Sun-ſhine. Out of the-
Reſervoirs of Snow they cut ſeveral
ps, as they have occaſion for 'em,
ſend 'em on Aſſes to the Sea-ſi-
where they are carry'd off in Boats,
diſtributed to ſeveral Shops at a
ed Price, that from time to time
ly the whole City of *Naples*. While

the *Banditti* continu'd their Diſorders in this Kingdom, they often put the Snow-Merchants under Contribution, and threaten'd 'em, if they appear'd tardy in their Payments, to deſtroy their Magazines, which they ſay might eaſily have been effected by the Infuſion of ſome Barrels of Oil.

It would have been tedious to have put down the many Deſcriptions that the *Latin* Poets have made of ſeveral of the Places mention'd in this Chapter: I ſhall therefore conclude it with the general Map which *Silius Italicus* has given us of this great Bay of *Naples*. Moſt of the Places he mentions lye within the ſame Proſpect, and if I have paſs'd over any of 'em, it is becauſe I ſhall take 'em in my Way by Sea, from *Naples* to *Rome*.

Stagna inter celebrem nunc mitia monſtrat Avernum,
Tum triſti nemore atque umbris nigrantibus horrens,
Et formidatus volucri, lethale vomebat
Suffuſo virus cælo, Stygiâque per urbes
Religione ſacer, ſævum retinebat honorem.
Hinc vicina palus, fama eſt Acherontis ad undas
Pandere iter, cæcas ſtagnante voragine fauces
Laxat & horrendos aperit telluris hiatus,
Interdumque novo perturbat lumine manes.

Juxta

a caligante ſitu longumque per ævum
is preſſas nebulis pallente ſub umbrâ
erias jacuiſſe domos, noctemque profundam
reæ narrant urbis: tum ſulphure & igni
r anhelantes, coctoque bitumine campos
ant: tellus atro exundante vapore
ans, uſtiſque diu calefacta medullis
t & Stygios exhalat in aëra flatus,
rit, & tremulis metuendum exibilat antris,
dumque cavas luctatus rumpere ſedes,
xire foras, ſonitu lugubre minaci
iber immugit, laceratæque viſcera terræ
lit, & exeſos labefactat marmare montes.
unt Herculeâ proſtratos mole Gigantes
rem injectam quatere, & ſpiramine anhelo
ri late campos, quotieſque minatur
bere compagem impoſitam, expalleſcere cœ-
m.
ret procul Inarime, quæ turbine nigro
antem premit Japetum, flammaſque rebelli
jectantem, & ſiquando evadere detur
Jovi rurſus ſuperiſque iterare volentem.
ſtrantur Veſeva juga, atque in vertice Summo
ſti flammis ſcopuli, fractuſque ruinâ
s circùm, atque Ætnæ fatis certantia Saxa.
non Miſenum ſervantem Idæa ſepulchro

Nomina, & Herculeos videt ipſo littore Baulos.
L. 12.

Averno next he ſhow'd his wond'ring Gueſt,
Averno now with milder Virtues bleſs'd;
Black with ſurrounding Foreſts then it ſtood,
That hung above, and darken'd all the Flood,
Clouds of unwholeſome Vapours rais'd on high,
The flutt'ring Bird entangled in the Sky,
Whilſt all around the gloomy Proſpect ſpread
An awful Horror, and religious Dread.
Hence to the Borders of the Marſh they go,
That mingles with the baleful Streams below,
And ſometimes with a mighty Yawn 'tis ſaid,
Opens a diſmal Paſſage to the Dead,
That pale with Fear the rending Earth ſurvey,
And ſtartle at the ſudden Flaſh of Day.
The dark *Cimmerian* Grotto then he Paints,
Deſcribing al its old Inhabitants,
That in the deep Infernal City dwell'd,

And

lay in everlasting Night conceal'd.
ancing still, the spacious Fields he
ow'd,
t with the smother'd Heat of Brimsto-
e glow'd;
ough frequent Cracks the steaming Sul-
ur broke,
cover'd all the blasted Plain with
noke:
rison'd Fires, in the close Dungeons
ent
r to get loose, and struggle for a Vent,
ng their Way, and undermining all,
l with a mighty Burst whole Mountains
ll.
e, as 'tis said, the Rebel Giants lye,
l when to move th' incumbent Load
ey try,
ending Vapours on the Day prevail,
e Sun looks sickly, and the Skies grow
ale.
xt to the distant Isle his Sight he turns
at o'er the Thunderstruck *Tiphæus* burns:
rag'd, his wide extended Jaws expire
angry Wirl-winds, Blasphemies and Fire,
reat'ning, if loosen'd from his dire A-
podes,

Again to challenge *Jove*, and fight the Gods.
On Mount *Veſuvio* next he fix'd his Eyes,
And ſaw the ſmoaking Tops confus'dly riſe;
(A hideous Ruin!) that with Eartquakes rent
A Second *Ætna* to the View preſent.
Miſeno's Cape, and *Bauli* laſt he view'd,
That on the Sea's extreameſt Borders ſtood.

Silius Italicus here takes notice, that the poiſonous Vapours which aroſe from the Lake *Averno* in *Hannibal's* Time, were quite diſpers'd at the time that he wrote his Poem; becauſe *Agrippa*, who liv'd between *Hannibal* and *Silius*, had cut down the Woods that enclos'd the Lake, and hinder'd theſe noxious Steams from diſſipating, which were immediately ſcatter'd as ſoon as the Winds and freſh Air were let in among 'em.

THE

THE

LE of *CAPREA.*

Aving ſtay'd longer at *Naples* than I at firſt deſign'd, I could not diſpence ny ſelf from making a little Voyage Iſle of *Caprea*, as being very deſirous a Place that had been the Retirement *uſtus* for ſome time, and the reſidence *erius* for ſeveral Years. The Iſland Four Miles in Lenght from Eaſt to , and about one in Breadth. The ern Part, for about Two Miles in nt, is a continu'd Rock vaſtly high, naccеſſible on the Sea-ſide. It has ver the greateſt Town in the Iſland, oes under the Name of *Ano-Caprea*, s in ſeveral Places cover'd with a very l Soil. The Eaſtern End of the Iſle up in Precipices very near as high, not quite ſo long, as the Weſtern. een theſe Eaſtern and Weſtern Moun- lyes a Slip of lower Ground, that runs the Iſland, and is one of the plea- t Spots that I have ever ſeen. It is 'd with Vines. Figs, Oranges, Al- s, Olives, Myrtles, and Fields of , which look extreamly freſh and beau- tiful,

tiful, and make up the most delightful little Landskip imaginable, when they are survey'd from the Tops of the neigbouring Mountains. Here stands the Town of *Caprea*, the Bishops Palace, and Two or Three Convents. In the midst of this fruitful Tract of Land rises a Hill, that was probably cover'd with Buildings in *Tiberius's* Time. There are still several Ruins on the Sides of it, and about the Top are found Two or Three dark Galleries low built, and cover'd with Mason's-Work, tho' at present they appear over-grown with Grass. I enter'd one of 'em that is a Hundred Paces in Lenght. I observ'd, as some of the Countrymen were digging into the Sides of this Mountain, that what I took for solid Earth was only Heaps of Brick, Stone, and other Rubbish, skinn'd over with a Covering of Vegetables. But the most considerable Ruin is that which stands on the very Extremity of the Eastern Promontory, where there are still some Apartments left, very high and arch'd at Top. I have not indeed seen the Remains of any ancient *Roman* Buildings, that have not been Roof'd with either Vaults or Arches. The Rooms I am mentioning stand deep in the Earth, and have nothing like Windows or Chimnies, which makes me think they were formerly either Bathing Places or Reservoirs of Water. An old Hermit lives at present among the Ruins of this Palace, who lost his Companion a few Years ago by a Fall from the Precipice.

He

told me they had often found Medals
Pipes of Lead, as they dug among the
bbish, and that not many Years ago they
over'd a pav'd Road running under
ound; from the Top of the Mountain
he Sea-side, which was afterwards con-
'd to me by a Gentleman of the Island.
re is a very noble Prospect from this
e. On the one side lyes a vast Extent
eas, that runs abroad further than the
can reach. Just opposite stands the
en Promontory of *Surrentum*, and on
other side the whole Circuit of the Bay
Naples. This Prospect, according to
us, was more agreeable before the
ing of *Vesuvio*; that Mountain proba-
which after the first Eruption look'd
a great Pile of Ashes, was in *Tiberius*'s
e shaded with Woods and Vineyards;
think *Martial*'s Epigram may here ser-
s a Comment to *Tacitus*.

st pampineis viridis Vesuvius umbris,
esserat hic madidos nobilis uva lacus.
juga quàm Nisæ, colles plùs Bacchus amavit:
c nuper Satyri monte dedere choros.
Veneris sedes, Lacedæmone gratior illi;
c locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat.
a jacent flammis & tristi mersa favillâ!
c superi vellent hoc licuisse sibi.

L. 4. Ep. 10.

Veſuvio, cover'd with the fruitful Vine,
Here flouriſh'd once, and ran with Floods of Wine,
Here *Bacchus* oft to the cool ſhades retir'd,
And his own Native *Niſa* leſs admir'd;
Oft to the Mountain's airy Tops advanc'd,
The friſking Satyrs on the Summets danc'd;
Alcides here, here *Venus* grac'd the Shore,
Nor lov'd her Fav'rite *Lacedæmon* more:
Now Piles of Aſhes, ſpreading all around,
In undiſtinguiſh'd Heaps deform the Ground,
The Gods themſelves the ruin'd Seats bemoan,
And blame the Miſchiefs that themſelves have done.

This View muſt ſtill have been more pleaſant, when the whole Bay was encompaſs'd with ſo long a Range of Buildings, that it appear'd to thoſe, who look'd on it at a diſtance, but as one continu'd City. On both the Shores of that fruitful Bottom, which I have before-mention'd, are ſtill to be ſeen the Marks of ancient Edifices: Particularly on that which looks toward the South there is a little kind of Mole, that ſeems to have been the Foundation of a Palace; unleſs we may ſuppoſe that the *Pharos* of *Caprea* ſtood there, which *Statius* takes notice of in his Poem

em that invites his Wife to *Naples*, and I think, the most natural among the e.

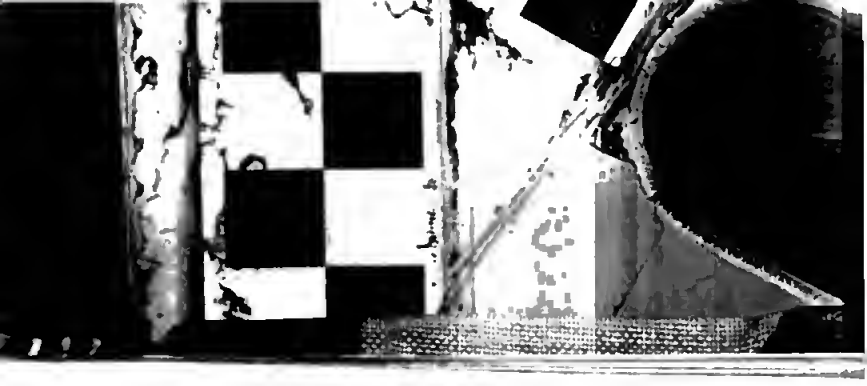
desunt variæ circùm oblectamina vitæ,
Vaporiferas, blandissima littora, Bajas,
ea fatidicæ seu visere tecta Sibyllæ,
e sit, Iliacoque jugum memorabile remo:
ibi Bacchei vineta madentia Gauri,
oumque domos, trepidis ubi dulcia nautis
na noctivagæ tollit Pharus æmula luxæ
que non molli juga Surrentina Lyæo. L. 3.

blissful Seats with endless Pleasures
w,
ther to *Baja*'s Sunny Shores you go,
view the Sulphur to the Beaths con-
'd,
he dark Grotte of the Prophetick
aid,
eep *Miseno* from the *Trojan* nam'd,
aurus for its flowing Vintage fam'd,
Caprea, where the Lanthorn fix'd on
h
s like a Moon through the benighted
,
e by its Beams the wary Sailor steers,

Or where *Surrentum*, clad in Vines, appears.

They found in *Ano-Capreæ*, some Years ago, a Statue and a rich Pavement under Ground, as they had occasion to turn up the Earth that lay upon 'em. One still sees, on the Bendings of these Mountains, the Marks of several ancient Scales of Stairs by which they us'd to ascend 'em. The whole Island is so unequal that there were but few Diversions to be found in it without Doors, but what recommended it most to *Tiberius* was its wholsome Air, which is warm in Winter and cool in Summer, and its inaccessible Coasts, which are generally so very steep, that a handful of Men might defend 'em against a powerful Army.

We need not doubt but *Tiberius* had his different Residences, according as the Seasons of the Year, and his different Sets of Pleasures requir'd. *Suetonius* says, *Duodecim Villas totidem nominibus ornavit.* The whole Island was probably cut into several easie Ascents, planted with Variety of Palaces, and adorn'd with as great a Multitude of Groves and Gardens as the Situation of the Place would suffer. The Works under Ground were however more extraordinary than those above it: For the Rocks were all undermin'd with High-ways, Grotto's, Galleries, Bagnio's, and several Subterraneous Retirements, that suited with the



the Brutal Pleaſures of the Emperor. One would indeed very much wonder to ſee ſuch ſmall Appearances of the many Works of Art, that were formerly to be met with in this Iſland, were we not told that the *Romans*, after the Death of *Tiberius*, ſent hither an Army of Pioneers on purpoſe to Demoliſh the Buildings, and deface the Beauties of the Iſland.

In ſailing round *Caprea* we were entertain'd with many rude Proſpects of Rocks and Precipices, that riſe in ſeveral Places half a Mile high in Perpendicular. At the Bottom of 'em are Caves and Grotto's, that have been form'd by the continual breaking of the Waves upon 'em. I enter'd one which the Inhabitants call *Grotto Oſcuro*, and after the Light of the Sun was a little worn off my Eyes, could ſee all the Parts of it diſtinctly, by a glimmering Reflection that play'd upon 'em from the Surface of the Water. The Mouth is low and narrow, but after having enter'd pretty far in, the Grotto opens it ſelf on both Sides in an Oval Figure of an Hundred Yards from one Extremity to the other, as we were told, for it would not have been ſafe meaſuring it. The Roof is vaulted, and Diſtils freſh Water from every Part of it, that fell upon us as faſt as the firſt Droppings of a Shower. The Inhabitants and *Neapolitans* who have heard of *Tiberius*'s Grotto's will have this to be one of 'em, but there are ſeveral Reaſons that ſhow it to be natural. For

beſides the little uſe that we can conceive of ſuch a dark Cavern of Salt Waters, there are no where any Marks of the Chiſſel; the Sides are of a ſoft mouldering Stone, and one ſees many of the like hollow Spaces worn in the Bottoms of the Rocks, as they are more or leſs able to reſiſt the Impreſſions of the Water that beats againſt 'em.

Not far from this Grotto lye the *Sirenum Scopuli*, that *Virgil* and *Ovid* mention in *Æneas*'s Voyage; they are Two or Three ſharp Rocks that ſtand about a Stone's Throw from the South-ſide of the Iſland, and are generally beaten by Waves and Tempeſts, which are much more violent on the South than on the North of *Caprea*.

Jamque adeo Scopulos Sirenum advecta ſubibat
Difficiles quondam, multorumque oſſibus albos,
Tum rauca aſſiduo longè ſale ſaxa ſonabant.
Æn.

Glides by the *Syren*'s Cliffs, a ſhelfy Coaſt,
Long infamous for Ships, and Sailors loſt,
And white with Bones: Th' impetuous Oçean roars,
And Rocks rebellow from the ſounding Shores. *Dryden.*

I have before ſaid that they often find Medals in this Iſland. Many of thoſe they call

call the *Spintriæ*, which *Aretin* has copy'd, have been dug up here. I know none of the Antiquaries that have written on this Subject, and find nothing satisfactory of it where I thought it most likely to be met with, in *Patin*'s Edition of *Suetonius* illustrated by Medals. Those I have convers'd with about it, are of Opinion they were made to ridicule the Brutality of *Tiberius*, tho' I can't but believe they were stamp'd by his Order. They are unquestionably Antique, and no bigger than Medals of the Third Magnitude. They bear on one Side some lewd Invention of that Hellish Society which *Suetonius* calls *Monstrosi concubitûs repertores*, and on the other the Number of the Medal. I have seen of 'em as high as to Twenty. I can't think they were made as a Jest on the Emperor, because Raillery on Coins is of a Modern Date. I know but Two in the Upper Empire, besides the *Spintriæ*, that lye under any Suspicion of it. The first is one of *Marcus Aurelius*, where, in Compliment to the Emperor and Empress, they have stamp'd on the Reverse the Figure of *Venus* caressing *Mars*, and endeavouring to detain him from the Wars.

——*Quoniam belli fera mœnera Mavors*
Armipotens regit, in gremium qui sæpe Tuum se
Rejicit, æterno devinctus vulnere amoris.

Luer. L. 1.

The

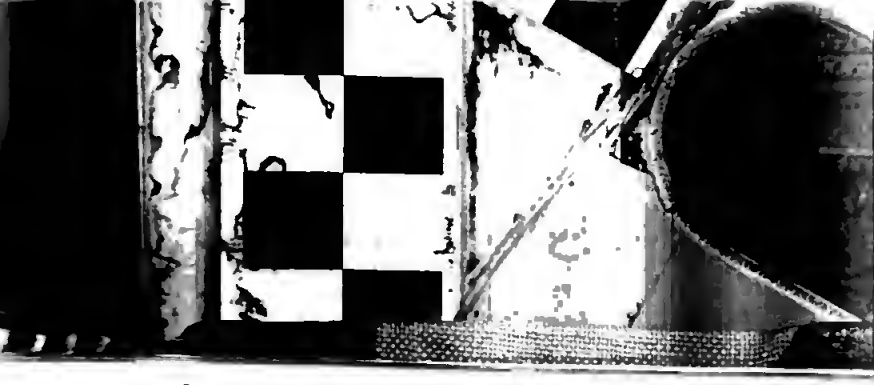
The *Venus* has *Faustina*'s Face, her Lover is a naked Figure with a Helmet on his Head, and a Shield on his Arm.

Tu scabie freneris mali quod in Aggere rodit,
Qui tegitur parmâ & galeâ---- Juv. Sat. 5.

This unluckily brings to Mind *Faustina*'s Fondness for the Gladiator, and is therefore interpreted by many as a hidden Piece of Satyr. But besides, that such a Thought was inconsistent with the Gravity of a Senate, how can one imagine that the Fathers would have dar'd Affront the Wife of *Aurelius*, and the Mother of *Commodus*, or that they could think of giving Offence to an Empress whom they afterwards deify'd, and to an Emperor that was the Darling of the Army and People?

The other Medal is a Golden one of *Galienus*, preserv'd in the *French* King's Cabinet; it is inscrib'd *Galliena Augustæ*, *Pax Ubique*, and was stamp'd at a time when the Emperor's Father was in Bondage, and the Empire torn in Pieces by several Pretenders to it. Yet, if one considers the strange Stupidity of this Emperor, with the senseless Security which appears in several of his Sayings that are still left on Record, one may very well believe this Coin was of his own Invention. We may be sure, if Raillery had once enter'd the old *Roman* Coins, we should have been over-stock'd with Medals of that Nature; if we consider

there



there were often Rival Emperors proclaim'd at the same time, who endeavour'd at the lessening of each others Character, and that most of 'em were succeeded by such as were Enemies to their Predecessor. These Medals of *Tiberius* were never current Mony, but rather of the Nature of Medalions, which seem to have been made on purpose to perpetuate the Discoveries of that infamous Society. *Suetonius* tells us, that their monstrous Inventions were Register'd several ways, and preserv'd in the Emperor's private Apartments. *Cubicula plurifariam disposita tabellis ac Sigillis lasciviss-imarum picturarum & figurarum adornavit, libris-que Elephantidis instruxit: ne cui in Operâ edenda exemplar inpetratæ Schemæ deesset.* The *Elephantis* here mention'd is probably the same that *Martial* takes notice of for her Book of Postures. Vid. Martial. Lib. 12. Ep. 43.

In Sabellum.

Facundos mihi de libidinosis
Legisti nimium Sabelle versus,
Quales nec didymi sciunt puellæ,
Nec molles Elephantidos libelli.
Sunt illic Veneris novæ figuræ:
Quales, &c. Lib. 12. Ep. 43.

Ovid mentions the same kind of Pictures that found a Place even in *Augustus*'s Cabinet.

Sciliſcet in domibus veſtris, ut priſca virorum
Artifici fulgent corpora picta manu;
Sic qua concubitus varios Veneriſque figuras
Exprimat, eſt aliquo parva tabella loco.

De Triſt. Lib. 2.

There are ſeveral of the *Sigilla*, or Seals, that *Suetonius* ſpeaks of, to be met with in Collections of ancient *Intaglio's*.

But, I think, what puts it beyond all doubt that theſe Coins were rather made by the Emperor's Order, than as a Satyr on him, is becauſe they are now found in the very Place that was the Scene of theſe his unnatural Luſts.

——— Quem rupes Caprearum tetra latebit
Inceſto poſſeſſa Seni? ———

Cl. de 4to Conſ. Hon.

Who has not heard of *Caprea*'s guilty Shore,
Polluted by the Rank old Emperor?

FROM

FROM

NAPLES

TO

ROME, by SEA.

I Took a Faloucque at *Naples* to carry me to *Rome*, that I might not be forc'd to run over the ſame Sights a Second time, and might have an Opportunity of ſeeing many things that lye in a Road which our Voyage-Writers have not ſo particularly deſcrib'd. As in my Journey from *Rome* to *Naples* I had *Horace* for my Guide, ſo I had the Pleaſure of ſeeing my Voyage, from *Naples* to *Rome*, deſcrib'd by *Virgil*. It is indeed much eaſier to trace out the Way that *Æneas* took, than that of *Horace*, becauſe *Virgil* has mark'd it out by Capes, Iſlands and other Parts of Nature, which are not ſo ſubject to change or decay as are Towns, Cities, and the Works of Art. Mount *Pauſilypo* makes a beautiful Proſpect, to thoſe who paſs by it: At a ſmall diſtance from it lyes the

little Iſland of *Niſida*, cover'd over with a great Variety of Plantations, riſing one above another in ſo beautiful an Order, that the whole Iſland looks like a large Terrace-Garden. It has in it Two little Ports, and is not at preſent troubled with any of thoſe noxious Steams that *Lucan* mentions.

——*Tali ſpiramine Neſis*
Emittit Stygium nebuloſis Aëra ſaxis. Lib. 6.

Neſi's high Rocks ſuch *Stygian* Air produce,
And the blue breathing Peſtilence diffuſe.

From *Niſida* we row'd to Cape *Miſeno*. The Extremity of this Cape has a long Cleft in it, which was enlarg'd and cut into Shape by *Agrippa*, who made this the great Port for the *Roman* Fleet that ſerv'd in the Mediterranean; as that of *Ravenna* held the Ships deſign'd for the *Adriatic* and *Archipelago*. The higheſt End of this Promontory riſes in the faſhion of a Sepulchre or Monument to thoſe that ſurvey it from the Land, which perhaps might occaſion *Virgil*'s burying *Miſenus* under it. I have ſeen a grave *Italian* Author, who has written a very large Book, on the *Campania Felice*, that from *Virgil*'s Deſcription of this Mountain, concludes it was call'd *Aërius* before *Miſenus* had given it a new Name.

At pius Æneas ingenti mole Sepulchrum
Imponit, ſuaque arma viro remumque tubamque
Monte ſub Aerio, qui nunc Miſenus ab illo
Dicitur, æternumque tenet per ſæcula nomen.

Æn. L. 6.

There are ſtill to be ſeen a few Ruins of old *Miſenum*, but the moſt conſiderable Antiquity of the Place is a Set of Galleries that are hewn into the Rock, and are much more ſpacious than the *Piſcina Mirabilis*. Some will have 'em to have been a Reſervoir of Water, but others more probably ſuppoſe 'em to have been *Nero*'s Baths. I lay the firſt Night on the Iſle of *Procita*, that is pretty well cultivated, and contains about Four Thouſand Inhabitants, who are all Vaſſals to the Marquis *de Vaſto*.

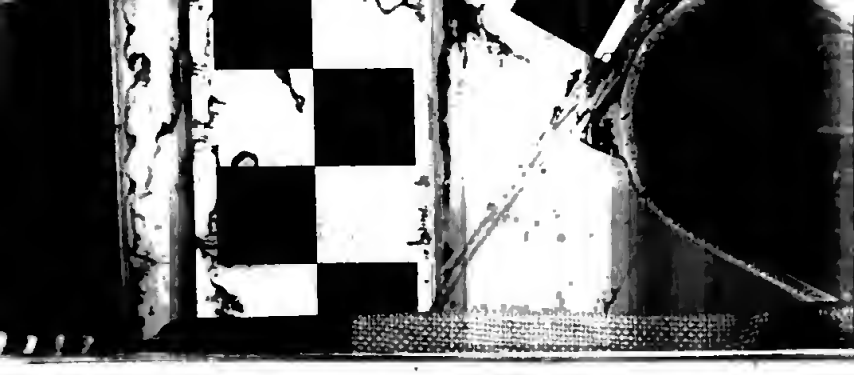
The next Morning I went to ſee the Iſle of *Iſchia*, that ſtands further out into the Sea. The ancient Poets call it *Inarime*, and lay *Typhæus* under it, by reaſon of its Eruptions of Fire. There has been no Eruption for near theſe Three Hundred Years. The laſt was very terrible, and deſtroy'd a whole City. At preſent there are ſcarce any Marks left of a Subterraneous Fire, for the Earth is cold, and cover'd with Graſs and Shrubs, where the Rocks will ſuffer it. There are indeed ſeveral little Cracks in it, thro' which there iſſues a conſtant Smoke, but 'tis probable this ariſes

from the warm Springs that feed the many Baths with which this Iſlands is plentifully ſtock'd. I obſerv'd, about one of theſe Breathing Paſſages, a Spot of Myrtles that flouriſh within the Steam of theſe Vapours, and have a continual Moiſture hanging upon 'em. On the South of *Iſchia* lyes a round Lake of about Three Quarters of a Mile Diameter, ſeparate from the Sea by a narrow Tract of Land. It was formerly a *Roman* Port. On the North End of the Iſland ſtands the Town and Caſtle, on an exceeding high Rock, divided from the Body of the Iſland, and inacceſſible to an Enemy on all Sides. This Iſland is larger, but much more Rocky and Barren than *Procita*. *Virgil* makes 'em both ſhake at the Fall of part of the Mole of *Baja*, that ſtood at a few Miles diſtance from 'em.

Qualis in Euböico Bajarum littore quondam
Saxea pila cadit, magnis quam molibus ante.
Conſtructam jaciunt pelago: Sic illa ruinam
Prona trahit, penituſque vadis illiſa recumbit;
Miſcent ſe maria & nigræ attolluntur arenæ:
Tum ſonitu Prochita alta tremit, durumque cubile
Inarime, Jovis Imperiis impoſta Typhao. Æn. 9.

Not with leſs Ruin than the *Bajan* Mole
(Rais'd on the Seas the Surges to control).

At



At once comes tumbling down the rocky Wall,
Prone to the Deep the Stones disjointed fall
Off the vaſt Pile; the ſcatter'd Ocean flies;
Black Sands, diſcolour'd Froth, and mingled Mud ariſe.
The frighted Billows roll, and ſeek the Shores:
Trembles high *Prochyta*, and *Iſchia* roars:
Typhœus roars beneath, by *Jove*'s Command,
Aſtoniſh'd at the Flaw that ſhakes the Land.
Soon ſhifts his weary Side, and ſcarce awake,
With Wonder feels the Weight preſs lighter on his Back. *Dryden.*

I don't ſee why *Virgil* in this noble Compariſon has given the Epithet of *Alta* to *Procita*, for it is not only no high Iſland in it ſelf, but is much lower than *Iſchia*, and all the Points of Land that lye within its Nigbourhood. I ſhould think *Alta* was join'd adverbially with *Tremit*, did *Virgil* make uſe of ſo Equivocal a Syntax. I cannot forbear inſerting in this Place the lame Imitation that *Silius Italicus* has made of the foregoing Paſſage.

Haud aliter ſtructo Tyrrhena ad littora Saxo,

Pa-

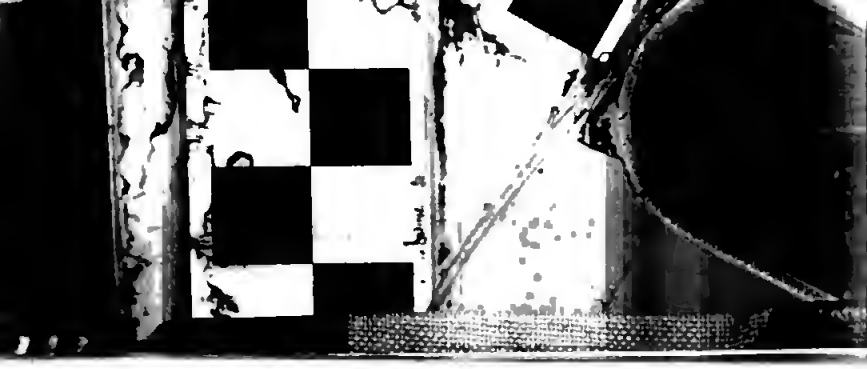
Pugnatura fretis ſubter cæciſque procellis
Pila immane ſonans, impingitur ardua ponto;
Immugit Nereus, diviſaque cærula pulſu
Illiſum accipiunt irata ſub æquora montem. L. 4.

So a vaſt Fragment of the *Bajan* Mole,
That, fix'd amidſt the *Tyrrhene* Waters, braves
The beating Tempeſts and inſulting Waves,
Thrown from its Baſis with a dreadful Sound,
Daſhes the broken Billows all around,
And with reſiſtles Force the Surface cleaves,
That in its angry Waves the falling Rock receives.

The next Morning going to *Cuma* thro' a very pleaſant Path, by the *Mare Mortuum*, and the *Eliſian* Fields, we ſaw in our Way a great many Ruins of Sepulchres, and other ancient Edifices. *Cuma* is at preſent utterly deſtitute of Inhabitants, ſo much is it chang'd ſince *Lucan*'s Time, if the Poem to *Piſo* be his.

——*Acidaliâ quæ condidit Alite muros*
Euboicam referens facunda Neapolis urbem.

Where the fam'd Walls of fruitful *Naples* lye,
That



That may for Multitudes with *Cuma* vie.

They ſhow here the Remains of *Apollo*'s Temple, which all the Writers of the Antiquities of this Place ſuppoſe to have been the ſame *Virgil* deſcribes in his Sixth *Æneid*, as built by *Dædalus*, and that the very Story which *Virgil* there mentions, was actually Engraven on the Front of it.

Redditus his primùm terris tibi Phœbe Sacravit
Remigium Alarum, poſuitque immania Templa.
In foribus lethum Androgeo, tum pendere pœnas
Cecropidæ juſſi, miſerum! Septena quotannis
Corpora Natorum: Stat ductis ſortibus urna.
Contra elatâ mari reſpondet Gnoſſia tellus, &c.
Æn. 6.

To the *Cumean* Coaſt at lenght he came,
And, here alighting, built his coſtly Frame,
Inſcrib'd to *Phœbus*, here he hung on high
The Steerage of his Wings that cut the Sky;
Then o'er the lofty Gate his Art emboſs'd
Androgeo's Death, and Off'rings to his Ghoſt
Sev'n Youths from *Athens* yearly ſent, to meet
The Fate appointed by revengeful *Creet*;

And next to thoſe the dreadful Urn was plac'd,
In which the diſtin'd Names by Lots were caſt. *Dryden.*

Among other Subterraneous Works there is the beginning of a Paſſage, which is ſtopp'd up within leſs than a Hundred Yards of the Entrance, by the Earth that is fallen into it. They ſuppoſe it to have been the other Mouth of the *Sibyl*'s Grotto. It lyes indeed in the ſame Line with the Entrance near the *Avernus*, is fac'd alike with the *Opus Reticulatum*, and has ſtill the Marks of Chambers that have been cut into the Sides of it. Among the many Fables and Conjectures that have been made on this Grotto, I think it is highly probable, that it was one inhabited by ſuch as perhaps thought it a better ſhelter againſt the Sun than any other kind of Building, or at leaſt that it was made with ſmaller Trouble and Expence. As for the Moſaic, and other Works that may be found in it, they may very well have been added in later Ages, according as they thought fit to put the Place to different Uſes. The Story of the *Cimmerians* is indeed clogg'd with Improbabilities, as *Strabo* relates it, but it is very likely there was in it ſome Foundation of Truth. *Homer*'s Deſcription of the *Cimmerians*, whom he places in theſe Parts, anſwers very well to the Inhabitants of

ſuch

ſuch a long dark Cavern.

The gloomy Race, in Subterraneous Cells,
Among ſurrounding Shades and Darkneſs dwells;
Hid in th' unwholſome Covert of the Night,
They ſhun th' Approaches of the chearful Light:
The Sun ne'er viſits their obſcure Retreats;
Nor when he runs his Courſe, nor when he ſets.
Unhappy Mortals! —— *Od. L. 10.*

Tu quoque littoribus noſtris, Æneia nutrix,
Æternam moriens famam Cajeta dediſti:
Et nunc ſervat honos ſedem tuus, oſſaque nomen
Heſperiâ in magnâ, ſi qua eſt ea gloria, ſignat.
Æn. 7.

And thou, O Matron of Immortal Fame,
Here dying, to the Shore haſt left thy Name:
Cajeta ſtill the Place is call'd from Thee,
The Nurſe of great *Æneas's* Infancy.
Here reſt thy Bones in rich *Heſperia's* Plains;
Thy Name ('tis all a Ghoſt can have) remains. *Drydin.*

I saw at *Cajeta* the Rock of Marble, said to be cleft by an Earthquake at our Saviour's Death. There is written over the Chappel Door, that leads into the Crack, the Words of the Evangelist, *Ecce terræ-motus factus est magnus.* I believe every one who sees this vast Rent in so high a Rock, and observes how exactly the Convex Parts of one Side tally with the Concave of the other, must be satisfy'd that it was the Effect of an Earthquake, tho' I question not but it either happen'd long before the Time of the *Latin* Writers, or in the darker Ages since, for otherwise I can't but think they would have taken notice of its Original. The Port, Town, Castle, and Antiquities of this Place have been often describ'd.

We touch'd next at *Monte Circeio*, which *Homer* calls *Insula Æëa*, whether it be that it was formerly an Island, or that the *Greek* Sailors of his Time thought it so. It is certain they might easily have been deceiv'd by its appearance, as being a very high Mountain join'd to the main Land by a narrow Tract of Earth, that is many Miles in Lenght, and almost of a Level with the Surface of the Water. The End of this Promontory is very rocky, and mightily expos'd to the Winds and Waves, which perhaps gave the first Rise to the Howlings of Wolves, and the Roarings of Lions, that us'd to be heard thence, which I had a very lively Idea of, being forc'd to lye un-

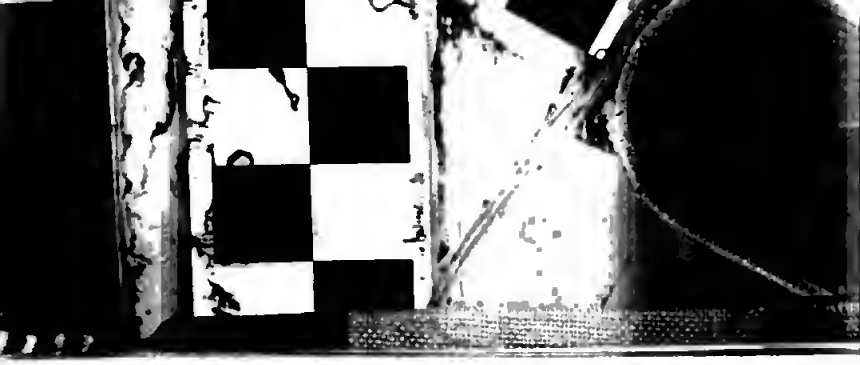
under it a whole Night. *Virgil*'s Deſcription of *Æneas* paſſing by this Coaſt can never be enough admir'd. It is worth while to obſerve how, to heighten the Horror of the Deſcription, he has prepar'd the Reader's Mind, by the Solemnity of *Cajeta*'s Funeral, and the dead Stilneſs of the Night.

At pius exequiis Æneas rite ſolutis
Aggere compoſito tumuli, poſtquam alta quiêrunt
Æquora, tendit iter velis, portumque relinquit.
Adſpirant auræ in noctem, nec candida curſus
Luna negat: Splendet tremulo ſub lumine pontus
Proxima Circeæ raduntur littora terræ:
Dives inacceſſos ubi ſolis filia lucos
Aſſiduo reſonat cantu, tectiſque ſuperbis
Urit odoratam nocturna in lumina cedrum,
Arguto tenues percurrens pectine telas:
Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque Leonum
Vincla recuſantum, & ſerâ ſub nocte rudentum:
Setigerique ſues, atque in præſepibus urſi,
Sævire ac formæ magnorum ululare luporum:
Quos hominum ex facie Dea ſæva potentibus herbis
Induerat Circe in vultus ac terga ferarum.
Quæ nè monſtra pii paterentur talia Troes
Delati in portus, neu littora dira ſubirent,
Neptunus ventis implevit vela ſecundis:

Atque fugam dedit, & prater vada fervida vexit.
Æn. L. 7.

Now, when the Prince her Fun'ral Rites had paid,
He plow'd the *Tyrrhene* Seas with Sails display'd.
From Land a gentle Breeze aroſe, by Night
Serenely ſhone the Stars, the Moon was bright,
And the Sea trembled with her Silver Light.
Now near the Shelves of *Circe*'s Shores they run,
(*Circe* the rich, the Daughter of the Sun)
A dang'rous Coaſt: the Goddeſs waſtes her Days
In joyous Songs, the Rocks reſound her Lays:
In Spinning, or the Loom, ſhe ſpends her Night,
And Cedar Brands ſupply her Father's Light.
From hence were heard, (rebellowing to the Main)
The Roars of Lions that refuſe the Chain,

The



The Grunts of briſtled Boars, and Groans of Bears,
And Herds of Howling Wolves that ſtun the Sailor's Ears.
Theſe from their Caverns, at the Cloſe of Night,
Fill the ſad Iſle with Horror and Affright.
Darkling they mourn their Fate, whom *Circe*'s Pow'r,
(That watch'd the Moon, and Planetary Hour,
With Words and wicked Herbs, from Human kind
Had alter'd, and in Brutal Shapes confin'd.
Which Monſters, leſt the *Trojan*'s Pious Hoſt
Should bear, or touch upon th' inchanted Coaſt;
Propitious *Neptune* ſteer'd their Courſe by Night
With riſing Gales, that ſped their happy Flight. *Dryden.*

Virgil calls this Promontory *Æëa Inſula Circes* in the Third *Æneid*, but 'tis the Heroe, and not the Poet that ſpeaks. It may however be look'd upon as an Intimation, that he himſelf thought it an Iſland in *Æ-*

neas's

neas's Time. As for the thick Woods, which not only *Virgil* but *Homer* mentions, in the beautiful Deſcription that *Plutarch* and *Longinus* have taken notice of, they are moſt of 'em grubb'd up ſince the Promontory has been cultivated and inhabited, tho' there are ſtill many Spots of it that ſhow the natural Inclination of the Soil leans that way.

The next Place we touch'd upon was *Nettuno*, where we found nothing remarkable beſides the extream Poverty and Lazineſs of the Inhabitants. At Two Miles diſtance from it lye the Ruins of *Antium*, that are ſpread over a great Circuit of Land. There are ſtill left the Foundations of ſeveral Buildings, and what are always the laſt Parts that periſh in a Ruin, many Subterraneous Grotto's and Paſſages of a great Lenght. The Foundations of *Nero*'s Port are ſtill to be ſeen. It was altogether Artificial and compos'd of huge Moles running round it, in a kind of Circular Figure, except where the Ships were to enter, and had about Three Quarters of a Mile in its ſhorteſt Diameter. Tho' the making of this Port muſt have coſt prodigious Sums of Mony, we find no Medal of it, and yet the ſame Emperor has a Medal ſtruck in his own Name, for the Port of *Oſtia*, which in Reality was a Work of his Predeceſſor *Claudius*. The laſt Pope was at conſiderable Charges to make a little kind of Harbour in this Place, and to con-

convey fresh Water to it, which was one of the Artifices of the Grand Duke, to divert his Holiness from his Project of making *Civita-vecchia* a free Port. There lyes between *Antium* and *Nettuno* a Cardinal's *Villa*, which is one of the pleasanteſt for Walks, Fountains, Shades, and Prospects that I ever saw.

Antium was formerly famous for the Temple of Fortune that stood in it. All agree there were Two Fortunes worshipp'd here, which *Suetonius* calls the *Fortunæ Antiates*, and *Martial* the *Sorores Antii*. Some are of Opinion, that by these Two Goddesses were meant the Two *Nemeses*, one of which rewarded good Men, as the other punish'd the wicked. *Fabretti* and others are apt to believe, that by the Two Fortunes were only meant in general the Goddess that sent Prosperity, or she that sent Afflictions to Mankind, and produce in their Behalf an ancient Monument found in this very Place and superscrib'd *Fortunæ Felisi*, which indeed may favour one Opinion as well as the other, and shows at least they are not mistaken in the general Sense of their Division. I don't know whether any Body has taken notice, that this double Function of the Goddess gives a considerable Light and Beauty to the Ode that *Horace* has address'd to her. The whole Poem is a Prayer to Fortune, that she would prosper *Cæsar*'s Arms, and confound his Enemies, so that each of the Goddesses

has her Task assign'd in the Poet's Prayer; and we may observe the Invocation is divided between the Two Deities, the first Line relating indifferently to either. That which I have mark'd speaks to the Goddess of Prosperity, or if you please to the *Nemesis* of the Good, and the other to the Goddess of Adversity, or to the *Nemesis* of the Wicked.

O Diva gratum quæ regis Antium,
Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, *vel superbos*
Vertere funeribus triumphos! &c.

Great Goddess, *Antium*'s Guardian Power,
Whose Force is strong, and quick to raise
The lowest to the highest Place;
Or with a wond'rous Fall
To bring the Haughty lower,
And turn proud Triumphs to a Funeral, *&c.*
Creech.

If we take the first Interpretation of the Two Fortunes for the double *Nemesis*, the Compliment to *Cæsar* is the greater, and the Fifth Stanza clearer than the Commentators usually make it, for the *Clavi trabales, cunei, uncus, liquidumque plumbum*, were actually us'd in the Punishment of Criminals.

Our

Our next Stage brought us to the Mouth of the *Tiber*, into which we enter'd with ſome Danger, the Sea being generally very rough in theſe Parts, where the River ruſhes into it. The Seaſon of the Year, the Muddineſs of the Stream, with the many Green Trees that hung over it, put me in Mind of the delightful Image that *Virgil* has given us, when *Æneas* took the firſt View of it.

Atque hic Æneas ingentem ex æquore lucum
Proſpicit: hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus amano,
Vorticibus rapidis & multâ flavus arenâ
In mare prorumpit: variæ circumque ſupraque
Aſſuetæ ripis volucres & fluminis alveo
Æthera mulcebant cantu, lacoque volabant.
Flectere iter Sociis terræque advertere proras
Imperat, & lætus fluvio ſuccedit opaco.

Æn. L. 7.

The *Trojan* from the Main beheld a Wood,
Which thick with Shades, and a brown Horror ſtood:
Betwixt the Trees the *Tiber* took his Courſe,
With Whirlpools dimpled, and with downward Force
That drove the Sand along; he took his Way,

And roll'd his Yellow Billows to the Sea;
About him, and above, and round the Wood,
The Birds that haunt the Borders of his Flood;
That bath'd within, or bask'd upon his Side,
To tuneful Songs their narrow Throats apply'd.
The Captain gives Command, the joyful Train
Glide through the gloomy Shade, and leave the Main. *Dryden.*

It is impoſſible to learn from the Ruins of the Port of *Oſtia*, what its Figure was when it ſtood whole and entire. I ſhall therefore ſet down the Medal, that I have before mention'd, which repreſents it as it was formerly.

It is worth while to compare *Juvenal*'s Deſcription of this Port with the Figure it makes on the Coin.

Tandem intrat poſitas incluſa per æquora moles,
Tyrrhenamque Pharon, porrectaque brachia, rurſus
Quæ pelago occurrunt medio, longèque relinquunt
Ita-

Italiam: non ſic igitur mirabere portus
Quos Natura dedit ——— Juv. Sat. 12.

At laſt within the mighty Mole ſhe gets
Our *Tyrrhene Pharos*, that the mid Sea meets
With its Embrace, and leaves the Land behind;
A Work ſo wond'rous Nature ne'er deſign'd.

The Seas may very properly be ſaid to be encloſs'd (*Incluſa*) between the Two Semicircural Moles that almoſt ſurround 'em. The *Coloſſus*, with ſomething like a lighted Torch in its Hand, is probably the *Pharos* in the Second Line. The Two Moles that we muſt ſuppoſe are join'd to the Land behind the *Pharos*, are very Poetically deſcrib'd by the

——— *Porrectaque brachia, rurſus*
Quæ pelago occurrunt medio, longèque relinquunt
Italiam ——— ——— ——— ———

as they retire from one another in the Compaſs they make, 'till their Two Ends almoſt meet a Second time in the midſt of the Waters, where the Figure of *Neptune* ſits. The Poet's Reflection on the Haven is very juſt, ſince there are few Natural Ports better Land-lock'd, and cloſed on

all Sides than this ſeems to have been. The Figure of *Neptune* has a Rudder by him, to marke the Convenience of the Harbour for Navigation, as he is repreſented himſelf at the Entrance of it, to ſhow it ſtood in the Sea. The Dolphin diſtinguiſhes him from a River *God*, and Figures out his Dominion over the Seas. He holds the ſame Fiſh in his Hand on other Medals. What it means we may learn from the *Greek* Epigram on the Figure of a *Cupid*, that had a Dolphin in one Hand, and a Flower in the other.

Οὐδὲ μάτην παλάμαις Καθέχει δελφῖνα ἠϋ ἄνθος,
Τῇ μὲν γὰρ γαῖαν ἴδε θάλασσαν ἔχει.

A proper Emblem graces either Hand,
In one he holds the Sea, in one the Land.

Half a Day more brought us to *Rome*, thro' a Road that is commonly viſited by Travellers.

ROME.

IT is generally obſerv'd, that Modern *Rome* ſtands higher than the Ancient; ſome have computed it about Fourteen or Fifteen Feet, taking one Place with another. The Reaſon given for it is, that the preſent City ſtands upon the Ruins of the former, and indeed I have often obſerv'd, that where any conſiderable Pile of Building ſtood anciently one ſtill finds a riſing Ground, or a little kind of Hill, which was doubtleſs made up out of the Fragments and Rubbiſh of the ruin'd Edifice. But beſides this particular Cauſe, we may aſſign another that has very much contributed to the raiſing the Situation of ſeveral Parts of *Rome*: It being certain the great Quantities of Earth, that have been waſh'd off from the Hills by the Violence of Showers, have had no ſmall ſhare in it. This any one may be ſenſible of who obſerves how far ſeveral Buildings, that ſtand near the Roots of Mountains, are ſunk deeper in the Earth than thoſe that have been on the Tops of Hills, or in open Plains; for which Reaſon the preſent Face of *Rome* is much more Even and Level than it was formerly; the ſame Cauſe that has rais'd the lower Grounds ha-

having contributed to ſink thoſe that were higher.

There are in *Rome* Two Sets of Antiquities, the Chriſtian and the Heathen. The former, tho' of a freſher Date, are ſo embroil'd with Fable and Legend, that one receives but little Satisfaction from ſearch into 'em. The other give a great deal of Pleaſure to ſuch as have met with 'em before in ancient Authors; for a Man who is in *Rome* can ſcarce ſee an Object that does not call to Mind a Piece of a *Latin* Poet or Hiſtorian. Among the Remains of Old *Rome*, the Grandeur of the Common-wealth ſhows it ſelf chiefly in Works that were either neceſſary or convenient, ſuch as Temples, High-ways, Aqueducts, Walls and Bridges of the City. On the contrary the Magnficence of *Rome*, under the Emperors, is ſeen principally in ſuch Works as were rather for Oſtentation or Luxury, than any real Uſefulneſs or Neceſſity, as in Baths, Amphitheaters, Circus's, Obelisks, Triumphant Pillars, Arches and Mauſoleums; for what they added to the Aqueducts was rather to ſupply their Baths and Naumachias, and to embelliſh the City with Fountains, than out of any real Neceſſity that there was for 'em. Theſe ſeveral Remains have been ſo copiouſly deſcrib'd by abundance of Travellers, and other Writers, particularly by thoſe concern'd in the learned Collection of *Grævius*, that it is very difficult to make any new

new Diſcoveries on ſo beaten a Subject. There is however ſo much to be obſerv'd in ſo ſpacious a Field of Antiquities, that it is almoſt impoſſible to ſurvey 'em without taking new Hints, and raiſing different Reflections, according as a Man's natural Turn of Thoughts, or the Courſe of his Studies direct him. No Part of the Antiquities of *Rome* pleas'd me ſo much as the ancient Statues, of which there is ſtill an incredible Variety. The Work-manſhip is often the moſt exquiſite of any thing in its kind. A Man would wonder how it were poſſible for ſo much Life to entrer into Marble, as may be diſcover'd in ſome of the beſt of 'em; and even in the meaneſt one has the Satisfaction of ſeeing the Faces, Poſtures, Airs and Dreſs of thoſe that have liv'd ſo many Ages before us. There is a ſtrange Reſemblance between the Figures of the ſeveral Heathen Deities, and the Deſcriptions that the *Latin* Poets have given us of 'em; but as the firſt may be look'd upon as the ancienter of the Two, I queſtion not but the *Roman* Poets were the Copiers of the *Greek* Statuaries. Tho' on other Occaſions we often find the Statuaries took their Subjects from the Poets. The *Laocoon* is too known an Inſtance among many others that are to be met with at *Rome*. In the *Villa Aldobrandina* are the Figures of an Old and Young Man, engag'd together at the *Caſtus*, who are probably the *Dares* and *Entellus* of *Virgil*; whe-

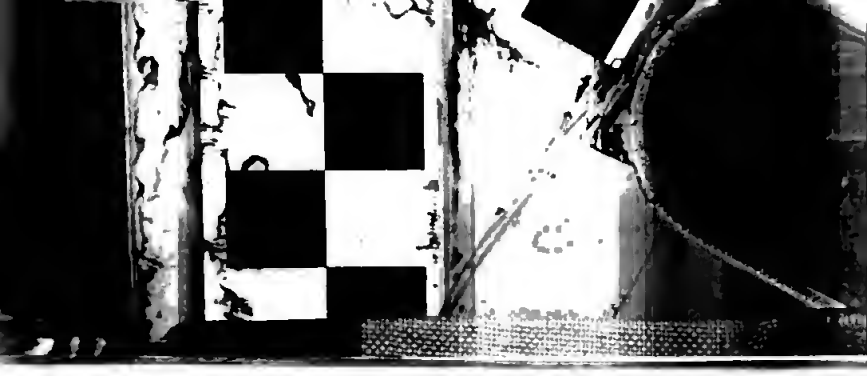
re by the way one may obſerve the Make of the ancient *Cæſtus*, that it conſiſted of ſo many large Thongs about the Hand, without any thing like a Piece of Lead at the End of 'em, as ſome Writers of Antiquities have falſely imagin'd.

I queſtion not but many Paſſages in the old Poets hint at ſeveral Parts of Sculpture, that were in Vogue in the Author's Time, tho' they are now never thought of, and that therefore ſuch Paſſages loſe much of their Beauty in the Eye of a Modern Reader, who does not look upon 'em in the ſame Light with the Author's Contemporaries. I ſhall only mention Two or Three out of *Juvenal*, that his Commentators have not taken notice of. The firſt runs thus,

Multa pudicitiæ veteris veſtigia forſan,
Aut aliqua extiterint, & ſub Jove, ſed Jove nondum
Barbato —— —— —— Sat. 6.

Some thin Remains of Chaſtity appear'd
Ev'n under *Jove*, but *Jove* without a Beard. *Dryden.*

I appeal to any reader, if the Humour here would not appear much more natural and unforc'd to a People that ſaw every Day ſome or other Statue of this God with



with a thick bushy Beard, as there are still many of 'em extant at *Rome*, than it can to us who have no such Idea of him; especially if we consider there was in the same City a Temple Dedicated to the Young *Jupiter*, call'd *Templum Vejovis*, where, in all probability, there stood the particular Statue of a *Jupiter Imberbis*. *Juvenal*, in another Place, makes his Flatterer compare the Neck of one that is but feebly built, to that of *Hercules* holding up *Antæus* from the Earth. Vid. Ov. de fastis, Li. 3. El. 7.

Et longum invalidi collum cervicibus æquat
Herculis Antæum procul a tellure tenentis. Sat. 3.

His long Crane Neck and narrow Shoulders praise;
You'd think they were describing *Hercules*
Lifting *Anteus* ——— ——— *Dryden.*

What a strain'd unnatural Similitude must this seem to a Modern Reader, but how full of Humour, if we suppose it alludes to any celebrated Statues of these Two Champions, that stood perhaps in some publick Place or High-way near *Rome*? And what makes it more than probable there were such Statues, we meet with the Figures, that *Juvenal* here describes, on Antique Intaglio's and Medals. Nay, *Propertius* has taken notice of the very Statues.

——*Lactantum in pulvere ſigna*
Herculis Antæique —— Lib. 3. Car. 1.

Antæus here and ſtern *Alcides* ſtrive,
And both the grappling Statues ſeem to live.

I can't forbear obſerving here, that the Turn of the Neck and arms is often commended in the *Latin* Poets among the Beauties of a Man, as in *Horace* we find both put together, in that charming Deſcription of Jealouſie.

Dum tu Lydia Telephi
Cervicem roſeam, & Cerea Telephi
Laudas Brachia, væ meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur,
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ ſede manent: humor & in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quàm lentis penitus macerer ignibus.

While *Telephus*'s youthful Charms,
His roſie Neck, and winding Arms,
With endleſs Rapture you recite,
And in the tender Name delight;
My Heart, enrag'd by jealous Heats,
With numberleſs Reſentments beats,

From

From my pale Cheeks the Colour flies,
And all the Man within me dies;
By fits my ſwelling Grief appears
In riſing Sighs, and falling Tears,
That ſhow too well the warm Deſires,
The ſilent, ſlow, conſuming Fires,
That on my inmoſt Vitals prey,
And melt my very Soul away.

This we ſhould be at a Loſs to account for, did not we obſerve in the Old *Roman* Statues, that theſe Two Parts were always bare, and expos'd to View, as much as our Hands and Face are at preſent. I can't leave *Juvenal* without taking notice that his

Ventilat æſtivum digitis ſudantibus aurum
Nec ſufferre queat majoris pondera Gemmæ.

Sat. 1.

Charg'd with light Summer Rings his Fingers ſweat,
Unable to ſupport a Gem of Weight.

Dryden.

was not anciently ſo great an Hyperbole as it is now, for I have ſeen old *Roman* Rings ſo very thick about, and with ſuch large Stones in 'em, that 'tis no Wonder a Fop ſhould reckon 'em a little cumberſome

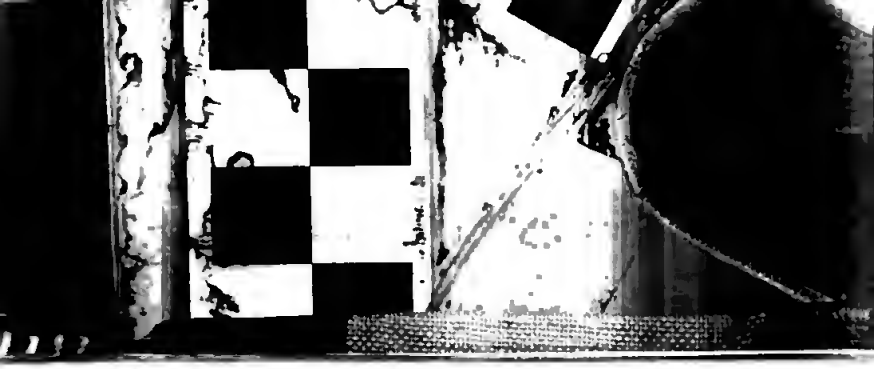
ſome in the Summer Seaſon of ſo hot a Climate.

It is certain that Satyr delights in ſuch Alluſions and Inſtances as are extreamly natural and familiar: When therefore we ſee any thing in an old Satyriſt that looks forc'd and pedantick, we ought to conſider how it appear'd in the Time that the Poet wrote, and whether or no there might not be ſome particular Circumſtances to recommend it to the Readers of his own Age, that we are now depriv'd of. One of the fineſt ancient Statues in *Rome* is a *Meleager* with a Spear in his Hand, and the Head of a Wild Boar on one Side of him. It is of *Parian* Marble, and as yellow as Ivory. One meets with many other Figures of *Meleager* in the ancient *Baſſo Relievo's*, and on the Sides of the *Sarcophagi*, or Funeral Monuments. Perhaps it was the Arms, or Device of the old *Roman* Hunters; which Conjecture I have found confirm'd in a Paſſage of *Manilius*, that lets us know the Pagan Hunters had *Meleager* for their Patron, as the Chriſtians have their St. *Hubert*. He ſpeaks of the Conſtellation that makes a good Sports-Man.

——— *Quibus aſpirantibus orti*
Te Meleagre colunt ——— Manil. Lib. 5.

I queſtion not but this ſets a Verſe, in the Fifth Satyr of *Juvenal*, in a much bet-

ter



ter Light than if we ſuppoſe that the Poet aims only at the old Story of *Meleager*, without conſidering it as ſo very common and familiar a one among the *Romans*.

——— *Flavi dignus ferro Meleagri*
Spumat aper ——— ——— Juv. S. 5.

A Boar entire, and worthy of the Sword
Of *Meleager*, ſmoaks upon the Board.
Mr. *Bowles*.

In the beginning of the Ninth Satyr *Juvenal* asks his Friend, why he looks like *Marſya* when he was overcome?

Scire velim quare toties mihi Nevole triſtis
Occurris fronte obductâ, ceu Marſya victus?

Tell me why ſaunt'ring thus from Place to Place,
I meet thee, *Nevolus*, with a clouded Face.

Some of the Commentators tell us that *Marſya* was a Lawyer who has loſt his Cauſe; others ſay that this Paſſages alludes to the Story of the Satire *Marſyas*, that contended with *Apollo*; which I think is more humourous than the other, if we conſider there was a famous Statue of *Apollo*

pollo fleaing *Marſya* in the midſt of the *Roman Forum*, as there are ſtill ſeveral ancient Statues of *Rome* on the ſame Subject. There is a Paſſage in the Sixt Satyr of *Juvenal*, that I could never tell what to make of, 'till I had got the Interpretation of it from one of *Bellorio*'s ancient *Baſſo Relievo*'s.

Magnorum Artificum frangebat pocula miles
Ut phaleris gauderet Equus: calataque caſſis
Romuleæ ſimulacra feræ manſueſcere juſſæ
Imperii fato, & geminos ſub rupe Quirinos,
Ac nudam effigiem clypeo fulgentis & haſtâ,
Pendentiſque Dei, perituro oſtenderet hoſti.
Juv. Sat. II.

Or elſe a Helmet for himſelf he made,
Where various Warlike Figures were Inlaid:
The *Roman* Wolf ſuckling the Twins was there,
And *Mars* himſelf, arm'd with his Shield and Spear,
Hov'ring above his Creſt, did dreadful ſhow,
As threat'ning Death to each reſiſting Foe.

Juvenal here deſcribes the Simplicity of the old *Roman* Soldiers, and the Figures that

that were generally Engraven on their Helmets. The First of 'em was the Wolf giving Suck to *Romulus* and *Rhemus*: The Second, that is comprehended in the Two last Verses, is not so Intelligible. Some of the Commentators tell us, that the God here mention'd is *Mars*, that he comes to see his two Sons Sucking the Wolf, and that the old Sculptors generally drew their Figures naked, that they might have the Advantage of representing the different Swe'ling of the Muscles, and the Turns of the Body. But they are extreamly at a Loss to know what is meant by the Word *Pendentis*; some fancy it expresses only the great Embossment of the Figure, others believe it hung off the Helmet in *Alto Relievo*, as in the foregoing Translation. *Lubin* supposes that the God *Mars* was Engraven on the Shield, and that he is said to be hanging, because the Shield that bore him hung on the Left Shoulder. One of the old Interpreters is of Opinion, that by hanging is only meant a Posture of bending forward to strike the Enemy. Another will have it, that whatever is plac'd on the Head may be said to hang, as we call hanging Gardens, such as are planted on the Top of the House. Several learned Men, that like none of these Explications, believe there has been a Fault in the Transcriber, and that *Pendentis* ought to be *Perdentis*; but they quote no Manuscript in Favour of their Conjecture. The true mea-

ning of the Words is certainly as follows. The *Roman* Soldiers, who were not a little proud of their Founder, and the Military Genius of their Republick, us'd to bear on their Helmets the First History of *Romulus*, who was begot by the God of War, and suckled by a Wolf. The Figure of the God was made as if descending upon the Priestess *Ilia*, or as others call her *Rhea Silvia*. The Occasion requir'd his Body should be naked,

Tu quoque inermis eras cum te formosa Sacerdos
Cepit: ut huic urbi Semina magna dares.
Ov. de Fas. L. 3.

Then too, our mighty Sire, thou stood'st disarm'd,
When thy rapt Soul the lovely Priestess charm'd,
That *Rome*'s high Founder bore——

tho' on other Occasions he is drawn, as *Horace* has describ'd him, *Tunicâ cinctum adamantinâ*. The Sculptor however, to distinguish him from the rest of the Gods, gave him what the Medallists call his proper Attributes, a Spear in one Hand, and a Shield in the other. As he was represented descending, his Figure appear'd suspended in the Air over the Vestal Virgin, in which Sense the Word *Pendentis* is extreamly proper and Poetical.

Be-

210.

276.

Beſides the Antique *Baſſo Relievo*, that made me firſt think of this Interpretation, I have ſince met with the ſame Figures on the Reverſes of a couple of ancient Coins, which were ſtamp'd in the Reign of *Antoninus Pius*, as a Compliment to that Emperor, whom for his Excellent Government and Conduct of the City of *Rome*, the Senate regarded as a Second kind of Founder.

Ilia Veſtalis (quid enim vetat inde moveri)
Sacra lavaturas manè petebat aquas:
Feſſa reſedit humi, ventoſque accepit aperto
Pectore; turbatas reſtituitque comas.
Dum ſedet; ambroſæ ſalices volucreſque canoræ
Fecerunt Somnos & leve murmur aquæ.
Blanda quies victis furtim ſubrepit ocellis
Et cadit a mento languida facta manus?
Mars videt hanc viſamque cupit, potiturque cupitâ:
Et ſua divinâ furta fefellit ope.
Somnus abit: jacet illa gravis, jam ſcilicet intra
Viſcera Romanæ conditor urbis erat.

Ov. de Faſtis, Lib. 3. Eleg. 1.

As the Fair Veſtal to the Fountain came;
(Let none be ſtartled at a Veſtal's Name)

Tir'd with the Walk, she laid her down to
rest,
And to the Winds expos'd her glowing
Breast
To take the Freshness of the Morning Air,
And gather'd in a Knot her flowing Hair:
While thus she rested on her Arm reclin'd,
The hoary Willows waving with the
Wind,
And Feather'd Quires that warbled in the
Shade,
And purling Streams that through the
Meadow stray'd,
In drowsie Murmurs lull'd the gentle
Maid.
The God of War beheld the Virgin lye,
The God beheld her with a Lover's Eye,
And by so tempting an Occasion press'd,
The beauteous Maid, whom he beheld,
possess'd,
Conceiving as she slept, her fruitful Womb
Swell'd with the Founder of Immortal
Rome.

I can't quit this Head without taking notice of a Line in *Seneca* the Tragedian.

-----*Pri-*

——Primus emergit solo
Ferocem cornibus premens taurum
——— Sen. OEdip. Act. 3.

First *Zetus* rises through the Ground,
Riving the Bull's tough Neck with Pain,
at tosses back his Horns in vain.

I can 't doubt but the Poet had here in ew the Posture of *Zetus* in the famous roupe of Figures, that represents the Two rothers binding *Dirce* to the Horns of a ad Bull.

I could not forbear taking particular no-ce of the several Musical Instruments, hat are to be seen in the Hands of the *A-*pollo's, Muses, Fauns, Satyrs, Bacchanals and Shepherds, which might certainly give a great Light to the Dispute for Preference between the Ancient and Modern Musick. It would perhaps be no impertinent Design to take off all their Models in Wood, which might not only give us some Notion of the ancient Musick, but help us to pleasanter Instruments than are now in use. By the Appearence they make in Marble, there is not One String-Instrument that seems comparable to our Violins, for they are all play'd on, either by the bare Fingers, or the *Plectrum*, so that they were incapable of adding any lenght to their Notes, or of varying 'em by those insensible Swellings, and wearings away of Sound upon

upon the ſame String, that give ſo wonderful a Sweetneſs to our Modern Muſick. Beſides, that the String-Inſtruments muſt have had very low and feeble Voices, as may be gueſs'd from the ſmall Proportion of Wood about 'em, which could not contain enough to render the Strokes, in any conſiderable meaſure, full and ſonorous. There is a great deal of difference in the Make, not only of the ſeveral kinds of Inſtruments, but even among thoſe of the ſame Name. The *Syringa*, for Example, has ſometimes Four, and ſometimes more Pipes, as high as to Twelve. The ſame Variety of Strings may be obſerv'd on their Harps, and of Stops on their *Tibiæ*, which ſhows the little Foundation that ſuch Writers have gone upon, who from a Verſe perhaps in *Virgil*'s Eclogues, or a ſhort Paſſage in a *Claſſic* Author, have been ſo very nice in determining the preciſe Shape of the ancient Muſical Inſtruments, with the exact Number of their Pipes, Strings and Stops. It is indeed the uſual Fault of the Writers of Antiquities, to ſtreighten and confine themſelves to particular Models. They are for making a kind of Stamp on every thing of the ſame Name, and if they find any thing like an old Deſcription of the Subject they Treat on, they take care to regulate it on all Occaſions, according to the Figure it makes in ſuch a ſingle Paſſage: As the learned *German* Author, quoted by Monſieur *Baudelot*, who had probably

never ſeen any thing of a Houſhold-
d, more than a *Canopus*, affirms round-
that all the ancient *Lares* were made
the Faſhion of a Jug-Bottle. In ſhort,
Antiquaries have been guilty of the ſa-
Fault as the Syſteme Writers, that are
cramping their Subjects into as narrow
Space as they can, and for reducing the
hole Extent of a Science into a few ge-
ral Maxims. This a Man has occaſion
obſerving more than once, in the ſeve-
l Fragments of Antiquity that are ſtill to
e ſeen in *Rome*. How many Dreſſes are
here for each particular Deity? What a
Variety of Shapes in the ancient Urns,
amps, Lachrymary Veſſels, *Priapus's*,
Houſhold-Gods, which have ſome of 'em
been repreſented under ſuch a particular
Form, as any one of 'em has been deſcri-
b'd with in an ancient Author, and would
probably be all ſo, were they not ſtill to
be ſeen in their own Vindication? Madam
Dacier, from ſome old Cuts of *Terence*, fan-
cies that the *Larva* or *Perſona* of the *Roman*
Actors, was not only a Vizard for the Fa-
ce, but had falſe Hair to it, and came over
the whole Head like a Helmet. Among
all the Statues at *Rome*, I remember to ha-
ve ſeen but Two that are the Figures of
Actors, which are both in the *Villa Matthei*.
One ſees on 'em the Faſhion of the old
Sock and *Larva*, the latter of which an-
ſwers the Deſcription that is given of it by
this learned Lady, tho' I queſtion not but
ſeveral

ſeveral others were in uſe; for I have ſeen the Figure of *Thalia*, the Comic Muſe, ſometimes with an entire Head-piece in her Hand, ſometimes with about half the Head, and a little Friz, like a Tower, running round the Edges of the Face, and ſometimes with a Mask for the Face only, like thoſe of a Modern Make. Some of the *Italian* Actors wear at preſent theſe Masks for the whole Head. I remember formerly I could have no Notion of that Fable in *Phædrus*, before I had ſeen the Figures of theſe entire Head-pieces.

Perſonam Tragicam fortè vulpes viderat:
O Quanta Species, inquit, cerebrum non habet!
L. 1. Fab. 7.

As wily *Renard* walk'd the Streets at Night,
On a Tragedian's Mask he chanc'd to light,
Turning it o'er, he mutter'd with Diſdain,
How vaſt a Head is here without a Brain!

Martial alludes to the ſame kind of Masks in the following Verſes.

Non omnes fallis, ſcit te Proſerpina canum,
Perſonam capiti detrahet illa tuo. L. 3. Ep. 43.

Why ſhou'dſt thou try to hide thy ſelf in Youth?

Im-

rtial *Proſerpine* beholds the Truth,
laughing at ſo fond and vain a Task,
l ſtrip thy hoary Noddle of its Mask.

n the *Villa Borgheſe* is the Buſt of a young
o, that ſhows us the Form of an an-
nt *Bulla* on the Breaſt, which is neither
e a Heart, as *Macrobius* deſcribes it, nor
ogether reſembles that in Cardinal *Chigi*'s
binet; ſo that without eſtabliſhing a par-
ular Inſtance into a general Rule, we
ght, in Subjects of this Nature, to leave
om for the Humour of the Artiſt or
Vearer. There are many Figures of Gla-
iators at *Rome*, tho' I don't remember to
ave ſeen any of the *Retiarius*, the *Samnite*,
r the Antagoniſt to the *Pinnirapus*. But
what I could not find among the Statues,
met with in Two Antique Pieces of Mo-
ſaic, that are in the Poſſeſſion of a Cardi-
nal. The *Retiarius* is engag'd with the *Sam-
nite*, and has had ſo lucky a Throw, that
his Net covers the whole Body of his Ad-
verſary from Head to Foot, yet his Anta-
goniſt recover'd himſelf out of the Toils,
and was Conqueror, according to the In-
ſcription. In another Piece is repreſented
the Combat of the *Pinnirapus*, who is arm'd
like the *Samnite*, and not like the *Retiarius*,
as ſome learned Men have fancy'd: On the
Helmet of his Antagoniſt are ſeen the Two
Pinnæ, that ſtand up on either Side like the
Wings in the *Petaſus* of a *Mercury*, but riſe

much higher, and are more pointed.

There is no part of the *Roman* Antiquities that we are better acquainted with, than what relates to their Sacrifices. For as the Old *Romans* were very much devoted to their Religion, we ſee ſeveral Parts of it entering their ancient *Baſſo Relievo's*, Statues and Medals, not to mention their Altars, Tombs, Monuments, and the particular Ornaments of Architecture that were borrow'd from it. An Heathen Ritual could not inſtruct a Man better than theſe ſeveral Pieces of Antiquity, in the particular Ceremonies and Punctilio's that attended the different kinds of Sacrifices. Yet there is a much greater Variety in the Make of the Sacrificing Inſtruments, than one finds in thoſe that have Treated of 'em, or that have given us their Pictures. For not to inſiſt too long on ſuch a Subject, I ſaw in Signior *Antonio Politi's* Collection a *Patera* without any riſing in the middle, as it is generally Engraven, and another with a Handle to it, as *Macrobius* deſcribes it, tho' it is quite contrary to any that I have ever ſeen cut in Marble; and I have obſerv'd perhaps ſeveral Hundreds. I might here enlarge on the Shape of the Triumphal Chariot, that is different in ſome Pieces of Sculpture from what it appears in others; and on the Figure of the *Diſcus*, that is to be ſeen in the Hand of the celebrated *Caſtor* at Don *Livio's*, which is perfectly round, and not oblong, as ſome Antiquaries have repre-

repreſented it, nor has it any thing like a Sling faſten'd to it, to add force to the Toſs.

Protinus imprudens, actuſque cupidine luſus
Tollere Tænarides orbem *properabat* ----
——— *De Hyacinthi diſco.* Ov. Met. L. 10.

Th' unwary Youth, impatient for the Caſt,
Went to ſnatch up the rolling Orb in haſte.

Notwithſtanding there are ſo great a Multitude of cloath'd Statues at *Rome*. I could never diſcover the ſeveral different *Roman* Garments, for 'tis very difficult to Trace out the Figure of a Veſt, thro' all the Plaits and Foldings of the Drapery; beſides, that the *Roman* Garments did not differ from each other, ſo much by the Shape as by the Embroidery and Colour, the one of which was too nice for the Statuary's Obſervation, as the other does not lye within the Expreſſion of the Chiſſel. I obſerv'd, in abundance of *Bas Reliefs*, that the *Cinctus Gabinus* is nothing elſe but a long Garment, not unlike a Surplice, which would have trail'd on the Ground had it hung looſe, and was therefore gather'd about the middle with a Girdle. After this it is worth while to read the laborious Deſcription that *Ferrarius* has made of it. *Cinctus Gabinus non aliud fuit quàm cum togæ lacinia læva brachio ſubducta in tergum ita rejiciebatur,*

ciebatur, ut contracta retraheretur ad pectus, atque ita in nodum necteretur; qui nodus sive cinctus togam contrahebat, brevioremque & strictiorem reddidit. De re Vestiar. L. 1. C. 14. The Description that *Lipsius* makes of the *Samnite* Armour, seems drawn out of the very Words of *Livy*; yet not long ago a Statue, which was dug up at *Rome*, dress'd in this kind of Armour, gives a much different Explication of *Livy* from what *Lipsius* has done. This Figure was superscrib'd *B A. TO. NI.* from whence *Fabretti* concludes, that it was a Monument erected to the Gladiator *Bato*, who after having succeeded in Two Combats, was kill'd in the Third, and honourably Interr'd by Order of the Emperor *Caracalla*. The manner of Punctuation after each Sillable is to be met with in other Antique Inscriptions. I confess I could never learn where this Figure is now to be seen, but I think it may serve as an Instance of the great Uncertainty of this Science of Antiquities. *Vid. Fab. de Columnâ Trajani.*

In a Palace of Prince *Cesarini* I saw Busts of all the *Antonine* Family, which were dug up about Two Years since, not far from *Albano*, in a Place where is suppos'd to have stood a *Villa* of *Marcus Aurelius*. There are the Heads of *Antoninus Pius*, the *Faustinas*, *Marcus Aurelius*, *Lucius Verus*, a young *Commodus*, and *Annius Verus*, all incomparably well cut.

Tho' the Statues that have been found among

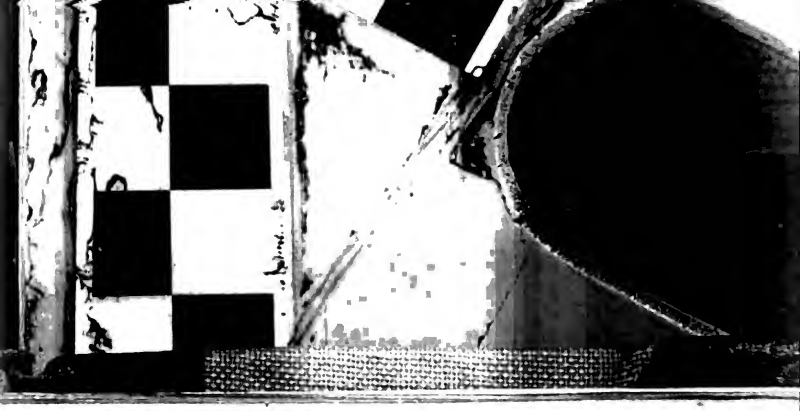
among the Ruins of Old *Rome* are already very numerous, there is no queſtion but Poſterity will have the Pleaſure of ſeeing many noble Pieces of Sculpture which are ſtill undiſcover'd, for doubtleſs there are greater Treaſures of this Nature under Ground, than what are yet brought to Light. They have often dug into Lands that are deſcrib'd in old Authors, as the Places where ſuch particular Statues or Obelisks ſtood, and have ſeldom fail'd of Succeſs in their Purſuits. There are ſtill many ſuch promiſing Spots of Ground that have never been ſearch'd into. A great part of the *Palatine* Mountain, for Example, lyes untouch'd, which was formerly the Seat of the Imperial Palace, and may be preſum'd to abound with more Treaſures of this Nature than any other Part of *Rome*.

Ecce Palatino crevit reverentia monti,
Exultatque habitante Deo, potioraque Delphis
Supplicibus latè populis oracula pandit.
Non alium certè decuit rectoribus orbis
Eſſe Larem, nulloque magis ſe colle poteſtas
Æſtimat & ſummi ſentit faſtigia juris.
Attollens apicem ſubjectis regia roſtris
Tot circum delubra videt, tantiſque Deorum
Cingitur excubiis ——— ———

Claud. de Sexto Conſulat. Honorii.

The *Palatine*, proud *Rome*'s Imperial Seat,
(An awful Pile!) ſtands venerably Great:
Thither the Kingdoms and the Nations come,
In ſupplicating Crouds to learn their Doom;
To *Delphi* leſs th' enquiring Worlds repair,
Nor does a greater God inhabit there:
This ſure the pompous Manſion was deſign'd
To pleaſe the mighty Rulers of Mankind;
Inferior Temples riſe on either Hand,
And on the Borders of the Palace ſtand,
While o'er the reſt her Head ſhe proudly rears,
And lodg'd amidſt her Guardian Gods appears.

But whether it be that the richeſt of theſe Diſcoveries fall into the Pope's Hands, or for ſome other Reaſon, it is ſaid that the Prince *Farneſe*, who is the preſent Owner of this Seat, will keep it from being turn'd up 'till he ſees one of his own Family in the Chair. There are Undertakers in *Rome* that often purchaſe the digging of Fields, Gardens, or Vineyards, where they find any likelihood of ſucceding, and ſome have been known to arrive at great Eſtates by it. They pay according to the Dimenſions of the Surface they are to break up, and after



ter having made Eſſays into it, as they do
r Coal in *England*, they rake into the moſt
omiſing Parts of it, tho' they often find,
their Diſappointment, that others have
en beforehand with 'em. However they
nerally gain enough by the Bricks and
bbiſh, which the preſent Architects va-
much beyond thoſe of a Modern Make,
defray the Charges of their Search. I
ſhown Two Spaces of Ground, where
of *Nero*'s Golden Houſe ſtood, for
ch the Owner has been proffer'd an ex-
rdinary Sum of Mony. What encou-
d the Undertakers are ſeveral very an-
t Trees, that grow upon the Spot, from
nce they conclude that theſe particular
cts of Ground muſt have lain untou-
for ſome Ages. 'Tis pity there is not
ething like a publick Regiſter, to pre-
the Memory of ſuch Statues as have
found from time to time, and to mark
articular Places where they have been
up, which would not only ſpare ma-
uitleſs Searches for the future, but
often give a conſiderable Light into
uality of the Place, or the Deſign of
atue.

the great Magazine for all kinds of
ure is ſuppos'd to be the Bed of the
We may be ſure, that when the *Ro-*
ay under the Apprehenſions of ſeeing
City ſack'd by a barbarous Enemy, as
ave done more than once, that they
take care to beſtow ſuch of their Ri-
ches

ches this way as could beſt bear the Water. Beſides, what the Inſolence of a Britiſh Conqueror may be ſuppos'd to have contributed, who had an Ambition to waſte and deſtroy all the Beauties of ſo celebrated a City. I need not mention the old Common-ſhore of *Rome*, that ran from all Parts of the Town with the Current and Violence of an ordinary River, nor the frequent Inundations of the *Tiber*, that may have ſwept away many of the Ornaments of its Banks, nor the ſeveral Statues that the *Romans* themſelves flung into it, when they would revenge themſelves on the Memory of an ill Citizen, a dead Tyrant, or a Diſcarded Favourite. At *Rome* they have ſo general an Opinion of the Riches of this River, that the *Jews* have formerly proffer'd the Pope to cleanſe it, ſo they might have, for their Pains, what they found in the Boſome of it. I have ſeen the Valley near *Ponte molle*, which they propos'd to faſhion into a new Channel for it, 'till they had clear'd the old for its Reception. The Pope however would not comply with the Propoſal, as fearing the Heats might advance too far before they had finiſh'd their Work, and produce a Peſtilence among his People; tho' I don't ſee why ſuch a Deſign might not be executed now with as little Danger as in *Auguſtus*'s Time, were there as many Hands employ'd upon it. The City of *Rome* would receive a great Advantage from the Undertaking, as it would raiſe

raiſe the Banks and deepen the Bed of the *Tiber*, and by Conſequence free 'em from thoſe frequent Inundations to which they are ſo ſubject at preſent; for the Channel of the River is obſerv'd to be narrower within the Walls, than either below or above 'em.

Before I quit this Subject of the Statues, I think it very obſervable, that among thoſe which are already found there ſhould be ſo many not only of the ſame Perſons, but made after the ſame Deſign. One would not indeed wonder to ſee ſeveral Figures of particular Deities and Emperors, who had a Multitude of Temples erected to 'em, and had their ſeveral Sets of Worſhippers and Admirers. Thus *Ceres*, the moſt beneficent and neceſſary of the Heathen Divinities, has more Statues than any other of the Gods or Goddeſſes, as ſeveral of the *Roman* Empereſſes took a Pleaſure to be repreſented in her Dreſs. And I believe one finds as many Figures of that excellent Emperor *Marcus Aurelius*, as of all the reſt together; becauſe the *Romans* had ſo great a Veneration for his Memory, that it grew into a part of their Religion to preſerve a Statue of him in almoſt every private Family. But how comes it to paſs, that ſo many of theſe Statues are cut after the very ſame Model, and not only of theſe, but of ſuch as had no Relation, either to the Intereſt or Devotion of the Owner, as the dying *Cleopatra*, the *Narciſſus*, the Faune

leaning againſt the Trunk of a Tree, the Boy with the Bird in his Hand, the *Leda* and her Swan, with many others of the ſame Nature. I muſt confeſs I always look upon Figures of this kind, as the Copies of ſome celebrated Maſter-piece, and queſtion not but they were famous Originals, that gave Riſe to the ſeveral Statues that we ſee with the ſame Air, Poſture, and Aptitudes: What confirms me in this Conjecture, there are many ancient Statues of the *Venus de Medicis*, the *Silenus* with the young *Bacchus* in his Arms, the *Hercules Farneſe*, the *Antinous*, and other beautiful Originals of the Ancients, that are already drawn out of the Rubbiſh, where they lay conceal'd for ſo many Ages. Among the reſt I have obſerv'd more that are form'd after the Deſign of the *Venus* of *Medicis* than of any other, from whence I believe one may conclude, that it was the moſt celebrated Statue among the Ancients, as well as among the Moderns. It has always been uſual for Sculptors to work upon the beſt Models, as it is for thoſe that are Curious to have Copies of 'em.

I am apt to think ſomething of the ſame Account may be given of the Reſemblance that we meet with in many of the Antique *Baſſo Relievo's*. I remember I was very well pleas'd with the Device of one that I met with on the Tomb of a young *Roman* Lady, which had been made for her by her Mother. The Sculptor had choſen the Rape of *Proſerpine* for his Device, where in one

one End you might ſee the God of the Dead (*Pluto*) hurrying away a beautiful young Virgin, (*Proſerpine*) and at the other the Grief and Diſtraction of the Mother (*Ceres*) on that Occaſion. I have ſince obſerv'd the ſame Device upon ſeveral *Sarcophagi*, that have enclos'd the Aſhes of Men or Boys, Maids or Matrons; for when the Thought took, tho' at firſt it receiv'd its Riſe from ſuch a particular Occaſion as I have mention'd, the Ignorance of the Sculptors apply'd it promiſcuouſly. I know there are Authors that find a Myſtery in this Device.

A man is ſometimes ſurpriz'd to find ſo many extravagant Fancies as are cut on the old Pagan Tombs. Masks, Hunting-marches, and Bacchanals are very common; ſometimes one meets with a lewd Figure of a *Priapus*, and in the *Villa Pamphilia* is ſeen a Satyr coupling with a Goat. There are however many of a more ſerious Nature, that Shadow out the Exiſtence of the Soul after Death, and the Hopes of a happy Immortality. I can't leave the *Baſſo Relievo's* without mentioning one of 'em, where the Thought is extreamly noble. It is call'd *Homer's Apotheoſis*, and conſiſts of a Groupe of Figures cut in the ſame Block of Marble, and riſing one above another by Four or Five different Aſcents. *Jupiter* ſits at the Top of it with a Thunderbolt in his Hand, and, in ſuch a Majeſty as *Homer*

himself represents him, presides over the Ceremony.

Ευρον δ' ενρύοπα κρονίδην ἅτερ ἥμενον ἄλλων
Ακροτάτῃ κορυφῇ πολυδειρώδεος Ουλύμποιο.

Immediately beneath him are the Figures of the Nine muses, suppos'd to be celebrating the Praises of the Poet. *Homer* himself is plac'd at one End of the lowest Row, sitting in a Chair of State, that is supported on each Side by the Figure of a kneeling Woman. The one holds a Sword in her Hand to represent the *Iliad*, or Actions of *Achilles*, as the other has an *Apluſtre* to represent the *Odyſſy*, or Voyage of *Ulyſſes*. About the Poet's Feet are creeping a Couple of Mice, as an Emblem of the *Batracho-myomachia*. Behind the Chair stands Time, and the Genius of the Earth, distinguish'd by their proper Attributes, and putting a Garland on the Poet's Head, to imitate the mighty Reputation that he has gain'd in all Ages, and in all Nations of the World. Before him stands an Altar with a Bull ready to be Sacrific'd to the new God, and behind the Victim a Train of the several Virtues that are represented in *Homer*'s Works, or to be learnt out of 'em, lifting up their Hands in Admiration of the Poet, and in Aplause of the Solemnity. This Antique Piece of Sculpture is in the Possession of the Constable *Colonna*, but never

ver ſhown to thoſe that ſee the Palace, unleſs they particularly deſire it.

Among the great Variety of ancient Coins that I ſaw at *Rome*, I could not but take particular notice of ſuch as relate to any of the Buildings or Statues that are ſtill Extant. Thoſe of the Firſt kind have been already publiſh'd by the Writers of the *Roman* Antiquities, and may be moſt of 'em met with in the laſt Edition of *Donatus*, as the Pillars of *Trajan* and *Antonine*, the Arches of *Druſus Germanicus*, and *Septimius Severus*, the Temples of *Janus*, *Concord*, *Veſta*, *Jupiter tonans*, *Apollo* and *Fauſtina*, the *Circus Maximus*, *Agonalis*, and that of *Caracalla*, or, according to *Fabretti*, of *Galienus*, of *Veſpaſian*'s Amphitheater, and *Alexander Severus*'s Baths; tho', I muſt confeſs, the Subject of the laſt may be very well doubted of. For the *Meta ſudans* and *Pons Ælius*, which have gain'd a Place among the Buildings that are now ſtanding, and to be met with on old Reverſes of Medals: The Coin that ſhows the firſt is generally rejected as ſpurious, nor is the other, tho' cited in the laſt Edition of Monſieur *Vaillant*, eſteem'd more Authentick by the preſent *Roman* Medalliſts, who are certainly the moſt skilful in the World, as to the Mechanical Part of this Science. I ſhall cloſe up this Set of Medals with a very Curious one, as large as a Medalion, that is ſingular in its kind. On one Side is the Head of the Emperor *Trajan*, the Reverſe has on it the *Circus Maximus*,

ximus, and a View of that Side of the *Palatine* Mountain that faces it, on which are ſeen ſeveral Edifices, and among the reſt the famous Temple of *Apollo*, that has ſtill a conſiderable Ruin ſtanding. This Medal I ſaw in the Hands of Monſeigneur *Strozzi*, Brother to the Duke of that Name, who has many Curioſities in his Poſſeſſion, and is very obliging to a Stranger that deſires the Sight of 'em. It is a ſurpriſing thing, that among the great Pieces of Architecture, that are repreſented on the old Coins, one can never meet with the *Pantheon*, the *Mauſoleum* of *Auguſtus*, *Nero*'s Golden Houſe, the *Moles Adriani*, the *Septizonium* of *Severus*, the Baths of *Dioclefian*, &c. But ſince it was the Cuſtom of the *Roman* Emperors thus to Regiſter their moſt remarkable Buildings, as well as Actions, and ſince there are ſeveral of theſe in either kind, not to be found on Medals more extraordinary than thoſe that are, we may, I think, with great Reaſon ſuſpect our Collections of old Coins to be extreamly deficient, and that thoſe which are already found out ſcarce bear a Proportion to what are yet undiſcover'd. A Man takes a great deal more Pleaſure in ſurveying the ancient Statues, who compares them with Medals, than it is poſſible for him to do without ſome little Knowledge this way; for theſe Two Arts illuſtrate each other; and as there are ſeveral Particulars in Hiſtory and Antiquities that receive a great Light from ancient Coins,

Coins, ſo would it be impoſſible to Deciſher the Faces of the many Statues that are to be ſeen at *Rome*, without ſo Univerſal a Key to 'em. It is this that teaches to diſtinguiſh the Kings and Conſuls, Emperors and Empereſſes, the Deities and Virtues, with a Thouſand other Particulars relating to Statuary, that are not to be learnt by any other means. In the *Villa Pamphilia* ſtands the Statue of a Man in Woman's Cloaths, which the Antiquaries don't know what to make of, and therefore paſs it off for an *Hermaphrodite*; but a learned Medalliſt in *Rome* has lately fix'd it to *Clodius*, who is ſo famous for having intruded into the Solemnities of the *Bona Dea* in a Woman's Habit, for one ſees the ſame Features and Make of Face in a Medal of the *Clodian* Family.

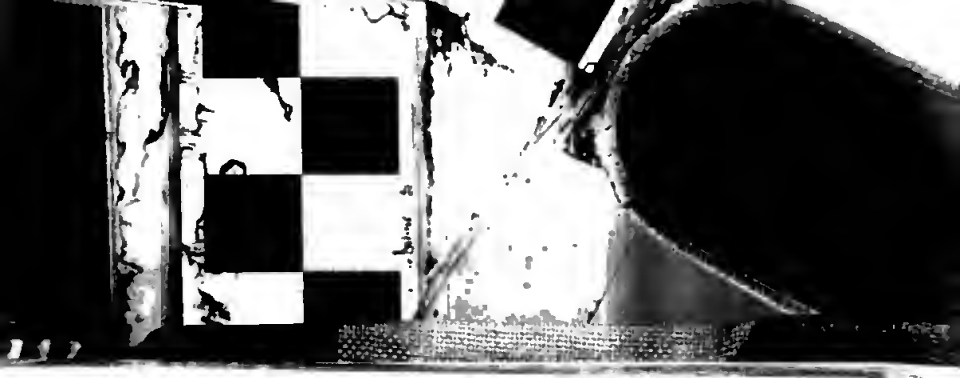
I have ſeen on Coins the Four fineſt Figures perhaps that are now Extant: The *Hercules Farneſe*, the *Venus* of *Medicis*, the *Apollo* in the *Belvidere*, and the famous *Marcus Aurelius* on Horſeback. The oldeſt Medal that the Firſt appears upon is one of *Commodus*, the Second on one of *Fauſtina*, the Third on one of *Antoninus Pius*, and the laſt on one of *Lucius Verus*. We may conclude, I think, from hence, that theſe Statues were extreamly celebrated among the old *Romans*, or they would never have been honour'd with a Place among the Emperor's Coins. We may further obſerve, that all Four of 'em make their firſt Appearance

ce in the *Antonine* Family, for which Reaſon I am apt to think they are all of 'em the Produ& of that Age. They would probably have been mention'd by *Pliny* the Naturaliſt, who liv'd in the next Reign, ſave one, before *Antoninus Pius*, had they been made in his Time. As for the Brazen Figure of *Marcus Aurelius* on Horſeback, there is no doubt of its being of this Age, tho' I muſt confeſs it may be doubted, whether the Medal that I have cited repreſents it. All I can ſay for it is, that the Horſe and Man on the Medal are in the ſame Poſture as they are on the Statue, and that there is a Reſemblance of *Marcus Aurelius*'s Face, for I have ſeen this Reverſe on a Medalion of Don *Livio*'s Cabinet, and much more diſtinctly in another very beautiful one, that is in the Hands of Signior *Marc. Antonio.* It is generally objected, that *Lucius Verus* would rather have plac'd the Figure of himſelf on Horſeback on the Reverſe of his own Coin, than the Figure of *Marcus Aurelius*. But it is very well known that an Emperor often ſtamp'd on his Coins the Face or Ornaments of his Collegue, as an Inſtance of his Reſpect or Friendſhip for him; and we may ſuppoſe *Lucius Verus* would omit no Opportunity of doing Honour to *Marcus Aurelius*, whom he rather rever'd as his Father, than look'd upon as his Partner in the Empire. The Famous *Antinous* in the *Belvidere* muſt have been made too about this Age, for he dy'd towards

towards the middle of *Adrian*'s Reign, the immediate Predeceſſor of *Antoninus Pius*. This entire Figure, tho' not to be found in Medals, may be ſeen in ſeveral precious Stones. Monſieur *La Chauſſe*, the Author of the *Muſæum Romanum*, ſhow'd me an *Antinous* that he has publiſh'd in his laſt Volume, cut in a *Cornelian*, which he values at Fifty Piſtoles. It repreſents him in the Habit of a *Mercury*; and is the fineſt *Intaglia* that I ever ſaw.

Next to the Statues, there is nothing in *Rome* more ſurpriſing than that amazing variety of ancient Pillars of ſo many kinds of Marble. As moſt of the old Statues may be well ſuppos'd to have been cheaper to their firſt Owners, than they are to a Modern Purchaſer, ſeveral of the Pillars are certainly rated at a much lower Price at preſent than they were formerly. For not to mention what a huge Column of *Granite*, *Serpentine*, or *Porphyry* muſt have coſt in the Quarry, or in its Carriage from *Egypt* to *Rome*, one need only conſider the great Difficulty of hewing it into any Form, and of giving it the due Turn, Proportion and Poliſh. It is well known how theſe ſorts of Marble reſiſt the Impreſſions of ſuch Inſtruments as are now in uſe. There is indeed a *Milaneſe* at *Rome* who works in 'em, but his Advances are ſo very ſlow, that he ſcarce lives upon what he gains by it. He ſhow'd me a Piece of *Porphyry* work'd into an ordinary Salver, which had coſt

him Four Months continual Application, before he could bring it into that Form. The Ancients had probably ſome Secret to harden the Edges of their Tools, without recurring to thoſe Extravagant Opinions of their having an Art to mollifie the Stone, or that it was naturally ſofter at its firſt cutting from the Rock, or what is ſtill more abſurd, that it was an artificial Compoſition, and not the natural Product of Mines and Quarries. The moſt valuable Pillars about *Rome*, for the Marble of which they are made, are the Four Columns of Oriental Jaſper in St. *Paulina*'s Chappel at St. *Maria Maggiore*; Two of Oriental Granite in St. *Pudenziana*; One of Tranſparent Oriental Jaſper in the *Vatican* Library; Four of *Nero-Bianco* in St. *Cecilia Trans-tevere*; Two of *Brocatello*, and Two of Oriental Agate in Don *Livio*'s Palace; Two of *Giallo Antico* in St. *John Lateran*, and Two of *Verdi Antique* in the *Villa Pamphilia*. Theſe are all entire and ſolid Pillars, and made of ſuch kinds of Marble as are no where to be found but among Antiquities, whether it be that the Veins of it are undiſcover'd, or that they were quite exhauſted upon the ancient Buildings. Among theſe old Pillars I can 't forbear reckoning a great Part of an Alabaſter Column, that was found in the Ruins of *Livia*'s *Portico*. It is of the Colour of Fire, and may be ſeen over the high Altar of St. *Maria* in *Campitello*, for they have cut it into Two Pieces, and fix'd it



it in the Shape of a Croſs in a Hole of the Wall that was made on purpoſe to receive it; ſo that the Light paſſing thro' it from without, makes it look, to thoſe that are in the Church, like a huge tranſparent Croſs of Amber. As for the Workmanſhip of the old *Roman* Pillars, Monſieur *Deſgodetz*, in his accurate Meaſures of theſe Ruins has obſerv'd, that the Ancients have not kept to the nicety of Proportion, and the Rules of Art, ſo much as the Moderns in this Particular. Some, to excuſe this Defect, lay the Blame of it on the Workmen of *Ægypt*, and of other Nations, that ſent moſt of the ancient Pillars ready ſhap'd to *Rome*: Others ſay that the Ancients, knowing Architecture was chiefly deſign'd to pleaſe the Eye, only took care to avoid ſuch Diſproportions as were groſs enough to be obſerv'd by the Sight, without minding whether or no they approach'd to a Mathematical Exactneſs: Others will have it rather to be an Effect of Art, and of what the *Italians* call the *Guſto grande*, than of any Negligence in the Architect; for they ſay the Ancients always conſider'd the Situation of a Building, whether it were high or low, in an open Square or in a narrow Street, and more or leſs deviated from their Rules of Art, to comply with the ſeveral Diſtances and Elevations from which their Works were to be regarded. It is ſaid there is an *Ionic* Pilar in the *Santa Maria Tranſtevere*, where the Marks

of the Compaſs are ſtill to be ſeen on the Volute, and that *Palladio* learnt from hence the working of that difficult Problem; but I never could find time to examine all the old Columns of that Church. Among the Pillars I muſt not paſs over the Two nobleſt in the World, thoſe of *Trajan* and *Antonine*. There could not have been a more magnificent Deſign than that of *Trajan*'s Pillar. Where could an Emperor's Aſhes have been ſo nobly lodg'd, as in the midſt of his Metropolis, and on the Top of ſo exalted a Monument, with the greateſt of his Actions underneath him? Or, as ſome will have it, his Statue was on the Top, his Urn at the Foundation, and his Battles in the midſt. The Sculpture of it is too well known to be here mention'd. The moſt remarkable Piece in *Antonine*'s Pillar is the Figure of *Jupiter Pluvius*, ſending down Rain on the fainting Army of *Marcus Aurelius*, and Thunderbolts on his Enemies, which is the greateſt Confirmation poſſible of the Story of the Thundering Legion, and will be a ſtanding Evidence for it, when any Paſſage in an old Author may be ſuppos'd to be forg'd. The Figure that *Jupiter* here makes among the Clouds, puts me in Mind of a Paſſage in the *Æneid*, that gives juſt ſuch another Image of him. *Virgil*'s Interpreters are certainly to blame, that ſuppoſe it is nothing but the Air which is here meant by *Jupiter*.

Quantus

Quantus ab occaſu veniens pluvialibus hædis
Verberat imber humum, quàm multâ grandine nimbi
In vada præcipitant, quum Jupiter horridus auſtris
Torquet aquoſam hyemem, & cælo cava nubila rumpit. Æn. 9.

The Combat thickens, like the Storm that flies
From Weſtward, when the ſhow'ry Kids ariſe:
Or patt'ring Hail comes pouring on the Main,
When *Jupiter* deſcends in harden'd Rain,
Or bellowing Clouds burſt with a ſtormy Sound,
And with an armed Winter ſtrew the Ground. *Dryden.*

I have ſeen a Medal that, according to the Opinion of many learned Men, relates to the ſame Story. The Emperor is entitled on it *Germanicus*, (as it was in the Wars of *Germany* that this Circumſtance happen'd) and carries on the Reverſe a Thunderbolt in his Hand; for the Heathens attributed the ſame Miracle to the Piety of the Emperor, that the Chriſtians aſcrib'd to the

Prayers of the Thundering Legion. *Fulmen de cælo precibus ſuis contra hoſtium Machinamentum Marcus extorſit, ſuis pluviâ impetratâ cùm ſiti laborarent.* Jul. Capit.

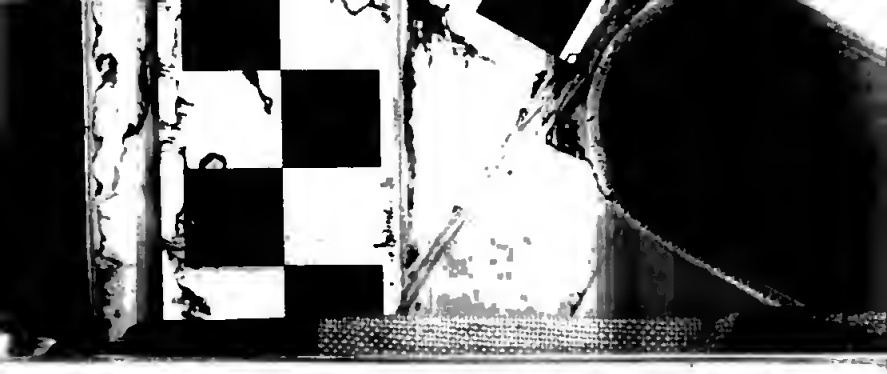
Claudian takes notice of this Miracle, and has given the ſame Reaſon for it.

——— Ad templa vocatus
Clemens Marce redis, cum gentibus undique cinctam
Exuit Heſperiam paribus fortuna periclis.
Laus ibi nulla ducum, nam flammeus imber in hoſtem
Decidit, hunc dorſo trepidum fumante ferebat
Ambuſtus ſonipes; hic tabeſcente ſolutus
Subſedit galeâ, liquefactaque fulgure cuſpis
Canduit, & ſubitis fluxere vaporibus enſes.
Tunc, contenta polo, mortalis neſcia teli
Pugna fuit. Chaldæa mago ſeu carmina ritu
Armavere Deos: ſeu, quod reor, omne tonantis
Obſequium Marci mores potuere mereri.

De Sexto Conſ. Hon.

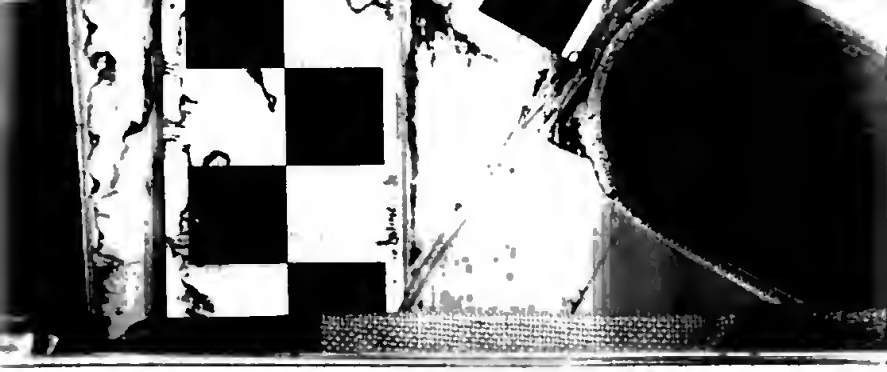
So mild *Aurelius* to the Gods repaid
The grateful Vows that in his Fears he made,
When *Latium* from unnumber'd Foes was freed:

Nor



Nor did he Then by his own Force ſucceed;
But with deſcending Show'rs of Brimſtone fir'd,
The wild Barbarian in the Storm expir'd.
Wrapt in devouring Flames the Horſeman rag'd,
And ſpurr'd the Steed in equal Flames engag'd:
Another pent in his ſcorch'd Armour glow'd,
While from his Head the melting Helmet flow'd;
Swords by the Light'ning's ſubtile Force diſtill'd,
And the cold Sheath with running Metal fill'd:
No Human Arm its weak Aſſiſtance brought,
But Heav'n, offended Heav'n, the Battel fought;
Whether dark Magick and *Chaldean* Charms
Had fill'd the Skies, and ſet the Gods in Arms;
Or good *Aurelius* (as I more believe)
Deſerv'd whatever Aid the Thunderer could give.

It is pity the Obelisks in *Rome* had not been charg'd with ſeveral Parts of the *Egyptian* Hiſtories inſtead of Hieroglyphics, which might have given no ſmall Light to the Antiquities of that Nation, which are now quite ſunk out of ſight in thoſe remoter Ages of the World. Among the Triumphal Arches, that of *Conſtantine* is not only the nobleſt of any in *Rome*, but in the World. I ſearch'd narrowly into it, eſpecially among thoſe Additions of Sculpture that were made in the Emperor's own Age, to ſee if I could find any Marks of the Apparition, that is ſaid to have preceded the very Victory which gave Occaſion to the Triumphal Arch. But there are not the leaſt Traces of it to be met with, which is not very ſtrange, if we conſider that the greateſt Part of the Ornaments were taken from *Trajan*'s Arch, and ſet up to the new Conqueror in no ſmall haſte, by the Senate and People of *Rome*, who were then moſt of 'em Heathens. There is however ſomething in the Inſcription, which is as old as the Arch it ſelf, that ſeems to hint at the Emperor's Viſion, and which no Body has taken notice of on this Account. *Imp. Cæſ. Fl. Conſtantino maximo P. F. Auguſto S. P. Q. R. quod* inſtinctu Divinitatis *mentis magnitudine cum exercitu ſuo tam de Tyranno quàm de omni ejus Factione uno tempore juſtis Rempublicam ultus eſt armis arcum triumphis inſignem dicavit.* There is no Statue of this Emperor at *Rome* with a Croſs to it, tho' the Eccleſiaſtical



ſiaſtical Hiſtorians ſay there were many ſuch erected to him. I have ſeen of his Medals that were ſtamp'd with it, and a very remarkable one of his Son *Conſtantius*, where he is Crown'd by a Victory on the Reverſe with this Inſcription, *In hoc Signo Victor eris* ☧. This Triumphal Arch, and ſome other Buildings of the ſame Age, ſhow us that Architecture held up its Head after all the other Arts of Deſigning were in a very weak and languiſhing Condition, as it was probably the firſt among 'em that reviv'd. If I was ſurpriz'd not to find the Croſs in *Conſtantine*'s Arch, I was as much diſappointed not to ſee the Figure of the Temple of *Jeruſalem* on that of *Titus*, where are repreſented the Golden Candleſtick, the Table of Shew-bread, and the River *Jordan*. Some are of Opinion, that the compoſite Pillars of this Arch were made in Imitation of the Pillars of *Solomon*'s Temple, and obſerve that theſe are the moſt ancient of any that are found of that Order.

It is almoſt impoſſible for a Man to form, in his Imagination, ſuch beautiful and glorious Scenes as are to be met with in ſeveral of the *Roman* Churches and Chappels; for having ſuch a prodigious Stock of ancient Marble within the very City, and at the ſame time ſo many different Quarries in the Bowels of their Country, moſt of their Chappels are laid over with ſuch a rich Variety of Incruſtations, as can't poſſibly be

found in any other Part of the World. And nothwithſtanding the incredible Sums of Mony that have been already lain out this way, there is ſtill the ſame Work going forward in other Parts of *Rome*, the laſt ſtill endeavouring to out-ſhine thoſe that went before 'em. Painting, Sculpture and Architecture are at preſent far from being in a flouriſhing Condition, but 'tis thought they may all recover themſelves under the preſent Pontificate, if the Wars and Confuſions of *Italy* will give 'em leave. For as the Pope is himſelf a Maſter of Polite Learning, and a great Encourager of Arts, ſo at *Rome* any of theſe Arts immediately thrives under the Encouragement of the Prince, and may be fetch'd up to its Perfection in Ten or a Dozen Years, which is the Work of an Age or Two in other Countries, where they have not ſuch excellent Models to form themſelves upon.

I ſhall conclude my Obſervations on *Rome*, with a Letter of King *Henry* the Eighth to *Ann* of *Bulleyn*, tranſcrib'd out of the famous Manuſcript in the Vatican, which the Biſhop of *Salisbury* aſſures us is written with the King's own Hand.

" The Cauſe of my Writing at this Ti-
" me is to hear of your Health and Proſ-
" perity, of which I would be as glad as
" in manner of my own, praying God
" that it be his Pleaſure to ſend us ſhortly
toge-

" together, for I promiſe I long for it;
" howbeit I truſt it ſhall not be long too,
" and ſeeing my Darling is abſent, I can
" no leſs do than ſend her ſome Fleſh,
" Prognoſticating that hereafter thou muſt
" have ſome of mine, which, if he pleaſe,
" I would have now. As touching your
" Siſter's Mother, I have conſign'd *Walter*
" *Welsh* to write to my Lord *Manwring* my
" Mind therein, whereby I truſt he ſhall
" not have Power to diſſeid her; for ſurely,
" whatever is ſaid, it cannot ſo ſtand with
" his Honour, but that he muſt needs take
" his natural Daughter in her extream Ne-
" ceſſity. No more to you at this time,
" my own Darling, but that with a Whiſt-
" le I wiſh we were together, one Evening;
" by the Hand of Yours,

HENRY.

Theſe Letters are always ſhown to an *Engliſhman* that viſits the *Vatican* Library.

TOWNS

Within the Neighbourhood of

ROME.

I Spent Three or Four Days on *Tivoli*, *Freſcati*, *Paleſtrina* and *Albano*. On the way to *Tivoli* I ſaw the Rivulet of *Solforata*, formerly call'd *Albula*, and ſmelt the Stench that ariſes from its Waters ſome time before I ſaw 'em. *Martial* mentions this offenſive Smell in an Epigram of the Fourth Book, as he does the Rivulet it ſelf in the Firſt.

Quod ſiccæ redolet lacus lacunæ,
Crudarum nebulæ quod Albularum. L. 4. Ep. 4.

The drying Marſhes ſuch a Stench convey,
Such the rank Steams of reeking *Albula*.

Itur ad Herculeæ gelidas quà Tiburis arces,
Canaque ſulphureis Albula fumat aquis.
L. 1. Ep. 5.

As

As from high *Rome* to *Tivoli* you go,
Where *Albula*'s ſulphureous Waters flow.

The little Lake that gives Riſe to this River, with its floating Iſlands, is one of the moſt extraordinary natural Curioſities about *Rome*. It lyes in the very Flat of the *Campania*, and as it is the Drain of theſe Parts, 'tis no Wonder that it is ſo impregnated with Sulphur. It has at Bottom ſo thick a Sediment of it, that upon throwing in a Stone the Water boils for a conſiderable time over the Place that has been ſtir'd up. At the ſame time are ſeen little Flakes of Scurfe riſing up, that are probably the Parts which compoſe the Iſlands, for they often mount of themſelves, tho' the Water is not troubled.

I queſtion not but this Lake was formerly much larger than it is at preſent, and that the Banks have grown over it by degrees, in the ſame manner as the Iſlands have been form'd on it. Nor is it improbable but that, in Proceſs of Time, the whole Surface of it may be cruſted over, as the Iſlands enlarge themſelves, and the Banks cloſe in upon 'em. All about the Lake, where the Ground is dry, we found it to be hollow by the Trampling of our Horſes Feet. I could not diſcover the leaſt Traces of the *Sibyls* Temple and Grove, that ſtood on the Borders of this Lake. *Tivoli* is ſeen at a diſtance lying along

on the Brow of a Hill. Its Situation has given *Horace* occaſion to call it *Tibur Supinum*, as *Virgil* perhaps for the ſame Reaſon entitles it *Superbum*. The *Villa de Medicis* with its Water-Works, the Caſcade of the *Teverone*, and the Ruins of the *Sibyls* Temple (of which *Vignola* has made a little Copy at St. *Peters de Montorio*) are deſcrib'd in every Itinerary. I muſt confeſs I was moſt pleas'd with a beautiful Proſpect that none of 'em have mention'd, which lyes at about a Mile diſtance from the Town. It opens on one Side into the *Roman Campania*, where the Eye loſes it ſelf on a ſmooth ſpacious Plain. On the other Side is a more broken and interrupted Scene, made up of an infinite Variety of Inequalities and Shadowings, that naturally ariſe from an agreable Mixture of Hills, Groves and Vallies. But the moſt enlivening Part of all is the River *Teverone*, which you ſee at about a Quarter of a Miles diſtance throwing it ſelf down a Precipice, and falling by ſeveral Caſcades from one Rock to another, 'till it gains the Bottom of the Valley, where the Sight of it would be quite loſt, did not it ſometimes diſcover it ſelf thro' the Breakings and Inter-ſtices of the Woods that grow about it. The *Roman* Painters often work upon this Landskip, and I am apt to believe that *Horace* had his Eye upon it in thoſe Two or Three beautiful Touches that he has given

us of these Seats. The *Teverone* was formerly call'd the *Anio*.

Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,
Quàm domus Albúneæ resonantis,
Et præceps Anio, & Tiburni lucus, & uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis. L. 1. O. 7.

Not Fair *Larissa*'s fruitful Shore,
Nor *Lacedæmon* charms me more,
Than high *Albunea*'s airy Walls
Resounding with her Water-falls,
And *Tivoli*'s delightful Shades,
And *Anio* rolling in Cascades,
That through the flow'ry Meadows glides,
And all the beauteous Scene divides.

I remember Monsieur *Dacier* explains *Mobilibus* by *Ductilibus*, and believes that the Word relates to the Conduits, Pipes, and Canals that were made to distribute the Waters up and down, according to the Pleasure of the Owner. But any one that sees the *Teverone* must be of another Opinion, and conclude it to be one of the most *moveable* Rivers in the World, that has its Stream broken by such a Multitude of Cascades, and is so often shifted out of one Channel into another. After a very turbulent and noisie Course of several Miles among

among the Rocks and Mountains, the *Teverone* falls into the Valley beforementioned, where it recovers its Temper, as it were, by little and little, and after many Turns and Windings glides peaceably into the *Tiber*. In which Senſe we are to underſtand *Silius Italicus*'s Deſcription, to give it its proper Beauty.

Sulphureis gelidus quà ſerpit leniter undis,
Ad genitorem Anio labens ſine murmure Tibrim.

Here the loud *Anio*'s boiſt'rous Clamours ceaſe,
That with ſubmiſſive Murmurs glides in Peace
To his old Sire the *Tiber* ———

At *Freſcati* I had the Satisfaction of ſeeing the Firſt Sketch of *Verſailles* in the Walks and Water-Works. The Proſpect from it was doubtleſs much more delightful formerly, when the *Campania* was ſet thick with Towns, Villas and Plantations. *Cicero*'s *Tuſculum* was at a Place call'd *Grotto Ferrate*, about Two Miles off this Town, tho' moſt of the Modern Writers have fix'd it to *Freſcati*. *Nardini* ſays, there was found among the Ruins at *Grotto Ferrate* a Piece of Sculpture that *Cicero* himſelf mentions in one of his familiar Epiſtles. In going to *Freſcati* we had a fair View of Mount *Algido*.

On

On our Way to *Palaſtrina* we ſaw the Lake *Regillus*, famous for the Apparition of *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, who were here ſeen to give their Horſes Drink after the Battel between the *Romans* and the Son-in-Law of *Tarquin*. At ſome diſtance from it we had a View of the *Lacus Gabinus*, that is much larger than the former. We left the Road for about half a Mile to ſee the Sources of a Modern Aqueduct. It is entertaining to obſerve how the ſeveral little Springs and Rills, that break out of the Sides of the Mountain, are glean'd up, and convey'd thro' little cover'd Channels into the main Hollow of the Aqueduct. It was certainly very lucky for *Rome*, ſeeing it had occaſion for ſo many Aqueducts, that there chanc'd to be ſuch a Range of Mountains within its Neighbourhood. For by this means they could take up their Water from what height they pleas'd, without the Expence of ſuch an Engine as that at *Marli*. Thus the *Claudian* Aqueduct ran Thirty Eight Miles, and ſunk after the Proportion of Five Foot and a half every Mile, by the Advantage only of a high Source and the low Situation of *Rome*. *Palaſtrina* ſtands very high, like moſt other Towns in *Italy*, for the Advantage of the cool Breezes, for which Reaſon *Virgil* calls it *Altum*, and *Horace*, *Frigidum Præneſte*. *Statius* calls it *Præneſte Sacrum*, becauſe of the Famous Temple of Fortune that ſtood in it. There are ſtill great Pillars of Granite, and other

Fragments of this ancient Temple. But the moſt conſiderable Remnant of it is a very beautiful *Moſaic* Pavement, the fineſt that I have ever ſeen in Marble. The Parts are ſo well join'd together, that the whole Piece looks like a continu'd Picture. There are in it the Figures of a Rhinoceros, of Elephants, and of ſeveral other Animals, with little Landskips that look very lively and well painted, tho' they are made out of the natural Colours and Shadows of the Marble. I don't remember ever to have met with any old *Roman Moſaic*, compos'd of little Pieces of Clay half vitrify'd, and prepar'd at the Glaſs-Houſes, which the *Italians* call *Smalte*. Theſe are much in uſe at preſent, and may be made of what Colour and Figure the Work-man pleaſes, which is a Modern Improvement of the Art, and enables thoſe that are employ'd in it to make much finer Pieces of *Moſaic* than they did formerly.

In our Excurſion to *Albano* we went as far as *Nemi*, that takes its Name from the *Nemus Dianæ*. The whole Country thereabouts is ſtill overrun with Woods and Thickets. The Lake of *Nemi* lyes in a very deep Bottom, ſo ſurrounded on all Sides with Mountains and Groves, that the Surface of it is never ruffled with the leaſt Breath of Wind, which perhaps, together with the Clearneſs of its Waters, gave it formerly the Name of *Diana*'s Looking-Glaſs.

Spe-

——*Speculumque Diana.* Virg.

Prince *Caſarini* has a Palace at *Jenſano*, very near *Nemi*, in a pleaſant Situation, and ſet off with many beautiful Walks. In our Return from *Jenſano* to *Albano* we paſs'd thro' *la Ricca*, the *Aricia* of the Ancients, *Horace*'s Firſt Stage from *Rome* to *Brundiſi*. There is nothing at *Albano* ſo remarkable as the Proſpect from the *Capucin*'s Garden, which for the Extent and Variety of pleaſing Incidents is, I think, the moſt charming that I ever ſaw. It takes in the whole *Campania*, and terminates in a full View of the Mediterranean. You have a Sight at the ſame time of the *Alban* Lake, that lyes juſt by in an Oval Figure of about Seven Miles round, and, by reaſon of the continu'd Circuit of high Mountains that encompaſs it, looks like the *Area* of ſome vaſt Amphitheater. This, together with the ſeveral Green Hills and naked Rocks, that lye within the Neighbourhood, makes the moſt agreeable Confuſion imaginable. *Albano* keeps up its Credit ſtill for Wine, which perhaps would be as good as it was anciently did they preſerve it to as great an Age; but as for Olives there are now very few here, tho' they are in great plenty at *Tivoli*.

——*Albani pretioſa ſenectus.* Juv. Sat. 13.

Cras bibet Albanis aliquid de montibus aut de

Setinis, cujus patriam titulumque Senectus
Delevit multâ veteris fuligine teſtæ. Id. Sat. 5.

Perhaps to Morrow he may change his Wine,
And drink old ſparkling *Alban*, or *Setine*,
Whoſe Title, and whoſe Age, with Mould o'er-grown,
The good old Cask for ever keeps unknown. Mr. *Bowles.*

——*Palladiæ ſeu collibus uteris Albæ.*
Mar. L. 5. E. 1.

Albanæ —— *Olivæ.* Id. L. 9. Ep. 16.

The Places mention'd in this Chapter were all of 'em formerly the cool Retirements of the *Romans*, where they us'd to hide themſelves among the Woods and Mountains, during the exceſſive Heats of their Summer; as *Baja* was the general Winter Rendezvous.

Jam terras volucremque polum fuga veris Aquoſi
Laxat, & Icariis cælum latratibus urit.
Ardua jam denſæ rareſcunt mœnia Romæ:
Hos Præneſte ſacrum, nemus hos glaciale Dianæ,
Algidus aut horrens, aut Tuſcula protegit Umbra,
Tiburis hi lucos, Anienaque frigora captant.
Sil. 4. 1.

Al-

Albanos quoque Tuſculoſque colles
Et quodcunque jacet ſub urbe frigus.
Fidenas veteres, breveſque Rubras,
Et quod Virgineo cruore gaudet
Annæ pomiferum nemus Perennæ.

M. L. 1. E. 123.

All ſhun the raging Dog-Stars ſultry Heat,
And from the half-unpeopled Town retreat:
Some hid in *Nemi*'s gloomy Foreſts lye,
To *Palæſtrina* ſome for Shelter fly;
Others to catch the Breeze of breathing Air,
To *Tuſculum* or *Algido* repair;
Or in moiſt *Tivoli*'s Retirements find
A cooling Shade, and a refreſhing Wind.

On the contrary, at preſent, *Rome* is never fuller of Nobility than in Summer time; for the Country Towns are ſo infected with unwholſome Vapours, that they dare not truſt themſelves in 'em while the Heats laſt. There is no queſtion but the Air of the *Campania* would be now as healthful as it was formerly, were there as many Fires burning in it, and as many Inhabitants to manure the Soil. Leaving *Rome* about the latter end of *October*, in my Way to *Sienna*, I lay the firſt Night at a

little Village in the Territories of the ancient *Veii*.

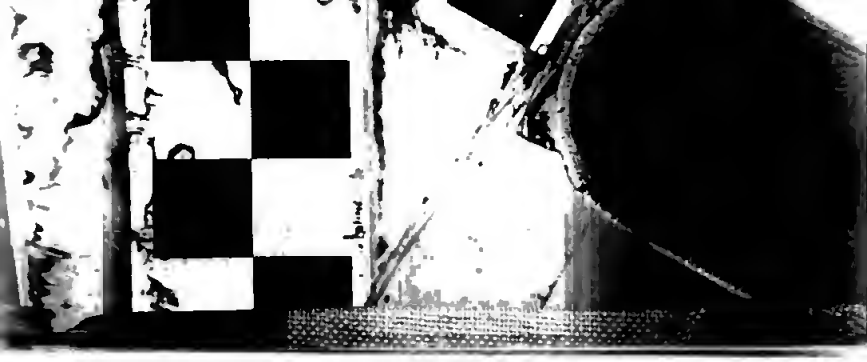
Hæc tum nomina erant nunc ſunt ſine nomine Campi.

The Ruins of their Capital City are at preſent ſo far loſt, that the Geographers are not able to determine exactly the Place where they once ſtood: So literally is that beautiful Prophecy of *Lucan* fulfill'd, of this and other Places of *Latium*.

——— *Gentes Mars iſte futuras*
Obruet, & populos avi venientis in orbem
Erepto natale feret, tunc omne Latinum
Fabula nomen erit: Gabios, Veioſque, Coramque,
Pulvere vix tecta poterunt monſtrare ruinæ,
Albanoſque lares, Laurentinoſque penates
Rus vacuum, quod non habitet niſi nocte coactâ
Invitus ——— ——— L. 7.

Succeeding Nations by the Sword ſhall die,
And ſwallow'd up in dark Oblivion lye;
Almighty *Latium* with her Cities crown'd,
Shall like an antiquated Fable ſound;
The *Veian* and the *Gabian* Tow'rs ſhall fall,
And one promiſcuous Ruin cover all,
Nor, after length of Years, a Stone betray

The



The Place where once the very Ruins lay:
High *Alba*'s Walls, and the *Lavinian* Strand,
(A lonely Desart, and an empty Land)
Shall scarce afford, for needful Hours of Rest,
A single House to their benighted Guest.

We here saw the Lake *Bacca*, that gives Rise to the *Cremera*, on whose Banks the *Fabii* fell.

Trecentum numerabat avos, quos turbine Martis,
Abstrulit una Dies, cùm fors non æqua laborî
Patricio Cremeræ maculavit sanguine ripas.

Sil. It. L. 1.

Fabius a num'rous Ancestry could tell,
Three Hundred Heroes that in Battel fell,
Near the fam'd *Cremera*'s disast'rous Flood,
That ran polluted with *Patrician* Blood.

We saw afterwards, in the Progress of our Voyage, the Lakes of *Vico* and *Bolsena*. The last is reckon'd One and Twenty Miles in Circuit, and is plentifully stock'd with Fish and Fowl. There are in it a couple of Islands, that are perhaps the Two floating Isles mention'd by *Pliny*, with that improbable Circumstance of their appearing sometimes like a Circle, and sometimes like a Triangle, but never like a Quadrangle.

gle. It is eaſie enough to conceive how they might become fix'd, tho' they once floated; and it is not very credible, that the Naturaliſt could be deceiv'd in his Account of a Place that lay, as it were, in the Neighbourhood of *Rome*. At one End of this Lake ſtands *Monteſiaſcone*, the Habitation of *Virgil*'s *Æqui Faliſci*. Æn. 7. and on the Side of it the Town of the *Volſinians*, now call'd *Bolſena*.

Aut poſitis nemoroſa inter juga Volſiniis.

Juv. Sat. 3.

——— ——— *Volſinium* ſtood
Cover'd with Mountains, and enclos'd with Wood.

I ſaw in the Church-yard of *Bolſena* an antique Funeral Monument (of that kind which they call'd a *Sarcophagus*) very entire, and what is particular, Engraven *on all Sides* with a curious Repreſentation of a Bacchanal. Had the Inhabitants obſerv'd a couple of lewd Figures at one End of it, they would not have thought it a proper Ornament for the Place where it now ſtands. After having travell'd hence to *Aquapendente*, that ſtands in a wonderful pleaſant Situation, we came to the little Brook that ſeparates the Pope's Dominions from the Great Duke's. The Frontier Caſtle of *Radicofani* is ſeated on the higheſt Mountain in

n the Country, and is as well fortify'd as he Situation of the Place will permit. We here found the natural Face of the Country quite chang'd from what we had been entertain'd with in the Pope's Dominions. For inſtead of the many beautiful Scenes of green Mountains and fruitful Vallies, that we had been preſented with for ſome Days before, we ſaw now nothing but a wild naked Proſpect of Rocks and Hills, worn on all Sides with Gutters and Channels, and not a Tree or Shrub to be met with in a vaſt Circuit of Several Miles. This Savage Proſpect put me in Mind of the *Italian* Proverb, that *The Pope has the Flesh, and the Great Duke the Bones of* Italy. Among a large Extent of theſe Barren Mountains I ſaw but a ſingle Spot that was cultivated, on which there ſtood a Convent.

SIENNA, LEGHORNE, PISA.

SIENNA ſtands high, and is adorn'd with a great many Towers of Brick, that in the Time of the Common-wealth were erected to ſuch of the Members as had done any conſiderable Service to their Country. Theſe Towers gave us a ſight of the Town a great while before we enter'd it. There is nothing in this City ſo extraordinary as the Cathedral, which a Man may view with Pleaſure after he has ſeen St. *Peters*, tho' 'tis quite of another Make, and can only be look'd upon as one of the Maſterpieces of *Gothic* Architecture. When a Man ſees the prodigious Pains and Expence, that our Fore-fathers have been at in theſe barbarous Buildings, one can't but fancy to himſelf what Miracles of Architecture they would have left us, had they only been inſtructed in the right way; for when the Devotion of thoſe Ages was much

much warmer than it is at preſent, and the Riches of the People much more at the Diſpoſal of the Prieſts, there was ſo much Mony conſum'd on theſe *Gothic* Cathedrals, as would have finiſh'd a greater Variety of Noble Buildings, than have been rais'd either before or ſince that Time.

One would wonder to ſee the vaſt Labour that has been laid out on this ſingle Cathedral. The very Spouts are loaden with Ornaments, the Windows are form'd like ſo many Scenes of Perſpective, with a Multitude of little Pillars retiring one behind another, the great Columns are finely engraven with Fruits and Foliage that run twiſting about 'em from the very Top to the Bottom, the whole Body of the Church is chequer'd with different Lays of White and Black Marble, the Pavement curiouſly cut out in Deſigns and Scripture-Stories, and the Front cover'd with ſuch a Variety of Figures, and over-run with ſo many little Mazes and Labyrinths of Sculpture, that nothing in the World can make a prettier Show to thoſe that prefer falſe Beauties, and affected Ornaments, to a Noble and Majeſtick Simplicity. Over-againſt this Church ſtands a large Hoſpital, erected by a Shooe-Maker that has been Beatify'd, tho' never Sainted. There ſtands a Figure of him ſuperſcrib'd, *Sutor ultra Crepidam.* I ſhall ſpeak nothing of the Extent of this City, the Cleanlineſs of its Streets, nor the Beauty of its Piazza, which

ſo many Travellers have deſcrib'd. As this is the laſt Republick that fell under the Subjection of the Duke of *Florence*, ſo is it ſtill ſuppos'd to retain many Hankerings after its ancient Liberty: For this Reaſon, when the Keys and Pageants of the Duke's Towns and Governments paſs in Proceſſion before him, on St. *John* Baptiſt's Day, I was told that *Sienna* comes in the Rear of his Dominions, and is puſh'd forward by thoſe that follow, to ſhow the Reluctancy it has to appear in ſuch a Solemnity. I ſhall ſay nothing of the many groſs and abſurd Traditions of St. *Catherine* of *Sienna*, who is the great Saint of this Place. I think there is as much Pleaſure in hearing a Man tell his Dreams, as in reading Accounts of this Nature: A Traveller, that thinks 'em worth his Obſervation, may fill a Book with 'em at every great Town in *Italy*.

From *Sienna* we went forward to *Leghorne*, where the Two Ports, the Bagnio, and *Donatelli*'s Statue of the Great Duke, amidſt the Four Slaves chain'd to his Pedeſtal, are very noble Sights. The Square is one of the largeſt, and will be one of the beautifulleſt in *Italy*, when this Statue is erected in it, and a Town-houſe built at one End of it to front the Church that ſtands at the other. They are at a continual Expence to cleanſe the Ports, and keep 'em from being choak'd up, which they do by the help of ſeveral Engines that are always

at

at work, and employ many of the Great Duke's Slaves. Whatever part of the Harbour they ſcoop in, it has an Influence on all the reſt, for the Sea immediately works the whole Bottom to a Level. They draw a double Advantage from the Dirt that is taken up, as it clears the Port, and at the ſame time dries up ſeveral Marſhes about the Town, where they lay it from time to time. One can ſcarce imagine how great Profits the Duke of *Tuſcany* receives from this ſingle Place, which are not generally thought ſo conſiderable, becauſe it paſſes for a Free Port. But, notwithſtanding the Name of a Free Port, it is very well know how the Great Duke has, of late Years, very much contracted the Privileges of the Merchants, and drawn no ſmall Sums of Mony out of 'em; tho' ſtill, in reſpect of the Exorbitant Dues that are paid at moſt other Ports, it retains the Name of Free. It brings into his Dominions a great Increaſe of People from all other Nations. They reckon in it near Ten Thouſand *Jews*, many of 'em very Rich, and ſo great Traffickers, that our *Engliſh* Factors complain they have moſt of our Country Trade in their Hands. 'Tis true the Strangers pay little or no Taxes directly, but out of every thing they buy there goes a large Gabel to the Government. The very Ice-Merchant at *Leghorne* pays above a Thouſand Pound Sterling annually for his Privilege, and the Tobacco-Mer-

chant Ten Thouſand, which is very conſiderable in a Country where there are ſo few Smoakers. The Ground is ſold by the great Duke at a very high Price, and Houſes are every Day riſing on it. All the Commodities that go up into the Country, of which there are great Quantities, are clogg'd with Impoſitions as ſoon as they leave *Leghorne*. All the Wines, Oils, and Silks that come down from the fruitful Vallies of *Piſa*, *Florence*, and other Parts of *Tuſcany*, muſt make their Way thro' ſeveral Duties and Taxes before they can reach the Port. The Canal that runs from the Sea into the *Arno* gives a convenient Carriage to all Goods that are to be ſhipp'd off, which does not a little enrich the Owners; and in proportion, as private Men grow wealthy, their Legacies, Law-Suits, Daughter's Portions, *&c.* encreaſe, in all which the Great Duke comes in for his Share. The *Lucqueſe*, who Traffick at this Port, are ſaid to bring in a great deal into the Duke's Coffers. Another Advantage, which may be of great uſe to him, is, that at Five or Six Days warning he may find Credit in this Town for ſome Hundred Thouſands of Pounds Sterling, which no other Prince in *Italy* can pretend to. I need not take notice of the Reputation that this Port gives him among Foreign Princes, but there is one Benefit ariſing from it, which, tho' never thrown into the Account, is doubtleſs very conſi-

de-

derable. It is well known how the *Piſans* and *Florentines* long regretted the Loſs of their ancient Liberty, and their Subjection to a Family that many of 'em thought themſelves equal to, in the flouriſhing Times of their Common-wealths. The Town of *Leghorne* has accidentally done what the greateſt Fetch of Politicks would have found difficult to have brought about, for it has almoſt unpeopled *Piſa*, if we compare it with what it was formerly, and every Day leſſens the Number of the Inhabitants of *Florence*. This does not only weaken thoſe Places, but at the ſame time turns many of the buſieſt Spirits from their old Notions of Honour and Liberty, to the Thoughts of Traffick and Merchandiſe: And as Men engag'd in a Road of Thriving are no Friends to Changes and Revolutions, they are at preſent worn into a Habit of Subjection, and puſh all their Purſuits another way. It is no Wonder therefore that the Great Duke has ſuch Apprehenſions of the Pope's making *Civita Vecchia* a Free Port, which may in time prove ſo very prejudicial to *Leghorne*. It would be thought an improbable Story, ſhould I ſet down the ſeveral Methods that are commonly reported to have been made uſe of, during the laſt Pontificate, to put a ſtop to this Deſign. The Great Duke's Mony was ſo well beſtow'd in the Conclave, that ſeveral of the Cardinals diſſuaded the Pope from the Undertaking, and at laſt turn'd all

all his Thoughts upon the little Port that he made at *Antium*, near *Nettuno*. The chief Work-men that were to have convey'd the Water to *Civita Vecchia* were bought off, and when a poor *Capucin*, that was thought Proof againſt all Bribes, had undertaken to carry on the Work, he dy'd a little after he had enter'd upon it. The preſent Pope however, who is very well acquainted with the Secret Hiſtory, and the Weakneſs of his Predeceſſor, ſeems reſolv'd to bring the Project to its Perfection. He has already been at vaſt Charges in finiſhing the Aqueduct, and had ſome Hopes that, if the War drove our *Engliſh* Merchants from *Sicily* and *Naples*, they would ſettle here. His Holineſs has told ſome *Engliſh* Gentleman, that thoſe of our Nation ſhould have the greateſt Privileges of any but the Subjects of the Church. One of our Countrymen, that makes a good Figure at *Rome*, told me the Pope has this Deſign extreamly at his Heart, but that he fears the *Engliſh* will ſuffer nothing like a Reſident or Conſul in his Dominions, tho' at the ſame time he hop'd the Buſineſs might as well be tranſacted by one that had no publick Character. This Gentleman has ſo buſied himſelf in the Affair, that he has offended the *French* and *Spaniſh* Cardinals, inſomuch that Cardinal *Janſon* refus'd to ſee him when he would have made his Apology for wat he had ſaid to the Pope on this Subject. There is

one

one great Objection to *Civita Vecchia*, that the Air of the Place is not wholſome; but this they ſay proceeds from want of Inhabitants, the Air of *Leghorne* having been worſe than this before the Town was well peopled.

The great Profits that have accru'd to the Duke of *Florence* from his Free Port have ſet ſeveral of the States of *Italy* on the ſame Proje&. The moſt likely to ſucceed in it would be the *Genoeſe*, that lye more convenient than the *Venetians*, and have a more inviting Form of Gouvernment than that of the Church, or that of *Florence*. But as the Port of *Genoa* is ſo very ill guarded againſt Storms, that no Privileges can tempt the Merchants from *Leghorne* into it, ſo dare not the *Genoeſe* make any other of their Ports Free, leaſt it ſhould draw to it moſt of their Commerce and Inhabitants, and by Conſequence ruin their chief City.

From *Leghorne* I went to *Piſa*, where there is ſtill the Shell of a great City, tho' not half furniſh'd with Inhabitants. The Great Church, Baptiſtery, and Leaning Tower are very well worth ſeeing, and are built after the ſame Fancy with the Cathedral of *Sienna*. Half a Day's Journey more brought me into the Republick of *Lucca*.

THE REPUBLICK OF *LUCCA*.

IT is very pleaſant to ſee how the ſmall Territories of this little Republick are cultivated to the beſt Advantage, ſo that one can't find the leaſt Spot of Ground, that is not made to contribute its utmoſt to the Owner. In all the Inhabitants there appears an Air of Chearfulneſs and Plenty, that is not often to be met with in thoſe of the Countries that lye about 'em. There is but one Gate for Strangers to enter at, that it may be known what Numbers of 'em are in the Town. Over it is written in Letters of Gold, *Libertas.*

This Republick is ſhut up in the Great Duke's Dominions, who at preſent is very much incens'd againſt it, and ſeems to threaten it with the Fate of *Florence*, *Piſa*, and *Sienna*. The Occaſion as follows.

The

The *Lucqueſe* plead Preſcription for Hunting in one of the Duke's Foreſts, that lyes upon their Frontiers, which about Two Years ſince was ſtrictly forbidden 'em, the Prince intending to preſerve the Game for his own Pleaſure. Two or Three Sportſmen of the Republick, that had the Hardineſs to offend againſt the Prohibition, were ſeiz'd, and kept in a neighbouring Priſon. Their Countrymen, to the Number of Threeſcore, attack'd the Place where they were kept in Cuſtody, and reſcu'd 'em. The Great Duke redemands his Priſoners, and, as a further Satisfaction, would have the Governor of the Town, where the Threeſcore Aſſailants had combin'd together, deliver'd into his Hands; but receiving only Excuſes, he reſolv'd to do himſelf Juſtice. Accordingly he order'd all the *Lucqueſe* to be ſeiz'd that were found, on a Market Day, in one of his Frontier Towns. Theſe amounted to Fourſcore, among whom were Perſons of ſome Conſequence in the Republick. They are now in Priſon at *Florence*, and, as 'tis ſaid, treated hardly enough, for there are Fifteen of the Number dead within leſs than Two Years. The King of *Spain*, who is Protector of the Common-wealth, receiv'd Information from the Great Duke of what had paſs'd, who approv'd of his Proceedings, and order'd the *Lucqueſe*, by his Governor of *Milan*, to give a proper Satisfaction. The Republick, thinking themſel-

ſelves ill us'd by their Protector, as they ſay at *Florence*, have ſent to Prince *Eugene* to deſire the Emperor's Protection, with a Proffer of Winter-Quarters, as 'tis ſaid, for Four Thouſand *Germans*. The Great Duke riſes on 'em in his Demands, and will not be ſatisfy'd with leſs than a Hundred Thouſand Crowns and a Solemn Ambaſſy to beg Pardon for the paſt, and promiſe Amendment for the future. Thus ſtands the Affair at preſent, that may end in the Ruin of the Common-wealth, if the *French* ſucceed in *Italy*. It is pleaſant however to hear the Diſcourſe of the Common People of *Lucca*, who are firmly perſuaded that One *Lucqueſe* can beat Five *Florentines*, who are grown low ſpirited, as they pretend, by the Great Duke's Oppreſſions, and have nothing worth fighting for. They ſay they can bring into the Field Twenty or Thirty Thouſand fighting Men all ready to Sacrifice their Lives for their Liberty. They have Quantity of Arms and Ammunition, but few Horſe. It muſt be own'd theſe People are more happy, at leaſt in imagination, than the reſt of their Neighbours, becauſe they think themſelves ſo; tho' ſuch a Chimerical Happineſs is not peculiar to Republicans for we find the Subjects of the moſt abſolute Prince in *Europe* are as proud of their great Monarch as the *Lucqueſe* of being ſubject to none. Should the *French* Affairs proſper in *Italy*, it is poſſible the Great Duke

Duke may bargain for the Republick of *Lucca*, by the help of his great Treaſures, as his Predeceſſors did formerly with the Emperor for that of *Sienna*. The Great Dukes have never yet attempted any thing on *Lucca*, as not only fearing the Arms of their Protector, but becauſe they are well aſſur'd, that ſhould the *Lucqueſe* be reduc'd to the laſt Extremities, they would rather throw themſelves under the Government of the *Genoeſe*, or ſome ſtronger Neighbour, than ſubmit to a State for which they have ſo great an Averſion. And the *Florentines* are very ſenſible, that 'tis much better having a weak State within their Dominions, than the Branch of one as ſtrong as themſelves. But ſhould ſo formidable a Power, as that of the *French* King, ſupport 'em in their Attempts, there is no Government in *Italy* that would dare to interpoſe. This Republick, for the Extent of its Dominions, is eſteem'd the richeſt and beſt peopled State of *Italy*. The whole Adminiſtration of the Government paſſes into different Hands at the End of every Two Months, which is the greateſt Security imaginable to their Liberty, and wonderfully contributes to the quick Diſpatch of all publick Affairs: But in any Exigence of State, like that they are now preſs'd with, it certainly asks a much longer time to conduct any Deſign, for the Good of the Common-wealth, to its Maturity and Perfection.

FLORENCE.

I Had the good Luck to be at *Florence* when there was an Opera acted, which was the Eighth that I had ſeen in *Italy*. I could not but ſmile to ſee the Solemn Proteſtation of the Poet in the Firſt Page, where he declares that he believes neither in the Fates, Deities, or Deſtinies; and that if he has made uſe of the Words, it is purely out of a Poetical Liberty, and not from his real Sentiments, for that in all theſe Particulars he believes as the Holy Mother Church believes and commands.

PROTESTA.

Le voci Fato, Deità, Deſtino, e Simili, che per entro queſto Drama trovarai, ſon meſſe per iſcherzo poetico, e non per Sentimento vero, credendo Sempre in tutto quello, che crede, e comanda Santa Madre chieſa.

There are ſome beautiful Palaces in *Florence*; but as *Tuſcan* Pillars and *Ruſtic* Work owe their Original to this Country, the Architects always take care to give 'em a Place in the great Edifices that are rais'd in *Tuſcany*. The Duke's new Palace is a very noble Pile, built after this manner, which

which makes it look extreamly Solid and Majeſtick. It is not unlike that of *Luxemburg* at *Paris*, which was built by *Mary* of *Medicis*, and for that Reaſon perhaps the Workmen fell into the *Tuſcan* Humour. I found in the Court of this Palace what I could not meet with any where in *Rome*. I mean an Antique Statue of *Hercules* lifting up *Antæus* from the Earth, which I have already had occaſion to ſpeak of. It was found in *Rome*, and brought hither under the Reign of *Leo* the Tenth. There are abundance of Pictures in the ſeveral Apartments, by the Hands of the greateſt Maſters.

But 'tis the Famous Gallery of the Old Palace, where there are perhaps the nobleſt Collections of Curioſities that are to be met with in any Part of the whole World. The Gallery it ſelf is made in the Shape of an L, according to Mr. *Laſſel*, but if it muſt needs be like a Letter, it reſembles the *Greek* Π moſt. It is adorn'd with admirable Pieces of Sculpture, as well Modern as Ancient. Of the laſt Sort I ſhall mention thoſe that are rareſt, either for the Perſon they repreſent, or the Beauty of the Sculpture. Among the Buſts of the Emperors and Empereſſes there are theſe that follow, which are all very ſcarce, and ſome of 'em almoſt ſingular in their kind. *Agrippa*, *Caligula*, *Otho*, *Nerva*, *Ælius verus*, *Pertinax*, *Geta*, *Didius Julianus*, *Albinus* extreamly well wrought, and what is

ſel-

ſeldom ſeen in Alablaſter, *Gordianus Africanus* the elder, *Eliogabalus*, *Galien* the elder, and the younger *Pupienus*. I have put *Agrippa* among the Emperors, becauſe he is generally rang'd ſo in Sets of Medals, as ſome that follow among the Empereſſes have no other Right to the Company they are join'd with. *Domitia*, *Agrippina* Wife of *Germanicus*, *Antonia*, *Matidia*, *Plotina*, *Mallia Scantilla*, falſely ſuperſcrib'd under her Buſt *Julia Severi*, *Aquilia Severa*, *Julia Maſa*. I have generally obſerv'd at *Rome*, which is the great Magazine of theſe Antiquities, that the ſame Heads which are rare in Medals are alſo rare in Marble, and indeed one may commonly aſſign the ſame Reaſon for both, which was the Shortneſs of the Emperors Reigns, that did not give the Workmen time to make many of their Figures; and as the Shortneſs of their Reigns was generally occaſion'd by the Advancement of a Rival, it is no Wonder that no Body work'd on the Figure of a Deceas'd Emperor, when his Enemy was in the Throne. This Obſervation however does not always hold. An *Agrippa* or *Caligula*, for Example, is a common Coin, but a very extraordinary Buſt; and a *Tiberius* a rare Coin, but a common Buſt, which one would the more wonder at, if we conſider the Indignities that were offer'd to this Emperor's Statues after his Death. The *Tiberius* in *Tiberim* is a known Inſtance.

A.

Among the Busts of such Emperors as are common enough, there are several in the Gallery that deserve to be taken notice of for the Excellence of the Sculpture, as those of *Augustus*, *Vespasian*, *Adrian*, *Marcus Aurelius*, *Lucius Verus*, *Septimius Severus*, *Caracalla*, *Geta*. There is in the same Gallery a beautiful Bust of *Alexander* the Great, casting up his Face to Heaven, with a noble Air of Grief or Discontentedness in his Looks. I have seen Two or Three antique Busts of *Alexander* in the same Air and Posture, and am apt to think the Sculptor had in his Thoughts the Conqueror's weeping for new Worlds, or some other the like Circumstance of his History. There is also in *Porphyry* the Head of a Faun, and of the God *Pan*. Among the entire Figures I took particular notice of a Vestal Virgin, with the Holy Fire burning before her. This Statue, I think, may decide that notable Controversie among the Antiquaries, whether the Vestals, after having receiv'd the Tonsure, ever suffer'd their Hair to come again, for 'tis here full grown, and gather'd under the Veil. The Brazen Figure of the Consul, with the Ring on his Finger, reminded me of *Juvenal's majoris ponderis Gemmæ*. There is another Statue in Brass, suppos'd to be of *Apollo*, with this Modern Inscription on the Pedestal, which I must confess I don't know what to make of. *Ut potui huc veni nusis & fratre relicto*. I saw in the same

Gallery the Famous Figure of the Wild Boar, the Gladiator, the *Narciſſus*, the *Cupid* and *Pſiche*, the *Flora*, with ſome Modern Statues that ſeveral others have deſcrib'd. Among the antique Figures there is a fine one of *Morpheus* in Touchſtone. I have always obſerv'd, that this God is repreſented by the ancient Statuaries under the Figure of a Boy aſleep, with a Bundle of Poppy in his Hand. I at firſt took it for a *Cupid*, 'till I had taken notice that it had neither Bow nor Quiver. I ſuppoſe Doctor *Liſter* has been guilty of the ſame Miſtake in the Reflections that he makes on what he calls, the ſleeping *Cupid* with Poppy in his Hands.

——— ——— ——— Qualia nanque
Corpora nudorum tabulâ pinguntur Amorum
Talis erat, ſed nè faciat diſcrimina cultus,
Aut huic adde leves aut illis deme pharetras.

Ov. Met. L. 10.

Such are the *Cupids* that in Paint we view;
But that the Likeneſs may be nicely true,
A loaden Quiver to his Shoulders tie,
Or bid the *Cupids* lay their Quivers by.

'Tis probable they choſe to repreſent the God of Sleep under the Figure of a Boy, contrary to all our Modern Deſigners, becauſe it is that Age which has its Repoſe the

the leaſt broken by Cares and Anxieties. *Statius*, in his celebrated Invocation of Sleep, addreſſes himſelf to him under the ſame Figure.

Crimine quo merui, juvenis placidiſſime Divûm,
Quove errore miſer, donis ut ſolus egerem
Somne tuis? tacet omne pecus, volucreſque feræque, &c. Silv. Li. 5.

Tell me, thou beſt of Gods, thou gentle Youth,
Tell me my ſad Offence; that only I,
While huſh'd at Eaſe thy drowſie Subjects lye,
In the dead Silence of the Night complain,
Nor taſte the Bleſſings of thy peaceful Reign.

I never ſaw any Figure of Sleep that was not of Black Marble, which has probably ſome Relation to the Night, that is the proper Seaſon for Reſt. I ſhould not have made this Remark, but that I remember to have read in one of the ancient Authors, that the *Nile* is generally repreſented in Stone of this Colour, becauſe it flow'd from the Country of the *Ethiopians*: which ſhows us that the Statuaries had ſometimes an Eye to the Perſon they were to repreſent, in the Choice they made of their Mar-

ble. There are ſtill at *Rome* ſome of theſe Black Statues of the *Nile* that are cut in a kind of Touchſtone.

Uſque coloratis amnis devexus ab Indis.

Virg. Geor. 4. de Nilo.

At one End of the Gallery ſtand Two antique Marble Pillars curiouſly wrought with the Figures of the old *Roman* Arms and Inſtruments of War. After a full Survey of the Gallery, we were led into Four or Five Chambers of Curioſities that ſtand on the Side of it. The Firſt was a Cabinet of Antiquities, made up chiefly of Idols, Taliſmans, Lamps and Hieroglyphics. I ſaw nothing in it that I was not before acquainted with, except the Four following Figures in Braſs.

A Medal of Juno Siſpita. Vid. Fulv. Urſin. in Familiâ Thoriâ & Porciliâ.

I. A little Image of *Juno Siſpita*, or *Soſpita*, that perhaps is not to be met with any where elſe but on Medals. She is cloath'd in a Goats-skin, the Horns ſticking out above her Head. The Right Arm is broken that probably ſupported a Shield, and the Left a little defac'd, tho' one may ſee it held ſomething in its Graſp formerly. The Feet are bare. I remember *Tully*'s Deſcription of this Goddeſs in the following Words. *Hercle inquit quàm tibi illam noſtram Soſpitam quam tu nunquam nè in Somniis vides, niſi cum pelle Caprinâ, cum haſtâ, cum ſcutulo, cum calceolis repandis.*

This is a Reverſe of Anton. Pius.

II. An antique Model of the Famous

Lao-

Laocoon and his Two Sons, that ſtands in the *Belvidera* at *Rome*. This is the more remarkable, as it is entire in thoſe Parts where the Statue is maim'd. It was by the help of this Model that *Baudinelli* finiſh'd his admirable Copy of the *Laocoon*, which ſtands at one End of this Gallery.

III. An *Apollo* or *Amphion*. I took notice of this little Figure for the Singularity of the Inſtrument, which I never before ſaw in ancient Sculpture. It is not unlike a Violin, and play'd on after the ſame manner. I doubt however whether this Figure be not of a later Date than the reſt, by the Meanneſs of the Workmanſhip.

IV. A *Corona Radialis* with only Eight Spikes to it. The uſual Number was Twelve, ſome ſay in Alluſion to the Signs of the *Zodiac*, and others to the Labours of *Hercules*.

——— *Ingenti mole Latinus*
Quadrijugo vehitur curru; cui tempora circùm
Aurati bis Sex Radii fulgentia cingunt,
Solis avi Specimen. ——— Virg. Æn. 12.

Four Steeds the Chariot of *Latinus* bear:
Twelve Golden beams around his Temples play,
To mark his Lineage from the God of Day.
Mr. *Dryden*.

The Two next Chambers are made up of ſeveral Artificial Curioſities in Ivory, Amber, Cryſtal, Marble, and precious Stones, which all Voyage-Writers are full of. In the Chamber that is ſhown laſt ſtands the celebrated *Venus* of *Medicis*. The Statue ſeems much leſs than the Life; as being perfectly naked, and in Company with others of a larger Make: It is notwithſtanding as big as the ordinary ſize of a Woman, as I concluded from the Meaſure of her Wriſt; for from the Bigneſs of any one Part it is eaſie to gueſs at all the reſt, in a Figure of ſuch nice Proportions. The Softneſs of the Fleſh, the Delicacy of the Shape, Air and Poſture, and the Correctneſs of Deſign in this Statue are inexpreſſible. I have ſeveral Reaſons to believe that the Name of the Sculptor on the Pedeſtal is not ſo old as the Statue. This Figure of *Venus* put me in Mind of a Speech ſhe makes in one of the *Greek* Epigrams.

Γυμνὴν ὅιδε Πάρις με καὶ Ἀγχίσης καὶ Ἄδωνις·
Τὰς Ἰρεῖς ὅιδα μόνος. Πραξιτέλης δὲ πόθεν.

Anchiſes, *Paris*, and *Adonis* too
Have ſeen me naked, and expos'd to view;
All theſe I franckly own without denying:
But where has this *Praxiteles* been prying?

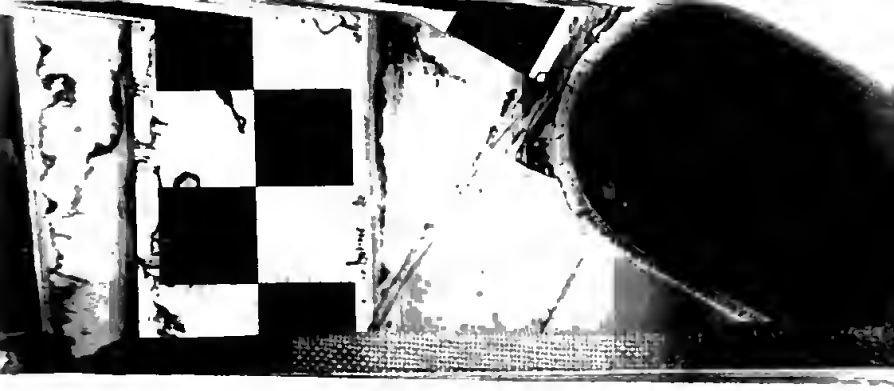
The-

There is another *Venus* in the ſame Circle, that would make a good Figure any where elſe. There are among the old *Roman* Statues ſeveral of *Venus* in different Poſtures and Habits, as there are many particular Figures of her made after the ſame Deſign. I fancy it is not hard to find among 'em ſome that were made after the Three Statues of this Goddeſs, which *Pliny* mentions. In the ſame Chamber is the *Roman* Slave whetting his Knife and liſtning, that from the Shoulders upward is incomparable. The Two Wreſtlers are in the ſame Room. I obſerv'd here likewiſe a very curious Buſt of *Annius Verus*, the young Son of *Marcus Aurelius*, that dy'd at Nine Years of Age. I have ſeen ſeveral other Buſts of him at *Rome*, tho' his Medals are exceeding rare.

The Great Duke has order'd a large Chamber to be fitted up for old Inſcriptions, Urns, Monuments, and the like Sets of Antiquities. I was ſhown ſeveral of 'em that are not yet put up. There are the Two Famous Inſcriptions that give ſo great a Light to the Hiſtories of *Appius*, who made the High-way, and of *Fabius* the Dictator; they contain a ſhort Account of the Honours they paſs'd thro', and the Actions they perform'd. I ſaw too the Buſts of *Tranquillina*, Mother to *Gordianus Pius*, and of *Quintus Herennius*, Son to *Trajan Decius*, which are extreamly valuable for their Rarity, and a beautiful old Fi-

Figure made after the celebrated Hermaphrodite in the *Villa Borgheſe.* I ſaw nothing that has not been obſerv'd by ſeveral others in the *Argenteria*, the Tabernacle of St *Laurence*'s Chappel, and the Chamber of Painters. The Chappel of St. *Laurence* will be perhaps the moſt coſtly Piece of Work on the Face of the Earth when compleated, but it advances ſo very ſlow, that 'tis not impoſſible but the Family of *Medicis* may be Extinct before their Burial Place is finiſh'd.

The Great Duke has liv'd many Years ſeperate from the Dutcheſs, who is at preſent in the Court of *France*, and intends there to end her Days. The Cardinal his Brother is old and infirm, and could never be induc'd to reſign his Purple for the uncertain Proſpect of giving an Heir to the Dukedom of *Tuſcany.* The Great Prince has been marry'd ſeveral Years without any Children, and notwithſtanding all the Precautions in the World were taken for the Marriage of the Prince his younger Brother (as the finding out a Lady for him that was in the Vigour and Flower of her Age, and that had given Marks of her Fruitfulneſs by a former Husband) they have all hitherto prov'd unſucceſsful. There is a Branch of the Family of *Medicis* in *Naples*: The Head of it has been own'd as a Kinſman by the Grand Duke, and 'tis thought will ſucceed to this Dominions, in caſe the Princes his Sons die Childleſs; tho'



tho' 'tis not impoſſible but in ſuch a Conjuncture, the Common-wealths, that are thrown under the Great Dutchy, may make ſome Efforts towards the Recovery of their ancient Liberty.

I was in the Library of Manuſcripts belonging to St. *Laurence*, of which there is a Printed Catalogue. I look'd into the *Virgil* that diſputes its Antiquity with that of the *Vatican*. It wants the *Ille ego qui quondam*, &c. and the Twenty Two Lines in the Second *Æneid*, beginning at *Jamque adeo ſuper unus eram* ---- I muſt confeſs I always thought this Paſſage left out with a great deal of Judgment by *Tucca* and *Varius*, as it ſeems to contradict a Part in the Sixth *Æneid*, and repreſents the Heroe in a Paſſion, that is, at leaſt, not at all becoming the Greatneſs of his Character. Beſides, I think the Apparition of *Venus* comes in very properly to draw him away from the Sight of *Priam*'s Murder; for without ſuch a Machine to take him off, I can't ſee how the Heroe could, with Honour, leave *Neoptolemus* triumphant, and *Priam* unreveng'd. But ſince *Virgil*'s Friends thought fit to let drop this Incident of *Helen*, I wonder they would not blot out, or alter a Line in *Venus*'s Speech, that has a Relation to the Rencounter, and comes in improperly without it.

Non tibi Tyndaridæ facies inviſa Lacenæ,

Culpatuvſe Paris —— —— Æn. 2.

Florence for Modern Statues I think excels even *Rome*, but theſe I ſhall paſs over in ſilence, that I may not Tranſcribe out of others.

The Way from *Florence* to *Bolonia* runs over ſeveral Ranges of Mountains, and is the worſt Road, I believe, of any over the *Appennines*; for this was my Third Time of croſſing 'em. It gave me a lively Idea of *Silius Italicus*'s Deſcription of *Hannibal's* March.

Quoque magis ſubiere jugo atque evadere niſi
Erexere gradum, creſcit labor, ardua ſupra
Seſe aperit feſſis, & naſcitur altera moles. L. 3.

From Steep to Steep the Troops advanc'd with Pain,
In hopes at laſt the topmoſt Cliff to gain;
But ſtill by new Aſcents the Mountain grew,
And a freſh Toil preſented to their View.

I ſhall conclude this Chapter with the Deſcriptions that the *Latin* Poets have given us of the *Appennines*, in which we may obſerve all the remarkable Qualities of this prodigious lenght of Mountains, that run from one Extremity of *Italy* to the other, and give Riſe to an incredible Variety

riety of Rivers that water this delightful Country.

——*Nubifer Apenninus.* Ov. Met. L. 2.

——*Qui Siculum porrectus ad uſque Pelorum*
Finibus ab Ligurum populos amplectitur omnes
Italiæ, geminumque latus ſtringentia longè
Utraque perpetuo diſcriminat æquora tractu.
Clau. de Sexto Conſ. Hon.

——*Mole nivali*
Alpibus æquatum attollens caput Apenninus.
Sil. It. L. 2.

Horrebat glacie Saxa inter lubrica Summo
Piniferum cælo miſcens caput Apenninus:
Condiderat Nix alta trabes, & vertice celſo
Canus apex ſtrictâ ſurgebat ad aſtra pruinâ.
Li. 4. Id.

Umbroſis mediam quà collibus Apenninus
Erigit Italiam, nullo quâ vertice tellus
Altiùs intumuit, propiùſque acceſſit Olympo.
Mons inter geminas medius ſe porrigit undas
Inferni ſuperique maris: colleſque coercent
Hinc Tyrrhena vado frangentes æquora Piſæ,
Illinc Dalmaticis obnoxia fluctibus Ancon.
Fontibus hic vaſtis immenſos concipit amnes,
Fluminaque in gemini ſpargit divortia ponti.
Luc. L. 2.

In Pomp the ſhady *Appennines* ariſe,
And lift th' aſpiring Nation to the Skies;
No Land like *Italy* erects the Sight
By ſuch a vaſt Aſcent, or ſwells to ſuch a Height;
Her num'rous States the tow'ring Hills divide,
And ſee the Billows riſe on either Side;
At *Piſa* here the Range of Mountains ends,
And here to high *Ancona*'s Shores extends:
In their dark Womb a Thouſand Rivers lye,
That with continu'd Streams the double Sea ſupply.

Bolo-

Bolonia, *Modena*, *Parma*, *Turin*, &c.

AFTER a very tedious Journey over the *Appennines*, we at laſt came to the River that runs at the Foot of 'em, and that was formerly call'd the little *Rhine*. Following the Courſe of this River we arriv'd in a ſhort time at *Bolonia*.

——*Parvique Bononia Rheni.* Sil. It. 8.

Bolonia water'd by the petty *Rhine*.

We here quickly felt the Difference of the Northern from the Southern Side of the Mountains, as well in the Coldneſs of the Air, as in the Badneſs of the Wine. This Town is Famous for the Richneſs of the Soil that lyes about it, and the Magnificence of its Convents. It is likewiſe eſteem'd the Third in *Italy* for Pictures, as having been the School of the *Lombard* Painters. I ſaw in it Three Rarities of different kinds, that pleas'd me more than any other ſhows of the Place. The firſt was an Authentick Silver Medal of the

younger *Brutus*, in the Hands of an Eminent Antiquary. One may ſee the Character of the Perſon in the Features of the Face, which is exquiſitely well cut. On the Reverſe is the Cap of Liberty, with a Dagger on each ſide of it, ſubſcrib'd *Id. Mar.* for the Ides of *March*, the famous Date of *Caſar*'s Murder. The Second was a Picture of *Raphels* in St. *Giouanni* in *Monte*. It is extreamly well preſerv'd, and repreſents St. *Cecilia* with an Inſtrument of Muſick in her Hands. On one ſide of her are the Figures of St. *Paul*, and St. *John*; and on the other, of *Mary Magdalene* and St. *Auſtin*. There is ſomething wonderfully Divine in the Airs of this Picture. I can't forbear mentioning, for my Third Curioſity, a new Stair-Caſe that Strangers are generally carry'd to ſee, where the Eaſineſs of the Aſcent within ſo ſmall a compaſs, the Diſpoſition of the Lights, and the convenient Landing are admirably wel contriv'd. The Wars of *Italy*, and the Seaſon of the Year, made me paſs thro' the Dutchies of *Modena*, *Parma*, and *Savoy* with more haſte than I would have done at another time. The Soil of *Modena* and *Parma* is very rich and well cultivated. The Palaces of the Princes are magnificent, but neither of 'em is yet finiſh'd. We procur'd a Licence of the Duke of *Parma* to enter the Theater and Gallery, that deſerve to be ſeen as well as any thing of that Nature in *Italy*. The Theater is, I think, the moſt

moſt ſpacious of any I ever ſaw, and at the ſame time ſo admirably well contriv'd, that from the very depth of the Stage the loweſt Sound may be heard diſtinctly to the fartheſt Part of the Audience, as in a Whiſpering Place; and yet if you raiſe your Voice as high as you pleaſe, there is nothing like an Eccho to cauſe in it the leaſt Confuſion. The Gallery is hung with a numerous Collection of Pictures, all done by celebrated Hands. On one ſide of the Gallery is a large Room adorn'd with Inlaid Tables, Cabinets, Works in Amber, and other Pieces of great Art and Value. Out of this we were led into another great Room, furniſh'd with old Inſcriptions, Idols, Buſts, Medals, and the like Antiquities. I could have ſpent a Day with great Satisfaction in this Apartment, but had only time to paſs my Eye over the Medals, which are in great Number, and many of 'em very rare. The ſcarceſt of all is a *Peſcennius Niger* on a Medalion well preſerv'd. It was coin'd at *Antioch*, where this Emperor trifled away his Time 'till he loſt his Life and Empire. The Reverſe is a *Dea Salus*. There are Two of *Otho*, the Reverſe a *Serapis*; and Two of *Meſſalina* and *Poppæa* in middle Braſs, the Reverſe of the Emperor *Claudius*. I ſaw Two Medalions of *Plotina* and *Matidia*, the Reverſe to each a *Pietas*; with Two Medals of *Pertinax*, the Reverſe of one *Vota Decennalia*, and of the other *Diis Cuſtodibus*; and ano-

another of *Gordianus Africanus*, the Reverſe I have forgot.

The Principalities of *Modena* and *Parma* are much about the ſame Extent, and have each of 'em Two large Towns, beſides a great Number of little Villages. The Duke of *Parma* however is much richer than the Duke of *Modena*. Their Subjects would live in a great Plenty amidſt ſo rich and wel cultivated a Soil, were not the Taxes and Impoſitions ſo very Exorbitant; for the Courts are much too ſplendid and magnificent for the Territories that lye about them, and one can't but be amaz'd to ſee ſuch a Profuſion of Wealth laid out in Coaches, Trappings, Tables, Cabinets, and the like precious Toys, in which there are few Princes in *Europe* that equal 'em, when at the ſame time they have not had the Generoſity to make Bridges over the Rivers of their Countries for the Convenience of their Subjects, as well as Strangers, who are forc'd to pay an unreaſonable Exaction at every Ferry upon the leaſt Riſing of the Waters. A man might well expect in theſe ſmall Governments a much greater Regulation of Affairs, for the Eaſe and Benefit of the People, than in large over-grown States, where the Rules of Juſtice, Beneficence, and Mercy may be eaſily put out of their Courſe, in paſſing thro' the Hands of Deputies, and a long Subordination of Officers. And it would certainly be for the

the Good of Mankind to have all the mighty Empires and Monarchies of the World canton'd out into petty States and Principalities, that, like ſo many large Families, might lye under the Eye and Obſervation of their proper Governors; ſo that the Care of the Prince might extend it ſelf to every individual Perſon under his Protection. But ſince ſuch a general Scheme can never be brought about, and if it were it would quickly be deſtroy'd by the Ambition of ſome particular State aſpiring above the reſt, it happens very ill at preſent to be born under one of theſe petty Soveraigns, that will be ſtill endeavouring, at his Subjects Coſt, to equal the Pomp and Grandeur of greater Princes, as well as to out-vie thoſe of his own Rank.

For this Reaſon there are no People in the World that live with more Eaſe and Proſperity than the Subjects of little Common-wealths, as on the contrary there are none that ſuffer more under the Grievances of a hard Government than the Subjects of little Principalities. I left the Road of *Milan* on my Right Hand, having before ſeen that City, and after having paſs'd through *Aſti*, the Frontier Town of *Savoy*, I at laſt came within Sight of the *Po*, that is a fine River even at *Turin*, tho' within Six Miles of its Sourſe. This River has been made the Scene of Two or Three Poetical Stories. *Ovid* has choſen it out to throw his *Phaeton* into it, after all

the ſmaller Rivers had been dry'd up in the Conflagration.

I have read ſome Botanical Criticks, who tell us the Poets have not rightly follow'd the Traditions of Antiquity in Metamorphoſing the Siſters of *Phaeton* into Poplars, who ought to have been turn'd into Larch-trees; for that it is this kind of Tree that ſheds a Gum, and that is commonly found on the Banks of the *Po*. The Change of *Cycnus* into a Swan, which cloſes up the Diſaſters of *Phaeton*'s Family, was wrought on the ſame Place where the Siſters were turn'd into Trees. The Deſcriptions that *Virgil* and *Ovid* have made of it are extreamly charming.

Claudian has ſet off his Deſcription of the *Eridianus*, with al the Poetical Stories that have been made of it.

——Ille caput placidis ſublime fluentis
Extulit, & totis lucem ſpargentia ripis
Aurea roranti micuerunt cornua vultu.
Non illi madidum vulgaris arundine crinem
Velat honos, rami caput umbravere virentes
Heliadum, totiſque fluunt electra capillis.
Palla tegit latos humeros, curruque paterno
Intextus Phaëton glaucos incendit amictus:
Fultaque ſub gremio calatis nobilis aſtris
Ætherium probat urna decus. Namque omnia luctûs
Argumenta ſui Titan ſignavit Olympo,

Mu-

Mutatumque ſenem plumis, & fronde ſorores,
Et fluvium, nati qui vulnera lavit anheli.
Stat gelidis Auriga plagis, veſtigia fratris
Germana ſervant Hyades, Cycnique ſodalis
Lacteus extentas aſpergit circulus alas.
Stellifer Eridanus ſinuatis fluctibus errans
Clara noti convexa rigat. ———

Claudian de Sexto Conſ. Honorii.

His Head above the Floods he gently rear'd,
And as he roſe his golden Horns appear'd,
That on the Forehead ſhone divinely bright,
And o'er the Banks diffus'd a yellow Light:
No interwoven Reeds a Garland made
To hide his Brows within the vulgar Shade,
But Poplar Wreaths around his Temples ſpread,
And Tears of Amber trickled down his Head:
A ſpacious Veil from his broad Shoulders flew,
That ſet th' unhappy *Phaeton* to view:
The flaming Chariot, and the Steeds it ſhow'd,
And the whole Fable in the Mantle glow'd:

Beneath his Arm an Urn ſupported lyes,
With Stars embelliſh'd, and fictitious Skies.
For *Titan*, by the mighty Loſs diſmay'd,
Among the Heav'ns th'Immortal Fact diſplay'd,
Leſt the Remembrance of his Grief ſhould fail,
And in Conſtellations wrote his Tale.
A Swan in Memory of *Cycnes* ſhines,
The Mourning Siſters weep in watry Signs,
The burning Chariot, and the Charioteer,
In bright *Boötes* and his Wane appear,
Whilſt in a Track of Light the Waters run,
That waſh'd the Body of his blaſted Son.

The River *Po* gives a Name to the chief Street of *Turin*, that fronts the Duke's Palace, and, when finiſh'd will be one of the nobleſt in *Italy* for its Lenght. There is one Convenience in this City that I never obſerv'd in any other, and that makes ſome amends for the Badneſs of the Pavement. By the help of a River, that runs on the upper Side of the Town, they can convey a little Stream of Water thro' all the moſt conſiderable Streets, which ſerves to cleanſe the Gutters, and carries away all the Filth that is ſwept into it. The Manager opens his Sluce every Night, and diſtributes the Water into what Quarters of the

the Town he pleaſes. Beſides the ordinary Convenience that ariſes from it, 't is of great uſe when a Fire chances to break out, for at a few Minutes warning they have a little River running by the very Walls of the Houſe that is Burning. The Court of *Turin* is reckon'd the moſt ſplendid and Polite of any in *Italy*; but by Reaſon of its being in Mourning, I could not ſee it in its Magnificence. The common People of this State are more exaſperated againſt the *French* than even the reſt of the *Italians*. For the great Miſchiefs they have ſuffer'd from 'em are ſtil freſh upon their Memories, and notwithſtanding this Interval of Peace, one may eaſily trace out the ſeveral Marches that the *French* Armies have made thro' their Country, by the Ruin and Deſolation they have left behind 'em. I paſs'd through *Piemont* and *Savoy*, at a time when the Duke was forc'd, by Neceſſity of his Affairs, to be in Alliance with the *French*.

I came directly from *Turin* to *Geneva*, and had a very eaſie Journey over Mount *Cenis*, tho' about the Beginning of *December*, the Snows having not yet fallen. On the Top of this high Mountain is a large Plain, and in the midſt of the Plain a beautiful Lake, which would be very extraorinary were there not ſeveral Mountains in the Neighbourhood riſing over it. The Inhabitants there-about pretend that 'tis unfathomable, and I queſtion not but the Waters

of it fill up a deep Valley, before they come to a Level with the Surface of the Plain. It is well ſtock'd with Trouts, tho' they ſay it is cover'd with Ice Three Quarters of the Year.

There is nothing in the natural Face of *Italy* that is more delightful to a Traveller, than the ſeveral Lakes that are diſpers'd up and down among the many Breaks and Hollows of the *Alps* and *Appennines*. For as theſe vaſt Heaps of Mountains are thrown together with ſo much Irregularity and Confuſion, they form a great Variety of hollow Bottoms, that often lye in the Figure of ſo many artificial Baſins; where, if any Fountains chance to riſe, they naturally ſpread themſelves into Lakes before they can find any Iſſue for their Waters. The ancient *Romans* took a great deal of Pains to hew out Paſſage for theſe Lakes to diſcharge themſelves into ſome neighbouring River, for the bettering of the Air, or the recovering of the Soil that lye underneath 'em. The Draining of the *Fucinus* by the Emperor *Claudius*, with the prodigious Multitude of Spectators that attended it, and the Famous *Naumachia* and ſplendid Entertainment which were made upon it before the Sluces were open'd, is a known Piece of Hiſtory. In all our Journey thro' the *Alps*, as well when we climb'd as when we deſcended 'em, we had ſtill a River running along with the Road, that probably at firſt occaſion'd the Diſcovery of that Paſſa-

Paſſage. I ſhall end this Chapter with a Deſcription of the *Alps*, as I did the laſt with thoſe of the *Appennines*. The Poet perhaps would not have taken notice, that there is no ſpring nor Summer on theſe Mountains, but becauſe in this Reſpect the *Alps* are quite differente from the *Appennines*, that have as delightful Green Spots among 'em as any in *Italy*.

Cuncta gelu canâque æternùm grandine tecta,
Atque ævi glaciem cohibent: riget ardua montis
Ætherii facies, ſurgentique obvia Phœbo
Duratas neſcit flammis mollire pruinas.
Quantùm Tartareus regni pallentis hiatus
Ad manes imos atque atræ ſtagna paludis
A ſuperâ tellure patet: tam longa per auras
Erigitur tellus, & cœlum intercipit Umbrâ.
Nullum ver uſquam, nullique Æſtatis honores;
Sola jugis habitat diris, ſedeſque tuetur
Perpetuas deformis Hyems: illa undique nubes
Huc atras agit & mixtos cum grandine nimbos.
Nam cuncti flatus ventique furentia regna
Alpinâ poſuere domo, caligat in altis
Obtutus ſaxis, abeuntque in nubila montes.

Sil. It. L. 3.

Stiff with Eternal Ice, and hid in Snow,
That fell a Thouſand Centuries ago,

The

The Mountain ſtands; nor can the riſing Sun
Unfix her Froſts, and teach 'em how to run:
Deep as the dark Infernal Waters lye
From the bright Regions of the chearful Sky,
So far the proud aſcending Rocks invade
Heav'ns upper Realms, and caſt a dreadful Shade:
No Spring nor Summer on the Mountain ſeen,
Smiles with gay Fruits, or with delightful Green,
But hoary Winter, unadorn'd and bare,
Dwells in the dire Retreat, and freezes there;
There ſhe aſſembles all her blackeſt Storms,
And the rude Hail in rattling Tempeſts forms;
Thither the loud tumultuous Winds reſort,
And on the Mountain keep their boiſt'rous Court,
That in thick Show'rs her rocky Summets ſhrowds,
And darkens all the broken View with Clouds.

GENE-

GENEVA AND THE LAKE.

NEAR St *Julian* in *Savoy* the *Alps* begin to enlarge themſelves on all ſides, and open into a vaſt Circuit of Ground, that in Reſpect of the other Parts of the *Alps* may paſs for a plain Champian Country. This Extent of Lands, with the *Leman* Lake, would make one of the pretieſt aud moſt defenſible Dominations in *Europe* was it all thrown into a ſingle State, and had *Geneva* for its Metropolis. But there are Three powerful Neighbours that divide among 'em the greateſt part of this fruitful Country. The Duke of *Savoy* has the *Chablais*, and all the Fields that lye beyond the *Arve*, as far as to the *Eclnſe*. The King of *France* is Maſter of the whole Country of *Gex*; and the Canton of *Bern* comes in for that of *Vaud*. *Geneva* and its little Territories lye in the Heart of theſe Three States. The greateſt part of the Town ſtands upon a Hill, and has its Views

bounded on all Sides by ſeveral Ranges of Mountains, which are however at ſo great a Diſtance that they leave open a wonderful Variety of beautiful Proſpects. The Situation of theſe Mountains has ſome particular Effects to the Country, which they encloſe. As firſt, they cover it from all Winds, except the South and North. 'Tis to the laſt of theſe Winds that the Inhabitants of *Geneva* aſcribe the Healthfulneſs of their Air; for as the *Alps* ſurround 'em on all ſides, they form a vaſt kind of Baſon, where there would be a conſtant Stagnation of Vapours, the Country being ſo well water'd, did not the North Wind put 'em in Motion, and ſcatter 'em from time to time. Another Effect that the *Alps* have on *Geneva* is, that the Sun here riſes later, and ſets ſooner than it does to other Places of the ſame Latitude. I have often obſerv'd that the Tops of the neighbouring Mountains have been cover'd with Light above half an Hour after the Sun is down, in Reſpect of ſome that live at *Geneva*. Theſe Moutains likewiſe very much increaſe their Summer Heats, and make up an Horizon that has ſomething in it very ſingular and agreeable. On one Side you have the long Tract of Hills, that goes under the Name of Mount *Jura*, cover'd with Vineyards and Paſturage, and on the other huge Precipices of naked Rocks riſing up in a Thouſand odd Figures, and cleft in ſome Places, ſo as to diſcover high

high Mountains of Snow that lye ſeveral Leagues behind 'em. Towards the South the Hills riſe more inſenſibly, and leave the Eye a vaſt uninterrupted Proſpect for many Miles. But the moſt beautiful View of all is the Lake, and the Borders of it that lye North of the Town.

This Lake reſembles a Sea in the Colour of its Waters, the Storms that are rais'd on it, and the Ravage it makes on its Banks. It receives too a different Name from the Coaſts it waſhes, and in Summer has ſomething like an Ebb and Flow, which ariſes from the melting of the Snows that fall into it more copiouſly at Noon, than at other times of the Day. It has Five different States bordering on it, the Kingdom of *France*, the Dutchy of *Savoy*, the Canton of *Bern*, the Biſhoprick of *Sion*, and the Republick of *Geneva*. I have ſeen Papers fix'd up in the Canton of *Bern* with this magnificent Preface; *Whereas we have been inform'd of ſeveral Abuſes committed in our Ports and Harbours on the Lake*, &c.

I made a little Voyage round the Lake, and touch'd on the ſeveral Towns that lye on its Coaſts, which took up near Five Days, tho' the Wind was pretty fair for us all the while.

The Right Side of the Lake from *Geneva* belongs to the Duke of *Savoy*, and is extreamly well cultivated. The greateſt Entertainment that we found in coaſting it were the ſeveral Proſpects of Woods, Vi-

neyards, Meadows, and Corn-Fields that lye on the Borders of it, and run up all the Sides of the *Alps*, where the Barreneſs of the Rocks, or the Steepneſs of the Aſcent will ſuffer 'em. The Wine however on this Side of the Lake is by no means ſo good as that on the other, as it has not ſo open a Soil, and is leſs expos'd to the Sun. We here paſs'd by *Yvoire*, where the Duke keeps his Gallies, and lodg'd at *Tonon*, which is the greateſt Town on the Lake belonging to the *Savoyard*. It has Four Convents, and they ſay about Six or Seven Thouſand Inhabitants. The Lake is here about Twelve Miles in Breadth. At a little Diſtance from *Tonon* ſtands *Ripaille*, where there is a Convent of *Carthuſians*. They have a large Foreſt cut out into Walks, that are extreamly thick and gloomy, and very ſuitable to the Genius of the Place. There are *Viſta's* in it of a great Lenght, that terminate upon the Lake. At one Side of the Walks you have a near Proſpect of the *Alps*, which are broken into ſo many Steeps and Precipices, that they fill the Mind with an agreeable kind of Horror, and form one of the moſt irregular miſhapen Scenes in the World. The Houſe that is now in the Hands of the *Carthuſians* belong'd formerly to the Hermites of St. *Maurice*, and is famous in Hiſtory for the Retreat of an Anti-Pope, that call'd himſelf *Felix* the Fifth. He had been Duke of *Savoy*, and after a very glo-

rious

rious Reign took on him the Habit of a Hermite, and retir'd into this Solitary Spot of his Dominions. His Enemies will have it, that he liv'd here in great Eaſe and Luxury, from whence the *Italians* to this Day make uſe of the Proverb, *Andare a Ripaglia*; and the *French*, *Faire Ripaille*, to expreſs a delightful kind of Life. They ſay too, that he had great Managements with ſeveral Eccleſiaſticks before he turn'd Hermite, and that he did it in the View of being advanc'd to the Pontificate. However it was, he had not been here half a Year before he was choſen Pope by the Council of *Baſil*, that took upon 'em to Depoſe *Eugenio* the Fourt. This promis'd fair at firſt, but by the Death of the Emperor, who favour'd *Amadeo*, and the Reſolution of *Eugenio*, the greateſt part of the Church threw it ſelf again under the Government of their depos'd Head. Our Anti-Pope however was ſtill ſupported by the Council of *Baſil*, and own'd by *Savoy*, *Switzerland*, and a few other little States. This Schiſm laſted in the Church Nine Years, after which *Felix* voluntarily reſign'd his Title into the Hands of Pope *Nicholas* the Fifth, but on the following Conditions, That *Amadeo* ſhould be the Firſt Cardinal in the Conclave; That the Pope ſhould always receive him ſtanding, and offer him his Mouth to kiſs; That he ſhould be perpetual Cardinal-Legate in the States of *Savoy* and *Switzerland*, and in the Arch-

biſhopricks of *Geneva*, *Sion*, *Breſi*, &c. And laſtly, That all the Cardinals of his Creation ſhould be recogniz'd by the Pope. After he had made a Peace ſo acceptable to the Church, and ſo honourable to himſelf, he ſpent the Remainder of his Life with great Devotion at *Ripaille*, and dy'd with an extraordinary Reputation of Sanctity.

At *Tonon* they ſhow'd us a Fountain of Water that is in great Eſteem for its Wholeſomneſs. They ſay it weighs Two Ounces in a Pound leſs than the ſame Meaſure of the Lake Water, notwithſtanding this laſt is very good to Drink, and as clear as can be imagind. A little above *Tonon* is a Caſtle and ſmall Garriſon. The next Day we ſaw other ſmall Towns on the Coaſt of *Savoy*, where there is nothing but Miſery and Poverty. The nearer you come to the End of the Lake the Mountains on each ſide grow thicker and higher, t'ill at laſt they almoſt meet. One often ſees on the Tops of the Mountains ſeveral ſharp Rocks that ſtand above the reſt: for as theſe Mountains have been doubtleſs much higher than they are at preſent, the Rains have waſh'd away abundance of the Soil, that have left the Veins of Stone ſhooting out of 'em, as in a decay'd Body the Fleſh is ſtill ſhrinking from the Bones. The Natural Hiſtories of *Switzerland* talk very much of the Fall of theſe Rocks, and the great Damage they have ſometimes done, when their Foundations have been moulder'd with

with Age, or rent by an Earthquake. We ſaw in ſeveral Parts of the *Alps* that bord'er'd upon us vaſt Pits of Snow, as ſeveral Mountains that lye at a greater Diſtance are wholly cover'd with it. I fancy'd the Confuſion of Mountains and Hollows, I here obſerv'd, furniſh'd me with a more probable Reaſon than any I have met with for the Periodical Fountains in *Switzerland*, that flow only at ſuch particular Hours of the Day. For as the Tops of theſe Mountains caſt their Shadows upon one another, they hinder the Sun's ſhining on ſeveral Parts at ſuch certain times, ſo that there are ſeveral Heaps of Snow that have the Sun lying upon 'em Two or Three Hours together, that are in the Shade all the Day afterwards. If therefore it happens that any particular Fountain takes its Riſe from any of theſe Reſervoirs of Snow, it will naturally begin to flow on ſuch Hours of the Day as the Snow begins to melt, but as ſoon as the Sun leaves it again to freeze and harden, the Fountain dries up, and receives no more Supplies 'till about the ſame time the next Day, when the Heat of the ſun again ſets the Snows a running that fall into the ſame little Conduits, Traces, and Canals, and by Conſequence break out and diſcover themſelves always in the ſame Place. At the very Extremity of the Lake the *Rhone* enters, and, when I ſaw it, brought along with it a prodigious Quantity of Water; the Rivers

vers and Lakes of this Country being much higher in Summer than in Winter, by reaſon of the melting of the Snows. One would wonder how ſo many Learned Men could fall into ſo great an Abſurdity, as to believe this River could preſerve it ſelf unmix'd with the Lake 'till its going out again at *Geneva*, which is a Courſe of many Miles. It was extreamly muddy at its Entrance when I ſaw it, though as clear as Rock Water at its going out. Beſides, that it brought in much more Water than it carry'd off. The River indeed preſerves it ſelf for about a Quarter of a Mile in the Lake, but is afterwards ſo wholly mix'd, and loſt with the Waters of the Lake, that one diſcovers nothing like a Stream 'till within about a Quarter of a Mile of *Geneva*. From the End of the Lake to the Source of the *Rhone* is a Valley of about Four Days Journey in Length, that gives the Name of *Valleſins* to its Inhabitants, and is the Dominion of the Biſhop of *Sion*. We lodg'd the Second Night at *Ville Neuve*, a little Town in the Canton of *Bern*, where we found good Accommodations, and a much greater Appearance of Plenty than on the other ſide of the Lake. The next Day, having paſs'd by the Caſtle of *Chillon*, we came to *Verſoy*, another Town in the Canton of *Bern*, where *Ludlow* retir'd after having left *Geneva* and *Lauſanne*. The Magiſtrates of the Town warn'd him out of the Firſt by the Sollicitation of the Dutcheſs

chesſ of *Orleans*, as the Death of his Friend *Liſle* made him quit the other. He probably choſe this Retreat as a Place of the greateſt Safety, it being an eaſie matter to know what Strangers are in the Town, by Reaſon of its Situation. The Houſe he liv'd in has this Inſcription over the Door:

Omne ſolum forti patria
quia patris.

The firſt Part is a Piece of a Verſe in *Ovid*, as the laſt is a Cant of his own. He is bury'd in the beſt of the Churches with the following Epitaph.

Siſte gradum & reſpice

Hic jacet Edmond Ludlow Anglus Natione, Provincia Wiltonienſis, filius Henrici Equeſtris Ordinis, Senatoriſque Parlamenti, cujus quoque fuit ipſe membrum, Patrum ſtemmate clarus & nobilis, virtute propriâ nobilior, Religione proteſtans & inſigni pietate coruſcus, Ætatis Anno 23. Tribunus Militum, paulo poſt exercitûs prætor primarius. Tunc Hibernorum domitor, in pugnâ intrepidus & vitæ prodigus, in victoriâ clemens & manſuetus, patriæ Libertatis Defenſor, & poteſtatis Arbitrariæ propugnator acerrimus; cujus cauſâ ab eâdem patriâ 32 annis extorris, meliorique fortunâ Dignus apud Helvetios ſe recepit ibique ætatis Anno 73. Moriens ſui deſiderium Relinquens ſedes æternas lætus advolavit.

Hocce Monumentum in perpetuam veræ & ſin-

ecræ pietatis erga Maritum defunctum memoriam dicat & vovet Domina Elizabeth de Thomas, ejus ſtrenua & meſtiſſima tam in infortuniis quam in matrimonio conſors dilectiſſima quæ animi magnitudine & vi amoris conjugalis mota eum eum in exilium ad obitum uſque conſtanter ſecuta eſt Anno Dom. 1693.

Ludlow was a conſtant Frequenter of Sermons and Prayers, but would never Communicate with 'em either of *Geneva* or *Vevy*. Juſt by his Monument is a Tombſtone with the following Inſcription.

Depoſitorium

Andreæ Broughton Armigeri Anglicani Maydſtonenſis in Comitatu Cantii ubi bis prætor Urbanus. Dignatuſque etiam fuit ſententiam Regis Regum profari: Quam ob cauſam expulſus patriâ ſuâ peregrinatione ejus finitâ ſolo ſenectutis morbo affectus requieſcens a laboribus ſuis in Domino obdormivit, 23 die Feb. anno D. 1687. *ætatis ſuæ* 84. The Inhabitants of the Place could give no Account of this *Broughton*, but, I ſuppoſe by his Epitaph, it is the ſame Perſon that was Clerk to the pretended High Court of Juſtice, that paſs'd Sentence on the Royal Martyr.

The next Day we ſpent at *Lauſanne*, the greateſt Town on the Lake, after *Geneva*. We ſaw the Wall of the Cathedral Church that was open'd by an Earthquake, and ſhut

shut again some Years after by a Second. The Crack can but be just discern'd at present, tho' there are several in the Town still living that have formerly pass'd through it. The Duke of *Schomberg*, who was kill'd in *Savoy*, lyes in this Church, but without any Monument or Inscription over him. *Lausanne* was once a Republick, but is now under the Canton of *Bern*, and govern'd, like the rest of their Dominions, by a Baily that is sent 'em every Three Years from the Senate of *Bern*. There is one Street of this Town that has the Privilege of acquitting or condemning any Person of their own body, in Matters of Life and Death. Every Inhabitant of it has his Vote, which makes a House here sell better than in any other Part of the Town. They tell you that not many Years ago it happend, that a Cobler had the Casting Vote for the Life of a Criminal, which he very graciously gave on the merciful Side. From *Lausanne* to *Geneva* we coasted along the Country of the *Vaud*, which is the fruitfullest, and best cultivated Part of any among the *Alps*. It belong'd formerly to the Duke of *Savoy*, but was won from him by the Canton of *Bern*, and made over to it by the Treaty of St. *Julian*, which is still very much regretted by the *Savoyard*. We call'd in at *Morge*, where there is an artificial Port, and a show of more Trade than in any other Town on the Lake. From *Morge* we came to *Nyon*. The *Colonia E-*

queſtris, that *Julius Cæſar* ſettled in this Country, is generally ſuppos'd to have been planted in this Place. They have often dug up old *Roman* Inſcriptions and Statues, and as I walk'd in the Town I obſerv'd in the Walls of ſeveral Houſes the Fragments of vaſt *Corinthian* Pillars, with ſeveral other Pieces of Architecture, that muſt have formerly belong'd to ſome very Noble Pile of Building. There is no Author that mentions this Colony, yet 'tis certain by ſeveral old *Roman* Inſcriptions that there was ſuch a one. *Lucan* indeed ſpeaks of a Part of *Cæſar*'s Army, that came to him from the *Leman* Lake in the beginning of the Civil War.

Deſeruere cavo tentoria fixa Lemanno.

At about Five Miles diſtance from *Nyon* they ſhow ſtill the Ruins of *Cæſar*'s *Wall*, that reach'd eighteen Miles in Lenght from Mount *Jura* to the Borders of the Lake, as he has deſcrib'd it in the Firſt Book of his Commentaries. The next Town upon the Lake is *Verſoy*, which belongs to the King of *France*, and for that Reaſon we could not ſee. It has the Reputation of being extreamly poor and beggarly. We ſail'd from hence directly for *Geneva*, which makes a very noble Show from the Lake. There are near *Geneva* ſeveral Quarries of Freeſtone that run under the Lake. When the Water is at loweſt they make within the

the Borders of it a little Square encloſs'd with Four Walls. In this Square they ſink a Pit, and dig for Freeſtone; the Walls hindering the Waters from coming in upon 'em, when the Lake riſes and runs on all Sides of 'em. The great Convenience of Carriage makes theſe Stones much cheaper than any that can be found upon firm Land. One ſees ſeveral deep Pits that have been made at ſeveral times as one ſails over 'em. As the Lake approaches *Geneva* it grows ſtill narrower and narrower, 'till at laſt it changes its Name into the *Rhone*, that turns all the Mills of the Town, and is extreamly rapid, notwithſtanding its Waters are very deep. As I have ſeen a great Part of the Courſe of this River, I can't but think it has been guided by the particular Hand of Providence. It riſes in the very Heart of the *Alps*, and has a long Vallye that ſeems hewn out on purpoſe to give its Waters a Paſſage amidſt ſo many Rocks and Mountains that are on all Sides of it. This brings it almoſt in a direct Line to *Geneva*. It would there overflow all the Country, was there not one particuiar Cleft that divides a vaſt Circuit of Mountains, and conveys it off to *Lyons*. From *Lyons* there is another great Rent, that runs acroſs the whole Country in almoſt another ſtreight Line, and notwithſtanding the vaſt height of the Mountains that riſe about it, gives it the ſhorteſt Courſe it can take to fall into the

Sea. Had ſuch a River as this been left to it ſelf to have found its way out from among the *Alps*, whatever Windings it had made it muſt have form'd ſeveral little Seas, and have lain many Countries under Water before it had come to the End of its Courſe. I ſhall not make any Remarks upon *Geneva*, that is a Republick ſo well known to the *Engliſh*. It lyes at preſent under ſome Difficulties by Reaſon of the Emperor's Diſpleaſure, who has forbidden the Importation of their Manufactures into any Part of the Empire, which will certainly raiſe a Sedition among the People, unleſs the Magiſtrates find ſome way to remedy it, which they ſay is already done by the Interpoſition of the States of *Holland*. The Occaſion of the Emperor's Prohibition was their furniſhing great Sums to the King of *France* for the Payment of his Army in *Italy*. They oblig'd themſelves to remit, after the rate of Twelve Hundred Thouſand Pounds Sterling, *per Annum*, divided into ſo many Monthly Payments. As the Intereſt was very great, ſeveral of the Merchants of *Lyons*, that would not truſt their King in their own Names, are ſaid to have contributed a great deal under the Names of *Geneva* Merchants. The Republick fancies it ſelf hardly treated by the Emperor, ſince it is not any Action of the State, but a Compact among private Perſons that have furniſh'd out the-

theſe ſeveral Remittances. They pretend however to have put a ſtop to 'em, and by that means are in hopes again to open their Commerce into the Empire.

Fribourg, Bern, Soleurre, Zurich, St. Gaul, Lindaw, &c.

FROM *Geneva* I travell'd to *Lauſanne*, and thence to *Fribourg*, which is but a mean Town for the Capital of ſo large a Canton: Its Situation is ſo irregular, that they are forc'd to climb up to ſeveral Parts of it by Stair-Caſes of a prodigious Aſcent. This Inconvenience however gives 'em a very great Commodity in caſe a Fire breaks out in any Part of the Town, for by Reaſon of ſeveral Reſervoirs on the Tops of theſe Mountains, by the opening of a Sluice they convey a River into what Part of the Town they pleaſe. They have Four Churches, Four Convents of Women, and as many for Men. The little Chappel, call'd the *Salutation*, is very neat, and built with a pretty Fancy. The College of Jeſuits is, they ſay, the fineſt in *Switzerland*. There is a great deal of Room in it, and ſeveral beautiful Views from the different Parts

Parts of it. They have a Collection of Pictures repreſenting moſt of the Fathers of their Order, that have been Eminent for their Piety or Learning. Among the reſt many *Engliſh* Men whom we name Rebels, and they Martyrs. *Henry Garnet*'s Inſcription ſays, That when the Hereticks could not prevail with him, either by Force or Promiſes, to change his Religion, they Hang'd and Quarter'd him. At the *Capucins* I ſaw the Eſcargatoire, which I took the more notice of becauſe I don't remember to have met with any thing of the ſame Nature in other Countries. It is a ſquare Place boarded in, and fill'd with a vaſt quantity of large Snails, that are eſteem'd excellent Food when they are well dreſs'd. The Floor is ſtrow'd about a Foot deep with ſeveral kinds of Plants, among which the Snails neſtle all the Winter Seaſon. When *Lent* arrives they open their Magazines, and take out of 'em the beſt meagre Food in the World, for there is no diſh of Fiſh that they reckon comparable to a Ragoût of Snails. About Two Leagues from *Fribourg* we went to ſee a Hermittage, that is reckon'd the greateſt Curioſity of theſe Parts. It lyes in the prettieſt Solitude imaginable, among Woods and Rocks, that at firſt Sight diſpoſe a Man to be ſerious. There has liv'd in it a Hermite theſe Five and Twenty Years, who with his own Hands has work'd in the Rock a pretty Chappel, a Sacrifice, a Chamber, Kitchin,

Cellar, and other Conveniences. His Chimney is carry'd up through the whole Rock, ſo that you ſee the Sky through it, notwithſtanding the Rooms lye very deep. He has cut the Side of the Rock into a Flat for a Garden, and by laying on it the waſte Earth that he has found in ſeveral of the neighbouring Parts, has made ſuch a Spot of Ground of it as furniſhes out a kind of Luxury for a Hermite. As he ſaw Drops of Water diſtilling from ſeveral Parts of the Rock, by following the Veins of 'em, he has made himſelf Two or Three Fountains in the Bowels of the Mountain, that ſerve this Table, and water his little Garden. We had very bad Ways from hence to *Bern*, a great Part of 'em through Woods of Fir-trees. The great Quantity of Wood they have in this Country makes 'em mend their High-ways with Logs of Wood inſtead of Stone. I could not but take notice of the Make of ſeveral of their Barns that I here ſaw. After having laid a Frame of Wood for the Foundation, they place at the Four Corners of it Four huge Blocks, cut in ſuch a Shape as neither Mice nor any other ſort of Vermin can creep up the Sides of 'em, at the ſame time that they raiſe the Corn above the Moiſture that might come into it from the Ground. The whole weight of the Barn is ſupported by theſe Four Blocks.

What pleas'd me moſt at *Bern* was their pub-

publick Walks that lye by the Great Church. They are rais'd extreamly high, and that their Weight might not break down the Walls and Pilasters that surround 'em, they are built upon Arches and Vaults. Tho' they are, I believe, as high as most Steeples in *England* from the Streets and Gardens that lye at the Foot of 'em, yet about Forty Years ago a Person, that was in his Drink, fell down from the very Top to the Bottom, without doing himself any other Hurt than the breaking of an Arm. He dy'd about Four Years ago. There is the noblest Summer-Prospect in the World from this Walk, for you have a full View of a huge Range of Mountains that lye in the Country of the *Grisons*, and ary bury'd in Snow from the very Top to the Bottom. They are about Twenty Five Leagues distance from the Town, tho' by Reason of their Height and their Colour they seem much nearer it. The Cathedral Church stands on one side of these Walks, and is perhaps the most Magnificent of any Protestant Church in *Europe* out of *England*. It is a very bold Work, and a Masterpiece in *Gothic* Architecture. I saw the Arsenal of *Bern*, where they say there are Arms for Twenty Thousand Men. There is indeed no great Pleasure in visiting these Magazines of War after one has seen Two or Three of 'em, yet it is very well worth a Travellers while to look into all that lye in his Way; for besides the Idea it gives him

of the Forces of a State, it ſerves to fix in his Mind the moſt conſiderable Parts of its Hiſtory. Thus in that of *Geneva* one meets with the Ladders, Petard, and other Utenſils that were made uſe of in their Famous Eſcalade, beſides the Weapons they took of the *Savoyards*, *Florentines*, and *French* in the ſeveral Battels that are mention'd in their Hiſtory. In this of *Bern* you have the Figure and Armour of the Count that founded the Town, of the Famous *Tell*, who is repreſented as ſhooting at the Apple on his Son's Head. The Story is too well known to be repeated in this Place. I here likewiſe ſaw the Figure and Armour of him that headed the Peaſants in the War upon *Bern*, with the ſeveral Weapons that were found in the Hands of his Followers. They ſhow too abundance of Arms that they took from the *Burgundians* in the Three great Battels that eſtabliſh'd 'em in their Liberty, and that deſtroy'd the Great Duke of *Burgundy* himſelf, with the braveſt of his Subjects. I ſaw nothing remarkable in the Chambers were the Council meet, nor in the Fortifications of the Town. Theſe laſt were made an Occaſion of the Peaſants Inſurrection, to defend the Place for the future againſt the like ſudden Aſſaults. In their Library I obſerv'd a couple of antique Figures in Metal, of a Prieſt pouring Wine between the Horns of a Bull. The Prieſt is veil'd after the manner of the old *Roman* Sacrificers,

cers, and is repreſented in the ſame Action that *Virgil* deſcribes in the Third *Æneid.*

Ipſa tenens dextrâ pateram pulcherrima Dido
Candentis vaccæ media inter cornua fundit.

This Antiquity was found at *Lauſanne.*

The Town of *Bern* is extreamly well furniſh'd with Water, there being a great Multitude of handſome Fountains planted at ſet Diſtances from one End of the Streets to the other. There is indeed no Country in the World better ſupply'd with Water, than the ſeveral Parts of *Switzerland* that I travell'd through. One meets every where in the Roads with Fountains continually running into huge Troughs that ſtand underneath 'em, which is wonderfully commodious in a Country that ſo much abounds with Horſes and Cattle. It has ſo many Springs that break out of the Sides of the Hills, and ſuch vaſt Quantities of Wood to make Pipes of, that it is no Wonder they are ſo well ſtock'd with Fountains. On the Road between *Bern* and *Soleurre* there is a Monument erected by the Republick of *Bern*, which tells us the Story of an *Engliſh* Man, that is not to be met with in any of our own Writers. The Inſcription is in *Latin* Verſe on one ſide of the Stone, and in *German* on the other. I had not Time to Copy it, but the Subſtance of it is this. " One *Cuſſinus*, an *Engliſh* Man,

" to whom the Duke of *Auſtria* had give " his Siſter in Marriage, came to take her " from among the *Swiſs* by Force of Arms, " but after having ravag'd the Country for " ſome time, he was here overthrown by " the Canton of *Bern*. *Soleurre* is our next conſiderable Town, that ſeem'd to me to have a greater Air of Politeneſs than any I ſaw in *Switzerland*. The *French* Ambaſſador has his Reſidence in this Place. His Maſter contributed a Noble Sum of Mony to the Jeſuits Church, which is not yet quite finiſh'd. It is the fineſt Modern Building in *Switzerland*. The old Cathedral Church ſtood not far from it. At the Aſcent that leads to it are a couple of antique Pillars that belong'd to an old Heathen Temple, Dedicated to *Hermes*. They ſeem *Tuſcan* by their Proportion. The whole Fortification of *Soleurre* is fac'd with Marble. But its beſt Fortifications are the high Mountains that lye within its Neighbourhood, and ſeparate it from the *Franche Comptè*. The next Days Journey carry'd us through other Parts of the Canton of *Bern*, to the little Town of *Meldingen*. I was ſurpriz'd to find in all my Road through *Switzerland*, the Wine that grows in the Country of *Vaud* on the Borders of the Lake of *Geneva*, which is extreamly cheap, notwithſtanding that great Diſtance between the Vineyards and the Towns that ſell the Wine. But the Navigable Rivers of *Switzerland* are as commodious to 'em in this

Ref-

Reſpect, as the Sea is to the *Engliſh*. As ſoon as the Vintage is over, they Ship off their Wine upon the Lake, which furniſhes all the Towns that lye upon its Borders. What they deſign for other Parts of the Country they unload at *Vevy*, and after about half a Days Land-Carriage convey it into the River *Aar*, that brings it down the Stream to *Bern*, *Soleurre*, and, in a Word, diſtributes it through all the richeſt Parts of *Switzerland*; as it is eaſie to gueſs from the firſt ſight of the Map, which ſhows us the natural Communication that Providence has form'd between the many Rivers and Lakes of a Country that is ſo great a diſtance from the Sea. The Canton of *Bern* is reckon'd as powerful as all the reſt together. They can ſend a Hundred Thouſand Men into the Field; tho' the Soldiers of the Catholick Cantons, who are much poorer, and therefore forc'd to enter oftner into Foreign Armies, are more eſteem'd than the Proteſtants. We lay a Night at *Meldingen*, which is a little *Roman* Catholick Town with one Church, and no Convent. It is a Republick of it ſelf under the Protection of the Eight ancient Cantons. There are in it a Hnndred Bourgeois, and about a Thouſand Souls. Their Government is modell'd after the ſame manner with that of the Cantons, as much as ſo ſmall a Community can imitate thoſe of ſo large an Extent. For this Reaſon, though they have very little Buſineſs to do,

they

they have all the Variety of Councils and Officers that are to be met with in the greater States. They have a Town-Houſe to meet in, adorn'd with the Arms of the Eight Cantons their Protectors. They have Three Councils, the Great Council of Fourteen, the Little Council of Ten, and the Privy Council of Three. The chief of the State are the Two Avoyers: When I was there, the Reigning Avoyer, or Doge of the Common-wealth, was Son to the Inn where I was lodg'd. His Father having enjoy'd the ſame Honours before him. His Revenue amounts to about Thirty Pound a Year. The ſeveral Councils meet every *Thurſday* upon Affairs of State, ſuch as the Reparation of a Trough, the mending of a Pavement, or any the like Matters of Importance. The River that runs through their Dominions puts 'em to the Charge of a very large Bridge, that is all made of Wood, and coped over Head, like the reſt in *Switzerland*. Thoſe that Travel over it pay a certain Due towards the Maintenance of this Bridge. And as the *French* Ambaſſador has often occaſion to paſs this way, his Maſter gives the Town a Penſion of Twenty Pound Sterling, which makes them extreamly induſtrious to raiſe all the Men they can for his Service, and keeps this powerful Republick firm to the *French* Intereſt. You may be ſure the preſerving of the Bridge, with the Regulation of the Dues that ariſe from it, is the grand

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Affair that cuts out Employment for the ſeveral Councils of State. They have a ſmall Village that belongs to 'em, whither they punctually ſend a Bailiff for the Diſtribution of Juſtice; in Imitation ſtill of the Great Cantons. There are Three other Towns that have the ſame Privileges and Protectors.

We Dined the next Day at *Zurich*, that is prettily ſituated on the Out-let of the Lake, and is reckon'd the handſomeſt Town in *Switzerland*. The chief Palaces that are ſhown to Strangers are the Arſenal, the Library, and the Town-Houſe. This laſt is but lately finiſh'd, and is a very fine Pile of Building. The Frontiſpiece has Pillars of a beautiful Black Marble ſtreak'd with White, that is found in the neighbouring Mountains. The Chambers for the ſeveral Councils, with the other Apartments are extreamly neat. The whole Building is indeed ſo well deſign'd that it would make a good Figure even in *Italy*. It is pity they have ſpoil'd the Beauty of the Walls with abundance of childiſh *Latin* Sentences, that conſiſt often in a Jingle of Words. I have indeed obſerv'd in ſeveral Inſcriptions of this Country, that your Men of Learning here are extremly deligted in playing little Tricks with Words and Figures; for your *Swiſs* Wits are not yet got out of Anagram and Acroſtick. The Library is a very large Room, pretty well fill'd. Over it is another Room furniſh'd

with ſeveral artificial and natural Curioſities. I ſaw in it a huge Map of the whole Country of *Zurich* drawn with a Penſil, where they ſee every particular Fountain and Hillock in their Dominions. I ran over their Cabinet of Medals, but don't remember to have met with any in it that are extraordinary rare. The Arſenal is better than that of *Bern*, and they ſay has Arms for Thirty Thouſand Men. At about a Days Journey from *Zurich* we enter'd on the Territories of the Abbot of St. *Gaul*. They are Four Hours Riding in Breadth, and Twelve in Lenght. The Abbot can raiſe in it an Army of Twelve Thouſand Men well arm'd and exercis'd. He is Soveraign of the whole Country, and under the Protection of the Cantons of *Zurich*, *Lucerne*, *Glaris* and *Switz*. He is always choſen out of the Abby of *Benedictus* at St. *Gaul*. Every Father and Brother of the Convent has a Voice in the Election, which muſt afterwards be confirm'd by the Pope. The laſt Abbot was Cardinal *Sfrondati*, who was advanc'd to the Purple about Two Years before his Death. The Abbot takes the Advice and Conſent of his Chapter before he enters on any Matter of Importance, as the levying of a Tax, or declaring of a War. His chief Lay-Officer is the Grand *Maitre d'Hotel*, or High Steward of the Houſhold, who is nam'd by the Abbot, and has the Management of all Affairs under him. There are ſeveral

other Judges and Diſtributers of Juſtice appointed for the ſeveral Parts of his Dominions, from whom there always lyes an Appeal to the Prince. His Reſidence is generally at the *Benedictine* Convent at St. *Gaul*, notwithſtanding the Town of St. *Gaul* is a little Proteſtant Republick, wholly independant of the Abbot, and under the Protection of the Cantons.

One would wonder to ſee ſo many rich Bourgeois in the Town of St. *Gaul*, and ſo very few poor People in a Place that has ſcarce any Lands belonging to it, and little or no Income but what ariſes from its Trade. But the great Support and Riches of this little State is its Linnen Manufacture, which employs almoſt all Ages and Conditions of its Inhabitants. The whole Country about 'em furniſhes 'em with vaſt Quantities of Flax, out of which they are ſaid to make yearly Forty Thouſand Pieces of Linnen Cloath, reckoning Two Hundred Ells to the Piece. Some of their Manufacture is as finely wrought as any that can be met with in *Holland*; for they have Excellent Artizans, and great Commodities for Whitening. All the Fields about the Town were ſo cover'd with their Manufacture, that coming in the Dusk of the Evening we miſtook 'em for a Lake. They ſend of their Works upon Mules into *Italy*, *Spain*, *Germany*, and all the adjacent Countries. They reckon in the Town of St. *Gaul*, and in the Houſes that

lye ſcatter'd about it, near Ten Thouſand Souls, of which there are Sixteen Hundred Bourgeois. They chuſe their Councils and Bourgo-Maſters out of the Body of the Bourgeois, as in the other Governments of *Switzerland*, which are every where of the ſame Nature, the difference lying only in the Numbers of ſuch as are employ'd in State Affairs, which are proportion'd to the Grandeur of the States that employ 'em The Abby and the Town have a great Averſion for one another; but in the General Diet of the Cantons their Repreſentatives ſit together, and Act by Concert. The Abbot deputes his *Grand Maitre d'Hotel*, and the Town one of its Bourgo-Maſters. About Four Years ago the Town and Abby had come to an open Rupture, had it not been timely prevented by the Interpoſition of their Protectors. The Occaſion was this, A *Benedictine* Monk, in one of their annul Proceſſions, carry'd his Croſs erected through the Town with a Train of Three or Four Thouſand Peaſants following him. They had no ſooner enter'd the Convent but the whole Town was in a Tumult, occaſion'd by the Inſolence of the Prieſt, who, contrary to all Precedents, had preſum'd to carry his Croſs in that manner. The Bourgeois immediately put themſelves in Arms, and drew down Four Pieces of their Cannon to the Gates of the Convent. The Proceſſion to eſcape the Fury of the Citizens durſt not return

turn by the Way it came, but after the Devotions of the Monks were finish'd, pass'd out at a Back-door of the Convent, that immediately led into the Abbot's Territories. The Abbot on his Part raises an Army, blocks up the Town on the Side that faces his Dominions, and forbids his Subjects to furnish it with any of their Commodities. While things were just ripe for a War, the Cantons, their Protectors, interpos'd as Umpires in the Quarrel, condemning the Town that had appear'd too forward in the Dispute to a Fine of Two Thousand Crowns; and Enacting at the same time, That as soon as any Procession enter'd their Walls, the Priest should let the Cross hang about his Neck without touching it with either Hand, 'till he came within the Precincts of the Abby. The Citizens could bring into the Field near Two Thousand Men well exercis'd, and arm'd to the best Advantage, with which they fancy they could make Head against Twelve or Fifteen Thousand Peasants, for so many the Abbot could easily raise in his Territories. But the Protestant Subjects of the Abby, which they say make up a good Third of its People, would probably, in case of a War, abandon the Cause of their Prince for that of their Religion. The Town of St. *Gaul* has an Arsenal, Library, Town-Houses, and Churches proportionable to the Bigness of the State. It is well enough fortify'd to resist any sudden

Attack, and to give the Cantons time to come to their Aſſiſtance. The Abby is by no means ſo Magnificent as one would expect from its Endowments. The Church is one huge Nef with a double Aiſle to it. At each End is a large Quire. The one of 'em is ſupported by the vaſt Pillars of Stone, cas'd over with a Compoſition that looks the moſt like marble of any thing one can imagine On the Cieling and Walls of the Church are Liſts of Saints, Martyrs, Popes, Cardinals, Arch-Biſhops, Kings and Queens that have been of the *Benedictine* Order. There are ſeveral Pictures of ſuch as have been diſtinguiſh'd by their Birth, Sanctity, or Miracles, with Inſcriptions that let you into the Name and Hiſtory of the Perſons repreſented. I have often wiſh'd that ſome Traveller would take the Pains to gather together all the Modern Inſcriptions that are to be met with in *Roman* Catholick Countries, as *Gruter* and others have copy'd out the ancient Heathen Monuments. Had we Two or Three Volumes of this Nature, without any of the Collector's own Reflections, I am ſure there is nothing in the World could give a truer Idea of the *Roman* Catholick Religion, nor expoſe more the Pride, Vanity and Self-Intereſt of Convents, the Abuſe of Indulgencies, the Folly and Impertinence of Votaries, and in ſhort the Superſtition, Credulity, and Childiſhneſs of the *Roman* Catholick Religion. One might fill ſeveral

ral Sheets at St. *Gaul*, as there are few conſiderable Convents or Churches that would not afford large Contributions.

As the King of *France* diſtributes his Penſions through all the Parts of *Switzerland*, the Town and Abby of St. *Gaul* come in too for their Share. To the Firſt he gives Five Hundred Crowns *per Annum*, and to the other a Thouſand. This Penſion has not been paid theſe Three Years, which they attribute to their not acknowledging the Duke of *Anjou* for King of *Spain*. The Town and Abby of St. *Gaul* carry a Bear for their Arms. The *Roman* Catholicks have this Bear's Memory in very great Veneration, and repreſent him as the firſt Convert their Saint made in the Country. One of the learneſt of the *Benedictine* Monks gave me the following Hiſtory of him, which he deliver'd to me with Tears of Affection in his Eyes. St. *Gaul* it ſeems, whom they call the great Apoſtle of *Germany*, found all this Country little better than a vaſt Deſart. As he was walking in it on a very cold Day he chanc'd to meet a Bear in his Way. The Saint, inſtead of being ſtartled at the Rencounter, order'd the Bear to bring him a Bundle of Wood, and make him a Fire. The Bear ſerv'd him to the beſt of his Ability, and at his Departure was commanded by the Saint to retire into the very Depth of the Woods, and there to paſs the reſt of his Life without ever hurting Man or Beaſt. From this

this time, ſays the Monk, the Bear liv'd irreproachably, and obſerv'd to his dying Day the Orders that the Saint had given him.

I have often conſider'd, with a great deal of Pleaſure, the profound Peace and Tranquility that reigns in *Switzerland* and its Alliances. It is very wonderful to ſee ſuch a Knot of Governments, that are ſo divided among themſelves in Matters of Religion, maintain ſo uninterrupted an Union and Correſpondence, that no one of 'em is for Invading the Rights of another, but remains content within the Bounds of its Firſt Eſtabliſhment. This, I think, muſt be chiefly aſcrib'd to the Nature of the People, and the Conſtitution of their Governments. Were the *Swiſs* animated by Zeal or Ambition, ſome or other of their States would immediately break in upon the reſt; or were the States ſo many Principalities, they might often have an ambitious Soveraign at the Head of 'em, that would embroil his Neighbours, and ſacrifice the Repoſe of his Subjects to his own Glory. But as the Inhabitants of theſe Countries are naturally of a heavy Phlegmatick Temper, if any of their Leading Members have more Fire and Spirit than comes to their Share, it is quickly temper'd by the Coldneſs and Moderation of the reſt that ſit at the Helm with 'em. To this we may add, that the *Alps* is the worſt Spot of Ground in the World to make Con-

Conqueſts in, a great Part of its Governments being ſo naturally intrench'd among Woods and Mountains. However it be, we find no ſuch Diſorders among 'em as one would expect in ſuch a Multitude of States; for as ſoon as any Publick Rupture happens, it is immediately clos'd up by the Moderation and good Offices of the reſt that interpoſe.

As all the conſiderable Governments among the *Alps* are Common-wealths, ſo indeed it is a Conſtitution the moſt adapted of any other to the Poverty and Barrenneſs of theſe Countries. We may ſee only in a neighbouring Government the ill Conſequences of having a Deſpotic Prince, in a State that is moſt of it compos'd of Rocks and Mountains; for notwithſtanding there is a vaſt Extent of Lands, and many of 'em better than thoſe of the *Swiſs* and *Griſons*, the common People, among the latter, are much more at their Eaſe, and in a greater Affluence of all the Conveniencies of Life. A Prince's Court eats too much into the Income of a poor State, and generally introduces a kind of Luxury and Magnificence, that ſets every particular Perſon upon making a higher Figure in his Station than is generally conſiſtent with his Revenue.

It is the great Endeavour of the ſeveral Cantons of *Switzerland*, to baniſh from among them every thing that looks like Pomp or Superfluity. To this End the

Miniſtres are always Preaching, and the Governors putting out Edicts againſt Dancing, Gaming, Entertainments, and fine Cloaths. This is become more neceſſary in ſome of the Governments, ſince there are ſo many Refugees ſettled among them; for tho' the Proteſtants in *France* affect ordinarily a greater Plainneſs and Simplicity of Manners, than thoſe of the ſame Quality that are of the *Roman* Catholick Communion, they have however too much of their Country-Gallantry for the Genius and Conſtitution of *Switzerland*. Should Dreſſing, Feaſting and Balls once get among the Cantons, their Military Roughneſs would be quickly loſt, their Tempers would grow too ſoft for their Climate, and their Expences out-run their Incomes, beſides that the Materials for their Luxury muſt be brought from other Nations, which would immediately ruin a Country that has few Commodities of its own to export, and is not over-ſtock'd with Mony. Luxury indeed wounds a Republick in its very Vitals, as its natural Conſequences are Rapine, Avarice and Injuſtice; for the more Mony a Man ſpends, the more muſt he endeavour to augment his Stock; which at laſt ſets the Liberty and Votes of a Common-wealth to Sale, if they find any Foreign Power that is able to pay the Price of 'em. We ſee no where the pernicious Effects of Luxury on a Republick more than in that of the ancient *Romans*, who im-

immediately found it ſelf poor as ſoon as this Vice got Footing among 'em, though they were poſſeſs'd of all the Riches in the World. We find in the Beginnings and Increaſes of their Common-wealth ſtrange Inſtances of the Contempt of Mony, becauſe indeed they were utter Strangers to the Pleaſures that might be procur'd by it; or in other Words, becauſe they were wholly ignorant of the Arts of Luxury. But as ſoon as they once enter'd into a Taſte of Pleaſure, Politeneſs and Magnificence, they fell into a Thouſand Violences, Conſpiracies, and Diviſions that threw 'em into all the Diſorders imaginable, and terminated in the utter Subverſion of the Common-wealth. It is no wonder therefore that the poor Common-wealths of *Switzerland* are ever labouring at the Suppreſſion and Prohibition of every thing that may introduce Vanity and Luxury. Beſides the ſeveral Fines that are ſet upon Plays, Games, Balls and Feaſtings, they have many Cuſtoms among 'em that very much contribute to the keeping up of their ancient Simplicity. The Bourgeois, that are at the Head of the Governments, are oblig'd to appear at all their publick Aſſemblies in a Black Cloak and a Band. The Womens Dreſs is very plain, thoſe of the beſt Quality wearing nothing on their Heads generally but Furs, that are to be met with in their own Country. The Perſons of different Qualities in both

Sexes are indeed allow'd their different Ornaments, but theſe are generally ſuch as are by no means coſtly, being rather deſign'd as Marks of Diſtinction than to make a Figure. The chief Officers of *Bern*, for Example, are known by the Crowns of their Hats, which are much deeper than thoſe of an inferior Character. The Peaſants are generally cloath'd in a coarſe kind of Canvas, that is the Manufacture of the Country. Their Holy-day Cloaths go from Father to Son, and are ſeldom worn out, 'till the Second or Third Generation: So that it is a common thing enough to ſee a Countrymen in the Doublet and Breeches of his Great grandfather.

Geneva is much politer than *Switzerland*, or any of its Allies, and is therefore look'd upon as the Court of the *Alps*, whither the Proteſtant Cantons often ſend their Children to improve themſelves in Language and Education. The *Genevois* have been very much refin'd, or as others will have it, corrupted by the Converſation of the *French* Proteſtants, who make up almoſt a Third of their People. It is certain they have very much forgotten the Advice that *Calvin* gave 'em in a great Council a little before his Death, who recommended to 'em, above all Things, an Exemplary Modeſty and Humility, and as great a Simplicity in their Manners as in their Religion. Whether or no they have done well,

to

to ſet up for making another kind of Figure, Time will witneſs. There are ſeveral that Fancy the great Sums they have remitted into *Italy*, though they make their preſent Court to the King of *France*, may ſometime or other give him an Inclination to become the Maſter of ſo wealthy a City. As this Collection of little States abounds more in Paſturage than in Corn, they are all provided with their publick Granaries, and have the Humanity to furniſh one an other in publick Exigencies, when the Scarcity is not Univerſal. As the Adminiſtration of Affairs, that relate to theſe publick Granaries, is not very different in any of the particular Governments, I ſhall content my ſelf to ſet down the Rules that are obſerv'd in it by the little Commonwealth of *Geneva*, in which I had more Time to inform my ſelf of the Particulars than in any other. There are Three of the Little Council deputed for this Office. They are oblig'd to keep together a Proviſion ſufficient to feed the People at leaſt Two Years, in caſe of War or Famine. They muſt take care to fill their Magazines in Times of the greateſt Plenty, that ſo they may afford it at a cheaper Price, and increaſe the publick Revenue at a ſmall Expence of its Membres. None of the Three Managers muſt, upon any Pretence, furniſh the Granaries from his own Fields, that ſo they may have no Temptation to pay too great a Price, or put any

bad Corn upon the Publick. They muſt buy up no Corn that grows within Twelve Miles of *Geneva*, that ſo the filling of their Magazines may not prejudice their Market, and raiſe the Priſe of their Proviſions at Home. That ſuch a Collection of Corn may not ſpoil in keeping, all the Inns aud Publick-Houſes are oblig'd to furniſh themſelves out of it, by which means is rais'd the moſt conſiderable Branch of the publick Revenues; the Corn being ſold out at a much dearer Rate than 'tis bought up. So that the greateſt Income of the Common wealth, that pays the Penſions of moſt of its Officers and Miniſtres, is rais'd on Strangers and Travellers, or ſuch of their own Body as have Mony enough to ſpend at Taverns and Publick-Houſes.

It is the Cuſtom in *Geneva* and *Switzerland* to divide their Eſtates equally among all their Children, by which means every one lives at his Eaſe without growing dangerous to the Republick, for as ſoon as an overgrown Eſtate falls into the Hands of one that has many Children, it is broken into ſo many Portions as render the Sharers of it Rich enough, without raiſing 'em to much above the Level of the reſt. This is abſolutely neceſſary in theſe little Republicks, where the Rich Merchants live very much within their Eſtates, and by heaping up vaſt Sums from Year to Year might become formidable to the reſt of

of their Fellow-Citizens, and break the Equality, which is ſo neceſſary in theſe kinds of Governments, were there not means found out to diſtribute their Wealth among ſeveral Members of their Commonwealth. At *Geneva*, for Inſtance, are Merchants reckon'd worth Twenty Hundred Thouſand Crowns, though, perhaps, there is not one of 'em that ſpends to the value of Five Hundred Pounds a Year.

Tho' the Proteſtants and Papiſts know very well that it is their common Intereſt to keep a ſteddy Neutrality in all the Wars between the States of *Europe*, they can't forbear ſiding with a Party in their Diſcource. The Catholicks are zealous for the *French* King, as the Proteſtants don't a little glory in the Riches, Power, and good Succeſs of the *Engliſh* and *Dutch*, whom they look upon as the Bulwarks of the Reformation. The Miniſters, in particular, have often preach'd againſt ſuch of their Fellow-Subjects as enter into the Troops of the *French* King; but ſo long as the *Swiſs* ſee their Intereſt in it, their Poverty will always hold 'em faſt to his Service. They have indeed the Exercice of their Religion, and their Miniſtres with 'em, which is the more remarkable, becauſe the very ſame Prince refus'd even thoſe of the Church of *England*, that follow'd their Maſter to St. *Germains*, the publick Exerciſe of their Religion. Before

I leave *Switzerland* I can't but obſerve, that the Notion of Witchcraft reigns very much in this Country. I have often been tir'd with Accounts of this Nature from very ſenſible Men, that are moſt of 'em furniſh'd with Matters of Fact which have happen'd, as they pretend within the compaſs of their own Knowledge. It is certain there have been many Executions on this Account, as in the Canton of *Bern* there were ſome put to Death during my Stay at *Geneva*. The People are ſo univerſally infatuated with the Notion, that if a Cow falls ſick 'tis Ten to One but an Old Woman is clapt up in Priſon for it, and if the poor Creature chance to think her ſelf a Witch, or has any thing like a Teat more than ordinary about her, the whole Country is for hanging her up without Mercy. One finds indeed the ſame Humour prevail in moſt of the rocky barren Parts of *Europe*. Whether it be that Poverty and Ignorance, which are generally the Products of theſe Countries, may really engage a Wretch in ſuch dark Practices, or whether or no the ſame Principles may not render the People too credulous, and perhaps too willing to get rid of ſome of their unprofitable Members.

A great Affair that employs the *Swiſs* Politicks at preſent is the Prince of *Conti*'s Succeſſion to the Dutcheſs of *Nemours* in the Government of *Neuf-Chatel*. The Inhabitants of *Neuf-Chatel* can by no means think

think of ſubmitting themſelves to a Prince who is a *Roman* Catholick, and a Subject of *France*. They were very attentive to his Conduct in the Principality of *Orange*, which they did not queſtion but he would Rule with all the Mildneſs and Moderation imaginable, as it would be the beſt Means in the World to recommend him to *Neuf-Chatel*. But notwithſtanding it was ſo much his Intereſt to manage his Proteſtant Subjects in that Country, and the ſtrong Aſſurances he had given 'em in protecting 'em in all their Privileges, and particularly in the free Exerciſe of their Religion, he made over his Principality in a very little time for a Sum of Mony to the King of *France*. It is indeed generally believ'd the Prince of *Conti* would rather ſtill have kept his Title to *Orange*, but the ſame Reſpect that made him quit this Government, might at another time tempt him to give up that of *Neuf-Chatel* on the like Conditions. the King of *Pruſſia* lays in his Claim for *Neuf-Chatel*, as he did for the Principality of *Orange*, and 'tis probable would be more acceptable to the Inhabitants than the other, but they are generally diſpos'd to declare themſelves a Free Common-wealth, after the Death of the Dutcheſs of *Nemours*, if the *Swiſs* wil ſupport 'em. The Proteſtant Cantons ſeem very much inclin'd to aſſiſt 'em, which they may very well do in caſe the Dutcheſs dies whilſt the King of *France* has his Hands

ſo full of Buſineſs on all ſides of him. It certainly very much concerns 'em not to ſuffer the King of *France* to Eſtabliſh his Authority on this ſide Mount *Jura*, and on the very Borders of their Country; but it is not eaſie to foreſee what a round Sum of Mony, or the Fear of a Rupture with *France*, may do among a People that have tamely ſuffer'd the *Franche Comptè* to be ſeiz'd on, and a Fort to be built within Cannot-ſhot of one of their Cantons.

There is a new Sect ſprung up in *Switzerland* that ſpreads very much in the Proteſtant Cantons. The Profeſſors of it call themſelves *Pietiſts*, and as Enthuſiaſm carries Men generally to the like Extravagancies, they differ but little from ſeveral Sectaries in other Countries. They pretend in general to great Refinements, as to what regards the Practice of Chriſtianity, and to obſerve the following Rules. To retire much from the Converſation of the World. To ſink themſelves into an entire Repoſe and Tranquillity of Mind. In this State of Silence to attend the ſecret Illapſe and Flowings in of the Holy Spirit, that may fill their Minds with Peace and Conſolation, Joys or Raptures. To favour all his ſecret Intimations, and give themſelves up entirely to his Conduct and Direction, ſo as neither to ſpeak, move, or act, but as they find his Impulſe on their Souls. To retrench themſelves within the Conveniencies and Neceſſities of Life. To make

ke a Covenant with all their Senſes, ſo far as to ſhun the Smell of a Roſe or Violet, and to turn away their Eyes from a beautiful Proſpect. To avoid, as much as is poſſible, what the World calls Innocent Pleaſures, leſt they ſhould have their Affections tainted by any Senſuality, and diverted from the Love of him who is to be the only Comfort, Repoſe, Hope and Delight of their whole Beings. This Sect prevails very much amongſt the Proteſtants of *Germany*, as well as thoſe of *Switzerland*, and has occaſion'd ſeveral Edicts againſt it in the Dutchy of *Saxony*. The Profeſſors of it are accus'd of all the ill Practices that may ſeem to be the Conſequence of their Principles, as that they aſcribe the worſt of Actions which their own vicious Tempers throw 'em upon to the Dictates of the Holy Spirit; that both Sexes under Pretence of Devout Converſation viſit one another at all Hours, and in all Places, without any regard to common Decency, often making their Religion a Cover for their Immoralities; and that the very beſt of 'em are poſſeſs'd with Spiritual Pride, and a Contempt for all ſuch as are not of their own Sect. The *Roman* Catholicks, who reproch the Proteſtants for their breaking into ſuch a Multitude of Religions, have certainly taken the moſt effectual way in the World for the keeping their Flock together; I don't mean the Puniſhments they inflict on Mens

Perſons, which are commonly look'd upon as the great Methods by which they deter 'em from breaking through the Pale of the Church, though certainly theſe lay a very great Reſtraint on thoſe of the *Roman* Catholick Perſuaſion. But I take one great Cauſe why there are ſo few ſects in the Church of *Rome*, to be the Multitude of Convents with which they every where abound, that ſerve as Receptacles for all thoſe fiery Zealots that would ſet the Church in a Flame, were not they got together in theſe Houſes of Devotion. All Men of dark Tempers, according to their Degree of Melancholy or Enthuſiaſm, may find Convents fitted to their Humours, and meet with Companions as gloomy as themſelves. So that what the Proteſtants would call a Fanatick, is in the *Roman* Church a Religious of ſuch or ſuch an Order; as I have been told of an *Engliſh* Merchant at *Lisbon*, that after ſome great Diſappointments in the World was reſolv'd to turn Quaker or Capucin; for in the Change of Religion Men don't ſo much conſider the Principles, as the Practice of thoſe to whom they go over.

From St. *Gaul* I took Horſe to the Lake of *Conſtance*, that lyes at Two Leagues Diſtance from it, and is form'd by the Entry of the *Rhine*. This is the only Lake in *Europe* that diſputes for Greatneſs with that of *Geneva;* it appears more beautiful to the Eye, but wants the fruitful Fields

and

and Vineyards that border upon the other. It receives its Name from *Conſtance*, the chief Town on its Banks. When the Cantons of *Bern* and *Zurick* propos'd, at a general Diet, the Incorporating *Geneva* in the Number of the Cantons, the *Roman* Catholick Party, fearing the Proteſtant Intereſt might receive by it too great a Strenghtning, propos'd at the ſame time the Incantoning of *Conſtance*, as a Counterpoiſe, to which the Proteſtants not conſenting, the whole Project fell to the Ground. We croſs'd the Lake to *Lindaw*, and in ſeveral Parts of it obſerv'd abundance of little Bubbles of Air, that came working upward from the very Bottom of the Lake. The Watermen told us, that they are obſerv'd always to riſe in the ſame Places, from whence they conclude 'em to be ſo many Springs that break out of the Bottom of the Lake. *Lindaw* is an Imperial Town on a little Iſland that lyes at about Three Hundred Paces from the firm Land, to which it is join'd by a huge Bridge of Wood. The Inhabitants were all in Arms when we paſs'd through it, being under great Apprehenſions of the Duke of *Bavaria*, after his having fallen upon *Ulm* and *Memminghen*. They flatter themſelves, that by cutting their Bridge they could hold out againſt his Army: But, in all probability, a Shower of Bombs would quickly reduce the Bourgeois to Surrender. They were formerly Bombarded by *Guſtavus Adolphus*.

We were advis'd, by our Merchants, by no means to venture our ſelves in the Duke of *Bavaria*'s Country, ſo that we had the Mortification to loſe the Sight of *Munich*, *Ausburg*, and *Ratisbon*, and were forc'd to take our Way to *Vienna* through the *Tirol*, where we had very little to Entertain us beſides the natural Face of the Country.

TIROL,

TIROL, INSPRUCK, HALL, &c.

AFTER having coſted the *Alps* for ſome time, we at laſt enter'd 'em by a Paſſage that leads into the long Valley of the *Tirol*, and following the Courſe of the River *Inn* we came to *Inſpruck*, that receives its Name from this River, and is the Capital City of the *Tirol*.

Inſpruck is a handſome Town, tho' not a great one, and was formerly the Reſidence of the Arch-Dukes who were Counts of *Tirol*: The Palace where they us'd to keep their Court is rather Convenient than Magnificent. The great Hall is indeed a very noble Room, the Walls of it are painted in *Freſco*, and repreſent the Labours of *Hercules*. Many of 'em look very finely, tho' a great part of the Work has been crack'd by Earthquakes, which are very frequent in this Country. There is a little Wooden Palace that borders on the other, whither the Court us'd to retire at the firſt ſhake

ſhake of an Earthquake. I ſaw here the largeſt Manege that I have met with any where elſe. At one End of it is a great Partition deſign'd for an Opera. They ſhow'd us alſo a very pretty Theater. The laſt Comedy that was acted on it was deſign'd by the Jeſuits for the Entertaiment of the Queen of the *Romans*, who paſs'd this way from *Hanover* to *Vienna*. The Compliment which the Fathers made her Majeſty on this Occaſion was very particular, and did not a little expoſe 'em to the Raillery of the Court. For the Arms of *Hanover* being a horſe, the Fathers thought it a very pretty Alluſion to repreſent the Queen by *Bucephalus*, that would let no Body get upon him but *Alexander* the Great. The Wooden Horſe that acted this notable Part is ſtill to be ſeen behind the Scenes. In one of the Rooms of the Palace that is hung with the Pictures of ſeveral Illuſtrious Perſons, they ſhow'd us the Portrait of *Mary* Queen of the *Scots*, who was beheaded in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*. The Gardens about the Houſe are very large, but ill kept. There is in the middle of 'em a beautiful Statue in Braſs of an Arch-Duke *Leopold* on Horſeback. There are near it Twelve other Figures of Water-Nymphs and River-Gods that are well Caſt, and as big as the Life. They were deſign'd for the Ornaments of a Water-work, as one might eaſily make a great Variety of Jetteaus at a ſmall Expence in a Gar-

den

Garden that has the Rivet *Inn* running by its Walls. The late Duke of *Lorain* had this Palace, and the Government of the *Tirol* aſſign'd him by the Emperor, and his Lady the Queen Dowager of *Poland* liv'd here ſeveral Years after the Death of the Duke her Husband. There are cover'd Galleries that lead from the Place to Five different Churches. I paſs'd through a very long one that reaches to the Church of the *Capucin* Convent, where the Duke of *Lorain* us'd often to aſſiſt at their Midnight Devotions. They ſhow'd us in this Convent the Apartments of *Maximilian*, who was Arch-Duke and Count of *Tirol* about Fourſcore Years ago. This Prince at the ſame time that he kept the Government in his Hands, liv'd in this Convent with all the Rigor and Auſterity of a *Capucin*. His Anti-Chamber and Room of Audience are little ſquare Chambers Wainſcoated. His private Lodgings are Three or Four ſmall Rooms fac'd with a kind of Fret-work, that makes 'em look like little Hollow Caverns in a Rock. They preſerve this Apartment of the Convent uninhabited, and ſhow in it the Altar, Bed and Stove, as likewiſe a Picture and a Stamp of this Devout Prince. The Church of the *Franciſcan* Convent is famous for the Monument of the Emperor *Maximilian* the Firſt that ſtands in the midſt of it. It was erected to him by his Grand-Son *Ferdinand* the Firſt, who probably look'd upon this

Emperor as the Founder of the *Auſtrian* Greatneſs. For as by his own Marriage he annex'd the Low-Countries to the Houſe of *Auſtria*, ſo by matching his Son to *Joan* of *Arragon* he ſettled on his Poſterity the Kingdom of *Spain*, and by the Marriage of his Grand-Son *Ferdinand* got into his Family the Kingdoms of *Bohemia* and *Hungary*. This Monument is only Honorary, for the Aſhes of the Emperor lye elſewhere. On the Top of it is a Brazen Figure of *Maximilian* on his Knees, and on the Sides of it a beautiful *Bas Relief* that repreſents the Actions of this Prince. His whole Hiſtory is digeſted into Twenty Four ſquare Pannels of Sculpture in *Bas Relief*: The Subject of Two of 'em is his Confederacy with *Henry* the Eighth, and the Wars they made together upon *France*. On each Side of this Monument is a Row of very noble Brazen Statues much bigger than the Life, moſt of 'em repreſenting ſuch as were ſome way or other related to *Maximilian*. Among the reſt is one that the Fathers of the Convent tell us repreſents King *Arthur* the old *British* King. But what Relation had that *Arthur* to *Maximilian*? I don't queſtion therefore but it was deſign'd for Prince *Arthur*, Elder Brother of *Henry* the Eighth, who had eſpous'd *Catharine*, Siſter of *Maximilian*, whoſe Divorce afterwards gave occaſion to ſuch ſignal Revolutions in *England*. This Church was built by *Ferdinand* the firſt. One ſees in it a kind of

of Offer at Modern Architecture, but at the ſame time that the Architect has ſhown his Diſlike of the *Gothic* manner, one may ſee very well that in that Age they were not, at leaſt in this Country, arriv'd at the Knowledge of the true Way. The Portal, for Example, conſiſts of a compoſite Order unknown to the Ancients; the Ornaments indeed are taken from 'em, but ſo put together that you ſee the Volutes of the *Ionic*, the Foliage of the *Corinthian*, and the Uovali of the *Doric* mix'd without any Regularity on the ſame Capital. So the Vault of the Church, tho' broad enough, is encumber'd with too many little Tricks in Sculpture. It is indeed ſupported with ſingle Columns inſtead of thoſe vaſt Cluſters of little Pillars that one meets with in *Gothic* Cathedrals, but at the ſame time theſe Columns are of no regular Order, and at leaſt Twice too long for their Diameter. There are other Churches in the Town, and Two or Three Palaces that are of a more Modern Make, and built with a good Fancy. I was ſhown the little *Notredame* that is handſomly deſign'd, and topp'd with a Cupola. It was made as an Offering of Gratitude to the Bleſſed Virgin, for having defended the Country of the *Tirol* againſt the Victorious Arms of *Guſtavus Adolphus*, who could not enter this Part of the Empire after having over-run moſt of the reſt. This Temple was therefore built by the Contributions of the who-

le Country. At about half a League's diſtance from *Inſpruck* ſtands the Caſtle of *Amras*, furniſh'd with a prodigious quantity of Medals, and many other ſorts of Rarities both in Nature and Art, for which I muſt refer the Reader to Monſieur *Patin*'s Account in his Letter to the Duke of *Wirtemberg*, having my ſelf had neither Time or Opportunity to enter into a particular Examination of 'em. From *Inſpruck* we came to *Hall*, that lyes at a League diſtance on the ſame River. This Place is particularly famous for its Salt-Works. There are in the Neighbourhood vaſt Mountains of a tranſparent kind of Rock not unlike Allum, extreamly ſolid, and as piquant to the Tongue as Salt it ſelf. Four or Five Hundred Men are always at Work in theſe Mountains, where as ſoon as they have hewn down any quantities of the Rock they let in their Springs and Reſervoirs among their Works. The Water eats away and diſſolves the Particles of Salt that are mix'd in the Stone, and is convey'd by long Throughs and Canals from the Mines to the Town of *Hall*, where 't is receiv'd in vaſt Ciſterns, and boil'd off from time to time.

They make after the rate of Eight Hundred Loaves a Week, each Loaf Four Hundred Pound Weight. This would raiſe a great Revenue to the Emperor, were there here ſuch a Tax on Salt as there is in *France*. At preſent he clears but Two Hun-

Hundred Thouſand Crowns a Year, after having defray'd all the Charges of working it. There are in *Switzerland*, and other Parts of the *Alps*, ſeveral of theſe Quarries of Salt that turn to very little Account, by Reaſon of the great Quantities of Wood they conſume. The Salt-Works at *Hall* have a great Convenience for Fuel that ſwims down to 'em on the River *Inn*. This River, during its Courſe through the *Tirol*, is generally ſhut up between a double Range of Mountains that are moſt of 'em cover'd with Woods of Fir-Trees. Abundance of Peaſants are employ'd in the hewing down of the largeſt of theſe Trees, that after they are Bark'd and cut into Shape are tumbled down from the Mountains into the Stream of the River that carries 'em off to the Salt-Works. At *Inſpruck* they take up vaſt Quantities for the Convents and publick Officers; who have a certain Portion of it allotted 'em by the Emperor, the reſt of it paſſes on to *Hall*. There are generally ſeveral Hundred Loads afloat, for they begin to cut above Twenty Five Leagues up the River above *Hall*, and there are other Rivers that flow into the *Inn*, which bring in their Contributions. Theſe Salt-Works, and a Mint that is eſtabliſh'd at the the ſame Place, have render'd this Town, notwithſtanding the Neighbourhood of the Capital City, almoſt as populous as *Inſpruck* it ſelf. The Deſign of this Mint is to work off part of the

Metals that are found in the neighbouring Mountains; where as we were told, there are Seven Thouſand Men in conſtant Employ. At *Hall* we took a Boat to carry us to *Vienna*. The Firſt Night we lay at *Rottenburg*, where there is a ſtrong Caſtle above the Town. Count *Serini* is ſtill cloſe Priſoner in this Caſtle, who as they told us in the Town, had loſt his Senſes by his long Impriſonment and Afflictions. The next Day we Din'd at *Kuff-ſtain*, where there is a Fortreſs on a high Rock above the Town almoſt inacceſſible on all Sides: This being a Frontier Place on the Dutchy of *Bavaria*, where we enter'd after about an Hour's Rowing from *Kuff-ſtain*. It was the pleaſanteſt Voyage in the World to follow the Windings of this River *Inn* through ſuch a Variety of pleaſing Scenes as the Courſe of it naturally led us. We had ſometimes on each Side of us a vaſt Extent of naked Rocks and Mountains broken into a Thouſand irregular Steeps and Precipices; in other Places we ſaw a long Foreſt of Fir-Trees ſo thick ſet together, that it was impoſſible to diſcover any of the Soil they grew upon, and riſing up ſo regularly one above another, as to give us the View of a whole Wood at once. The time of the Year, that had given the Leaves of the Trees ſo many different Colours, compleated the Beauty of the Proſpect. But as the Materials of a fine Landskip are not always the moſt profitable to the Owner of 'em, we met with but very lit-

little Corn or Paſturage for the Proportion of Earth that we paſs'd through, the Lands of the *Tirol* not being able to feed the Inhabitants. This long Valley of the *Tirol* lyes enclos'd on all Sides by the *Alps*, tho' its Dominions ſhoot out into ſeveral Branches that lye among the Breaks and Hollows of the Mountains. It is govern'd by Three Councils reſiding at *Inſpruck*, one ſits upon Life and Death, the other is for Taxes and Impoſitions, and a third for the common Diſtributions of Juſtice. As theſe Courts regulate themſelves by the Orders they receive from the Imperial Court, ſo in many Caſes there are Appeals from 'em to *Vienna*. The Inhabitants of the *Tirol* have many particular Privileges above thoſe of the other Hereditary Countries of the Emperor. For as they are naturally wel fortify'd among their Mountains, and at the ſame time border upon many different Governments, as the *Griſons*, *Venetians*, *Swiſs*, *Bavarians*, &c. a ſevere Treatment might tempt 'em to ſet up for a Republick, or at leaſt throw themſelves under the milder Government of ſome of their Neighbours. Beſides that their Country is poor, and that the Emperor draws conſiderable Incomes out of its Mines of Salt and Metal. They are theſe Mines that fill the Country with greater Numbers of People than it would be able to ſupport without the Importation of Corn from foreign Parts. The Emperor has Forts and

and Cittadels at the Entrance of all the Paſſes that lead into the *Tirol*, which are ſo advantagiouſly plac'd upon Rocks and Mountains, that they command all the Vallies and Avenues that lye about 'em. Beſides, that the Country it ſelf is cut into ſo many Hills and Inequalities, as would render it defenſible by a very little Army againſt a numerous Enemy. It was therefore generally thought the Duke of *Bavaria* would not attempt the cutting off any Succours that were ſent to Prince *Eugene*; or the forcing his Way through the *Tirol* into *Italy*. The River *Inn*, that had hitherto been ſhut up among Mountains, paſſes generally through a wide open Country during all its Courſe through *Bavaria*, which is a Voyage of Two Days, after the rate of Twenty Leagues a Day.

The END.

25 JU 63

INDEX.

INDEX.

A.

ADDA, *and the* Addige, *both deſcrib'd by* Claudian, Page 37, 38.
Albano, *for what famous*, p. 251.
Alps *deſcrib'd by* Silius Italicus, p. 295.
St. Ambroſe *his reſolute Behaviour towards* Theodoſius *the Great*, p. 22.
Ambroſian *Library in* Milan *how furniſh'd*, p. 23, 24.
Ancona *its Situation*, p. 94, 95.
St. Anthony *of* Padua, *his magnificent Church*, p. 41. *a natural Perfume iſſuing from his Bones*, ibid. *a Conjecture upon it*, ibid. *his famous Sermon to an Aſſembly of Fiſh*, 43. & ſequ. *the Titles given him by a poor Peaſant*, 50.
Antiquaries, *where in faulty*, p. 214.
Antiquities, *Two Sets in* Rome, p. 200. *the great Difference between 'em*, ibid.
Antium, *its extenſive Ruins*, p. 192. *for what famous formerly*, 193.
Anxur, *its pleaſant Situation*, p. 127. *deſcrib'd by* Martial, ibid. &c.
Appennine *Mountains deſcrib'd by the* Latin *Poets*, p. 282.
Arioſto, *his Monument in the* Benedictine *Church in* Ferrara, p. 77.

INDEX.

B.

Baiæ, *the Winter Retreat of the old* Romans, p. 151.
St. Bartholomew *his famous Statue in the great Church in* Milan, p. 19.
Bern, *its publick Walks*, p. 315. *and Arſenal*, ibid.
Bolonia, *for what famous*, p. 285. *its Rarities*, 286.
Breſcia, *why more favour'd by the* Venetians *than any other Part of their Dominions*, p. 35. *famous for its Iron-Works*, p. 36.

C.

Calvin, *his Advice to the* Genevois *before his Death*, p. 332.
Caprea *deſcrib'd*, p. 167. &c. *its fruitful Soil*, ibid. *ſome Account of the Medals found in it*, 175.
Caſſis, *a* French *Port*, *its pleaſant Neighbourhood*, p. 1.
Cennis, *a Mountain between* Turin *and* Geneva, p. 293.
St. Charles Borromeo *his ſubterraneous Chappel in* Milan, p. 19. *an Account of that Saint*, p. 20. *compar'd with the ordinary Saints in the* Roman *Church*, ibid.
Cimmerians, *where plac'd by* Homer, p. 186.

Civi-

INDEX.

Civita Vecchia, *its unwholsome Air*, p. 265.
Clitumnus, *the Quality of its Waters*, p. 100, 101.
Colonna Infame, *a Pillar at* Milan, p. 26. *the Occasion of it*, ibid.
Confessionals, *Inscriptions over them*, p. 23.

E.

Englisn *courted by the present Pope to settle at* Civita Vecchia, p. 264.
Escargatoire, *the use of it*, p. 313.

F.

Fano, *from whence so call'd*, p. 94.
Felix *the Fifth*, *his Story*, p. 301.
Ferrara *thinly inhabited*, p. 77. *the Town describ'd*, ibid.
Florence, p. 270. *an Account of its publick Buildings*, ibid. *its famous Gallery*, 271. *and Rarities contain'd in it*, 272. *and in some Chambers adjoining to it*, 276. *famous for modern Statues*, 282. *the great Duke's Care to prevent* Civita Vecchia *from being made a free Port*, 263. *incens'd against the* Lucquese, 267. *for what Reason*, ibid.
Fortune, *Two* Fortunes *worshipp'd by the Heathens at* Antium, p. 193.
Fountains in Switzerland, *a Reason given for their Periodical Fluxes*, p. 303.
Fribourg *describ'd*, p. 312. *with an Hermitage near it*, 313, &c.

INDEX.

G.

St. Gaul, *Abbot, of the Extent of his Territories, and the manner of his Election*, 322. *the Riches of the Inhabitants*, 323. *their Quarrel with the Abbot*, 324. *the Abby*, 326. *their Arms*, 327.

St. Gaul, *the great Apoſtle of* Germany, *ſome Account of him*, p. 327.

Geneva, *its Situation*, p. 297. *under the Emperor's Diſpleaſure, and for what Reaſon*, 310. *eſteem'd the Court of the* Alps, 332.

Genoeſe, *their Manners deſcrib'd*, p. 6. *their Character from the modern* Italians, *and* Latin *Poets*, 7. *an Inſtance of their Indiſcretion*, 11. *why oblig'd to be at preſent in the* French *Intereſt*, 12. *their Fleet, and its Service*, ibid. *their Doge claims a Crown and Scepter from their Conqueſt of* Corſica, ibid. *an Advantage ariſing to 'em from it, and a different Maxim obſerv'd by the ancient* Romans, 20.

Genoa, *its Deſcription*, p. 8, 9. *its Bank no Burden to the* Genoeſe, 11. *why uncapable of being made a free Port*, 265.

St. George *his Church at* Verona, p. 40.

Granaries, the Adminiſtration of 'em in Switzerland, p. 333.

Grotto del Cani, *ſome Experiments made in it*, p. 153, 154. *Reaſons offer'd for the Effects of its Vapours*, 154, 155.

Grotto Oſcuro, p. 173.

Gulf of Genoa, *its Nature*, p. 4.

Hall,

INDEX.

H.

Hall, *its Salt Works*, p. 348. *the Method of preparing 'em*, 349. *its Mint*, ibid.
Henry *the Eighth of* England, *his Letter to* Ann *of* Bulleyn, p. 243.
Hercules Monæcus, p. 5.
Homer *his* Apotheosis, p. 228.

I.

Jesuits, *their particular Compliment to the Queen of the* Romans *in a Comedy design'd for her Entertainment*, p. 344.
Inspruck, *its publick Buildings*, p. 343.
Ischia, *by the Ancients call'd* Inarime, p. 181. *some Account of it*, 182.
Italians, *the usual Furniture of their Libraries*, p. 24. *compar'd to the* French, 30. *the difference of Manners in the two Nations*, ibid. *the great Aversion to the* French *observ'd in the common People, and some Reasons for it*, 31, 32. *their extravagant Tombstones*, 40. *the difference betwixt their Poetical and Prose Language*, 66. *a great help to their modern Poetry*, ibid. *their Comedies low and obscene*, 67. *a Reason for it*, ibid. *the chief Parts in all their Comedies*, 68. *a great Custom among 'em of crowning the Holy Virgin*, 82.
Italy *divided into many Principalities, as more natural to its Situation*, p. 29. *its present Deso-*

Desolation, 119. *compar'd to its ancient Inhabitants*, 120.
Juno Sispita, *or* Sospita, *how represented*, p. 276. Tully's *Description of this Goddess*, ibid.
St. Justina, *her Church one of the finest in* Italy, p. 51.

L.

Lago di Como, *formerly* Larius, p. 35. *describ'd by* Claudian, 38.
Lago di Garda, *or* Benacus, *describ'd by* Virgil, p. 36.
Lapis Vituperii *what*, *and to what use apply'd*, p. 51.
Lausanne, p. 306. *a peculiar Privilege belonging to one Street in this Town*, 307.
Lawyers, *their great Numbers*, *and continual Employment among the* Neapolitans, p. 138.
Leghorn, p. 260. *a free Port*, 261. *the great Resort of other Nations to it*, ibid. *the Advantages*, *the Great Duke receives from it*, 262, 263.
Lemanus *the Lake describ'd*, p. 299. &c. *with the Towns upon it*, ibid.
Lindaw, p. 341.
Liris *or the* Garigliano *describ'd*, p. 125, 126.
Loretto *its prodigious Riches*, p. 96. *why never attack'd by the* Turks, 97. *or the Christian Princes*, ibid. *a Description of the Holy House*, 98.
Lucan *his Prophecy of the* Latian *Towns*, p. 254.

INDEX.

Lucca, *the Industry of its Inhabitants*, p. 266. *under the King of* Spain's *Protection*, 267. *in danger of ruin*, 268. *the great Contempt the Inhabitants have of the* Florentines, ibid. *why never attempted as yet by the Great Duke*, 269. *the form of its Government*, ibid.
Ludlow (Edmund) *his Epitaph*, p. 305.

M.

St. Marino, *its Situation*, p. 87. *the Extent of its Dominions*, 88. *the Founder, and Original of this little Republick*, ibid. *the Antiquity of it*, 89. *the Form of the Government*, 90, &c.
Mary Magdalene, *the Desarts render'd famous by her Penance*, p. 1. *describ'd by* Claudian, p. 2.
Maximilian *the first Founder of the* Austrian *Greatness*, p. 345.
Meldingen, *a little Republick in* Switzerland, p. 319. *the Model of its Government*, 320. *and Business of the Councils of State*, ibid.
Milan, *its great Church*, p. 18, 19, &c. *the Relicks and great Riches contain'd in it*, 21. *the Citadel*, 28. *the Situation of its State*, ibid. *an Affectation of the* French *Dress, and Carriage in the Court*, 29. Milan *describ'd by* Ausonius, 33.
Mincio *describ'd by* Virgil, p. 36. *and* Claudian, 37.
Miseno, *its Cape describ'd*, p. 180. *its Set of Galleries*, 181.

Mo-

Modena, *the Extent of its Dominions, and Condition of the Inhabitants*, p. 288.
Monaco, *its Harbour deſcrib'd by* Lucan, p. 5. *its Dominions*, 6.
Monte Circeio, *why ſuppos'd by* Homer *to have been an Iſland*, p. 188. Æneas *his Paſſage near it deſcrib'd by* Virgil, 189.
Monte Novo, *how form'd*, p. 156.
Morge, *its Artificial Port*, p. 207.
Morpheus, *why repreſented under the Figure of a Boy*, p. 274. *in what manner addreſs'd to by* Statius, 275.

N.

Naples, 130. *its many Superſtitions*, 131. *its delightful Bay*, 135. *deſcrib'd by* Silius Italicus, 162. *its pleaſant Situation*, 136. *the litigious Temper of the Inhabitants*, 138. *different from what it was in* Statius *his Time*, ibid *the great Alteration of the adjacent Parts from what they were formerly*, 146, 147. *the natural Curioſities about it*, 153.
Narni, *why ſo call'd*, p. 108.
Neapolitans *addicted to Eaſe and Pleaſure*, p. 141. *the Reaſon*, ibid.
Nemi, *why ſo call'd*, p. 250.
Nettuno, *for what remarkable*, p. 192.

O.

Ocriculum, *its Ruins*, p. 109.
Oſtia *deſcrib'd by* Juvenal, p. 196.

INDEX.

P.

Padua, *its Univerſity*, p. 51. *the Originel of* Padua *from* Virgil, 52.

Parker, *an* Engliſh *Eccleſiaſtick, his Epitaph on his Tomb in* Pavia, p. 16.

Parma, *its famous Theatre*, p. 287. *the Extent of its Dominions*, 288. *and Condition of the Inhabitants*, ibid.

Pavia, *its Deſcription*, p. 14, 16. *why call'd* Ticinum *by the Ancients*, 16, &c.

Pauſilippo's *Grotto*, p. 144. *the beautiful Proſpect of its Mount*, 179.

St. Peter's *Church at* Rome *deſcrib'd*, p. 116. *the Reaſon of its double Dome*, 117. *its beautiful Architecture*, ibid., &c.

Pietiſts, a new Sect in Switzerland, p. 338.

Piſatello, *ſee* Rubicon.

Piſauro, *Doge of* Venice, *his* Elegium, p. 59.

Po *deſcrib'd by* Lucan, p. 73. Scaliger's *Critick upon it*, 75. *deſcrib'd by* Claudian, 290, 291.

Pope his Territories very deſolate, p. 120. *and the Inhabitants poor*, 121. *Reaſons for it*, 122, 123.

Puteoli, *its Remains near* Naples, p. 146. *its Mole miſtaken for* Caligula's *Bridge*, 147. *the Error confuted*, ibid, &c.

INDEX.

R.

Ravenna, *its ancient Situation according to* Martial, p. 78. *and* Silius Italicus, ibid. *the City and adjacent Parts deſcrib'd*, 79, &c. *its great Scarcity of freſh Water*, 115.
St. Remo, *a* Genoeſe *Town*, *deſcrib'd*, p. 3, 4.
Rhone, *ſome Account of it*, p. 309.
Rimini, *its Antiquities*, p. 84.
Rome, *the Modern ſtands higher than the Ancient*, p. 199. *the Grandeur of the Commonwealth, and Magnificence of the Emperors differently conſider'd*, 200. *its Rarities*, 201, &c. *and Conſiderations upon 'em*, ibid. *why more frequented by the Nobility in Summer than in Winter*, 253.
Romulus *his Cottage deſcrib'd by* Virgil, p. 99.
Rubicon, *call'd at preſent* Piſatello, *deſcrib'd by* Lucan, p. 83.

S.

Sannazarius *his Verſes upon* Venice, p. 71.
Sienna, p. 258. *its Cathedral*, 259.
Snow monopoliz'd at Naples, p. 161.
Soleurre, *the Reſidence of the* French *Ambaſſadors*, p. 318.
Soracte, *call'd by the modern* Italians *St.* Oreſte, p. 109.
Spaniards, *their Policy obſerv'd in the Government of* Naples, p. 136, 137, 139, 140.

Spo-

INDEX.

Spoletto, *its Antiquities*, p. 99.
Suffolk, *Duke of*, *bury'd in* Pavia, p. 15. *the Inſcription on his Tomb*, ibid. *his Hiſtory*, 16.
Switzerland, *its wonderful Tranquillity*, p. 328. *the Reaſon for it*, ibid. *the Thrift of its Inhabitants, and the Reaſon for it*, 329, 330. *their Dreſs*, 331, 332. *their Cuſtom in bequeathing their Eſtates*, 334. *their notion of Witchcraft*, 336.

T.

Terni, *why call'd formerly* Interamna, p. 102.
Theatines, *their Convent in* Ravenna, p. 81, 82.
Tiber, *an Account of it from* Virgil, p. 195. *its great Riches*, 223, 224.
Ticinus, *or* Teſin, *a River near* Pavia, p. 16. *deſcrib'd by* Silius Italicus, 17. *and* Claudian, 37.
Timavus *deſcrib'd by* Claudian, p. 37.
Tirol, *the particular Privileges of its Inhabitants*, p. 351.
Turin, *a Convenience particular to it*, p. 292. *the Averſion of the common People to the* French, 293.

V.

Velini Roſca Rura, *why call'd ſo by* Virgil, p. 104. *the Caſcade form'd by the Fall of that River*, ibid.

INDEX.

Venetians, *their Thirſt after too many Conqueſts on the* Terra Firma *prejudicial to the Commonwealth*, p. 60. *wherein*, ibid. *the Republick in a declining Condition*, ibid. *on what Terms with the Emperor, the Pope and Duke of* Savoy, 61. *their Senate the wiſeſt Council in the World*, ibid. *the refin'd Parts of their Wiſdom*, 62. *their great Secrecy in Matters of State, and an Inſtance of it*, ibid. *the Number of their Nobility*, 63. *their Opera's*, 66. *a Cuſtom peculiar to the* Venetians, 69. *a Show particular to them exhibited on* Holy Thurſday, 70. *deſcrib'd by* Claudian, 71.

Venice, *its advantagious Situation*, p. 54. *convenient for Commerce*, 56. *its Trade declining, and the Reaſon of it*, ibid. *its Deſcription*, 57. *remarkable for its Pictures from the beſt Hands*, 58. *the Moiſture of its Air*, ibid. *its Arſenal*, 59. *its Carnaval*, 64. *the Neceſſity and Conſequences of it*, ibid.

Venus *her Chambers*, p. 150.

Verona, *its Amphitheater*, p. 38. *its Antiquities*, 39.

Veſuvio *deſcrib'd*, p. 157, &c. *much different from* Martial's *Account of it*, 169.

Virgil's *Tomb*, p. 144.

Ulyſſes *his Voyage undetermin'd by the Learned*, p. 2.

Volturno *deſcrib'd*, p. 125.

Z. 25 JU 89

Zurich, *an Account of it*, p. 321.

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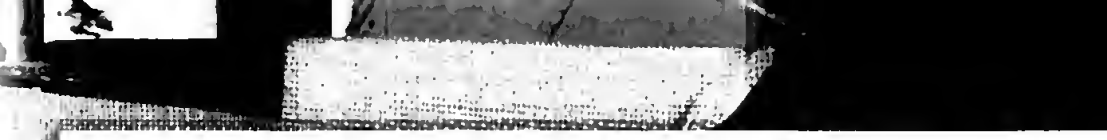

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